No. 161

INTERIOR COURT VIEW OF UNITED STATES HOTEL, 1880.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

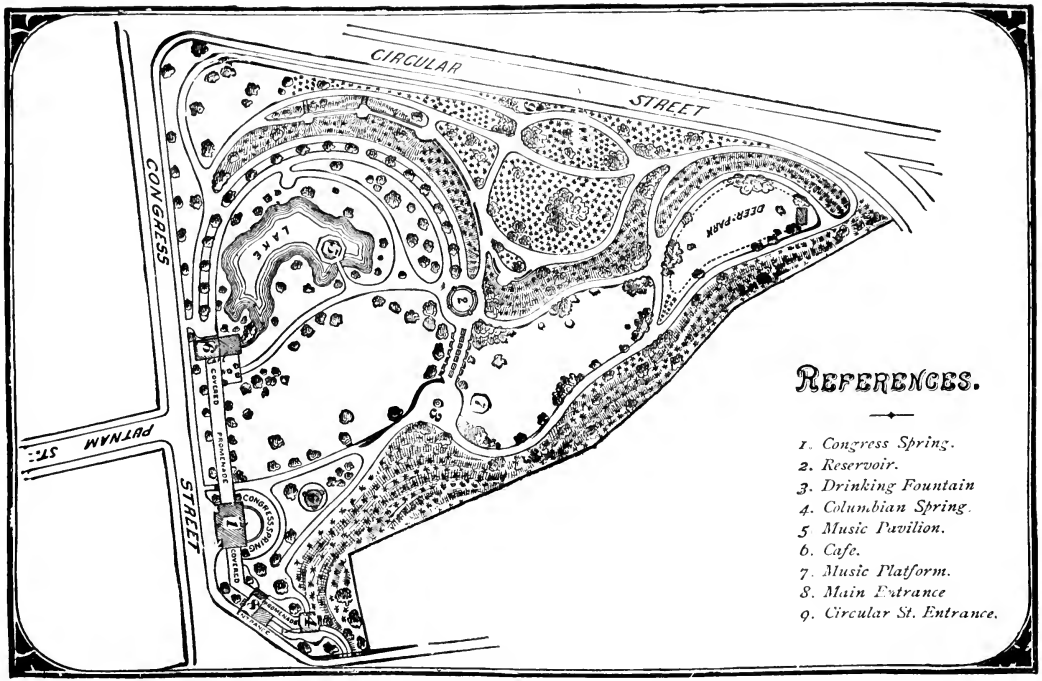
SARATOGA SPRINGS.

THIS magnificent structure was completed in June, 1874, and is situated on the block bounded by Broadway and Division street, on the site of the old United States Hotel, around which so many pleasant memories cluster, but which was burned a few years ago. It constitutes one continuous line of buildings, six stories high, over fifteen hundred feet in length, containing nine hundred and seventeen rooms for guests, and is the largest hotel in the world. The architectural appearance is exceedingly elegant.

The building covers and encloses seven acres of ground in the form of an irregular pentagon, having a frontage of two hundred and thirty-two feet on Broadway, six hundred and fifty-six feet on Division street, with "*Cottage Wing*" on the south side of the plasa. This wing is one of the most desirable features of this admirably arranged house, as it affords families, and other parties, the same quiet and seclusion which a private cottage would afford, together with the attention and conveniences of a first-class hotel. The rooms of this wing are arranged in suites of one to seven bedrooms, with parlor, bath-room and water closet in each suite. *Private table* is afforded if desired, and the seclusion and freedom of a private villa may be enjoyed here. The entire building is divided into five sections by thick, fire-proof walls, and the openings through them are protected by heavy iron doors, thus affording great protection in case of fire. There are also fire-hydrants in each section, with hose attached, on each floor. There are ten staircases which afford ample means of escape. Two elevators are used solely for conveying guests to the various floors, and every convenience has been adopted in equipping this elegant hotel for its immense summer business.

In fact, everything that is needed to make the hotel attractive and convenient is found here, and the *United States Hotel* stands unexcelled in its furnishing and arrangements by any of the hotels.

The Hon. JAMES M. MARVIN, who is well known to all old frequenters of Saratoga, has the general control of the whole interest, while Messrs. TOMPKINS, PERRY, GAGE and JANVRIN, the proprietors and managers, have the entire supervision of the house. Their experience in our metropolitan hotels specially fits them for this important department, and guests can rely upon having everything provided that will conduce to their comfort and happiness.



PLAN OF CONGRESS SPRING PARK, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

REMINISCENCES

OF

SARATOGA

AND

BALLSTON.

BY

WILLIAM L. STONE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, BART.," "LIFE AND WRITINGS OF COLONEL WILLIAM L. STONE," "HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY," ETC., ETC.

"Go on! and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!
Bottling up dulness in an ancient bin!
Still live! still prose! continue still to tell us
Old truths! no strangers though we take them in!"

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
R. WORTHINGTON, 750 BROADWAY.

1880.

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NEW YORK: J. J. LITTLE & CO., PRINTERS,
10 TO 20 ASTOR PLACE.

TO THE

Hon. Charles S. Lester,

THE

UPRIGHT JUDGE AND PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN,

AS A MARK OF

HIGH PERSONAL ESTEEM,

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS FRIEND AND FORMER TOWNSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE circumstances that led to the preparation of the following sketches, which appeared originally in the *Daily Saratogian*, cannot perhaps be better stated than by quoting an extract from the first article of the series in that paper, under date of June 10, 1874:

"I have been frequently requested to prepare a series of sketches of 'Saratoga in ye Olden Time by people who have been kind enough to say that, from my having been acquainted from boyhood with many octogenarians who have now passed away, I could give a number of reminiscences gathered from those sources, which must prove of peculiar interest to the present generation of Saratogians. This may or may not be so. At any rate, I now purpose to write a series of weekly sketches, extending perhaps through six months, in which I shall endeavor to recall the interesting memories that cluster around the name of Saratoga. While, moreover, these sketches will necessarily be somewhat desultory in character, yet their *chronological* order will, as far

as possible, be preserved. And here, also, I take the opportunity of saying that I shall not trench upon the history of the various springs as related in the Guide-Books of myself and others, since any one with fifty cents can purchase them and acquire all such information. But what I do propose is simply this, viz., To those who are really attached to Saratoga, sketches of men and things connected with its early history will be of great value, especially since as they are so covered up with the dust of years as never yet to have been brought to light. Now it shall be my endeavor to brush away this dust, and bring them forth to the light of day."

Since the publication of these sketches, many persons who have derived pleasure from their perusal have intimated that they should be put into the more permanent form of a book. Complying, therefore, with this suggestion, I now give them to the public

WILLIAM L. STONE.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 1, 1875.

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Reminiscences of Saratoga.

CHAPTER I.

Visit of Sir William Johnson, Bart., in 1767.

"Is this not a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do it?"—*Shakspere.*

BEFORE giving an account of the visit of Sir William Johnson, Bart., it seems proper to say a few words in relation to Saratoga itself. The name Saratoga, *Kayaderoga*, or *Saraghoga*—and, in view of the great confusion existing in regard to it, the fact should be duly remembered—means *The Place of the Swift Water*—"*saragh*" signifying "swift water," "*aga*" or "*oga*" in the Iroquois dialect being merely an inflection or termination meaning "the place of" or "the people of."* Hence, Ticonder*oga*, "the place where the lake (Lake George) shuts itself"; Sacand*aga*, "the place or the people of the roaring water"; Niag*ara*, "the place of the falling waters," etc. Formerly, Schuyler's settlement on the Hudson

* *Letter of Sir William Johnson to Arthur Lee, of the Philosophical Society, upon the Language of the Six Nations*, Feb. 28, 1771.

(now Schuylerville) was known by the name of "Saratoga" or "swift water," to distinguish that point in the river from the "still water" which there begins and extends down to the present village of "Stillwater." Saratoga Lake was so named from its proximity to Saratoga on the river; and when the Springs became famous, as they were within the district, they were named "The Saratoga Springs." *

Nor is Saratoga without its warlike traditions. Long before its Springs were known, the old "Stiles Tavern" in Wilton was the site of a sanguinary battle, fought in 1693 between the French forces under the celebrated partisan De Manteth and the English, led by Major Peter Schuyler, the grand-uncle of General Philip Schuyler. The latter were victorious; and the enemy, utterly discomfited, beat a hasty retreat into Canada.

Having thus disposed of these preliminaries, we now come to the visit of Sir William Johnson, the first white man who, so far as is known, visited Saratoga Springs. Sir William, under a commission of Major-General from his Majesty George II., defeated the flower of the French army, under Baron Dieskau, at the battle of Lake George, on the 8th of September, 1755. In this action he received a severe wound by a bullet in

* The meaning of the name Saratoga has long been involved in obscurity. The father of Judge G. G. Scott, of Ballston, however, was informed by a Mohawk Indian that the meaning of Saratoga is the one given in the text, and there seems no good reason for doubting that it is the correct one

his thigh, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered, but was frequently subject to serious illness. At such times the wound, from which the ball was never extracted, became excessively painful, rendering him for weeks, after an attack, unable to ride on horseback or to endure any active exercise. Suitable medical attendance it was very difficult to procure, and it frequently happened that, having exhausted the contents of his own medical chest, he was obliged to send to Albany, and sometimes to New York, for a physician. It was during one of these attacks, in the summer of 1767, that the Mohawks determined, in solemn council, to reveal to their beloved brother, War-ra-ghi-ya-ghy, the peculiar medicinal properties of the "HIGH ROCK SPRING." Nor, perhaps, could there have been any stronger proof of the affection in which he was held by these sons of the forest, than their resolution to give their brother the benefits of that which they had always sacredly guarded as the precious gift to themselves alone from the Great Spirit. Accompanied by his Indian guides, the Baronet set out on his journey the 22d of August, and passing down the Mohawk from Johnstown in a boat, soon reached Schenectady. At this place, being too feeble either to walk or ride, he was placed on a litter and borne on the stalwart shoulders of his Indian attendants through the woods to Ballston Lake, which he reached the same evening. Tarrying over night at the log cabin of Michael

McDonald, an Irishman, who had recently begun a clearing in the vicinity, the party, three hours before sunrise the next day, plunged again into the forest; and, following the trail of Indian hunters along that which is now the road from Ballston to Saratoga, came to the chief tributary of Lake Saratoga, the Kayaderosseras.

In the gray dawn of that summer morning, along the green aisles of the primeval forest, the party silently pursued their way. The moccasined feet pressed down the wild-flowers in their path. Wheeling above with untiring wing, as if moving with and watching over the party, were several noble bald eagles, whose eyries hung on the beetling crags, affording to the invalid a presage of health and happiness. Aloft, the pine-tree towered above a sea of verdure, and below, the maple, whose virgin cheeks were not yet brazen with the paint of early frosts, modestly shrank from the passing gaze. "Old fir-trees, hoary and grim, shaggy with pendant mosses leaned above the stream, and beneath, dead and submerged, a fallen sycamore thrust from the current the bare, bleached limbs of its colossal skeleton."

The sun was an hour above the eastern hills when the startled deer saw the evergreens sway and the Baronet's party emerge from the thicket. Their polished bracelets and rich trappings, glittering in the dewy foliage like so many diamonds, were in keeping with the cheerfulness visible upon each countenance

—for were they not bearing their dearly beloved brother to the medicine spring of the Great Spirit? As the party emerge from the glade upon the green-sward, they separate into two divisions, and, with gentle tread, approach the spring, bearing their precious burden in the centre. Pausing a few rods from the spring, the Baronet leaves the litter; and, for a moment, his manly form, wrapped in his scarlet blanket bordered with gold lace, stands towering and erect above the waving plumes of his Mohawk braves. Then, approaching the spring, he kneels, with uncovered head, and reverently places upon the rock a roll of fragrant tobacco—his propitiatory offering to the Manitou of the Spring. Still kneeling, he fills and lights the great calumet, which, through a long line of kings, had descended to the renowned Pontiac, and, taking a whiff from its hieroglyphic stem, passes it to each chieftain in turn. Then, amid the profound silence of his warriors, he for the first time touches his lips to the water; and, gathering the folds of his mantle about him, amid a wild and strange chant raised by the Indians to their Deity, he enters the rude bark lodge which, with prudent forethought, his braves had erected for his comfort, directly where the bottling-house now stands; and in this primitive *hotel* reclined the *first* white man that had ever visited this Spring. Yet while the sufferer lay on his evergreen couch, did the fortunes of the General whom he had defeated twelve years previously

occur to him? Perhaps so; for by a singular coincidence, while the conqueror of Dieskau was prostrated amid these forests, where the wounds of both had been received, the French General was languishing on his death-bed at a small town in the interior of France*—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Sir William Johnson had been but four days at the "High Rock" when he received letters obliging him to hasten immediately home. Short as his visit was, however, the water restored his strength so far as to enable him to travel some of the way to Schenectady on foot; and again taking his water-carriage, he arrived on the 4th of September at Johnstown, to welcome his son, Sir John, who had just arrived from England. The popularity of Saratoga Springs as a watering-place may be said to date from this visit. "My dear Schuyler," writes the Baronet upon his return, to his intimate friend, General Philip Schuyler, "I have just returned from a visit to a most amazing Spring, which almost effected my cure; and I have sent for Dr. Stringer, of New York, to come up and analyze it." Hence it was that the fact of so distinguished a personage as Sir William having been partially restored by the water soon became noised through the country, inducing others to make the

* Baron Dieskau died from the effects of his wounds, received at Lake George, on the 8th day of September, 1767, at Turenne in France.

trial. In 1770, a Dr. Constable, who resided at Schenectady, examined the water at Saratoga, and pronounced it highly medicinal. In October, 1777, the late Major-General Mooers, of Plattsburg, who was stationed after Burgoyne's surrender at Palmertown (Wilton), visited the Spring; and in 1783, seven years afterwards, Dr. Samuel Tenney, a regimental surgeon, in camp at Fish Creek, also paid a visit to the Spring, and made some interesting and judicious remarks on its properties and uses as a medicine. In the summer of the same year, Major-General Philip Schuyler cut a road* through the forest from Schuylerville to the High Rock, and erected a tent, under which himself and his family spent several weeks, using the water. New springs were subsequently discovered; and thenceforth the "Springs" became a resort of those who were in pursuit of health and pleasure. For many years after its discovery, the High Rock continued to be the resort of people from all sections of the country; and when other springs were found in the neighboring village of Ball's Town, in 1770, the chief drive of the visitors there was through the woods to the "High Rock Spring."† The accommodations, how-

* This road went from the Upper Village through the Ten Springs; thence easterly on the sandy ridge north of the "Bear Swamp" to Scidmore's Tavern; and from Scidmore's (now Birch's) to the "Slocum Place" (Lockro's), and thence along Fish Creek direct to Grangerville and Schuylerville on the Hudson River.

† For an exhaustive account of the "High Rock," its geology, etc., the reader is referred to *A Concise History of the High Rock Spring*, by Henry McGuire,

ever, for a long time continued to be of the most primitive character. "These waters," writes Elkanah Watson, in visiting the "High Rock" in 1790, "are situated in a marsh, partially enveloped by slight eminences, along the margin of which the road winds. There is no convenience for bathing, except an open log-hut, with a large trough, similar to those in use for feeding swine, which receives the water from the Spring. Into this you roll from off a bench."

Albany, C. Van Benthuysen & Sons, 1868. This work also contains the addresses of Chancellor Walworth and the author at the Centennial Celebration of the High Rock Spring in 1866.

CHAPTER II.

Visit of General Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Governor George Clinton to the High Rock in 1783.

"CAN Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise, when she
Sprang forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefil'd?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
Deep in the unprun'd forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smil'd
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?"

BYRON.

THE year 1783 was a memorable one in the history of Saratoga Springs. In that year, General Philip Schuyler, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, cut a road through the woods to the "High Rock"; and in the same summer, no less a personage than General Washington, accompanied by his aides, Alexander Hamilton and Governor George Clinton, honored it with his presence. The circumstances which led to this visit are casually hinted at in the following passage from Irving's *Washington*. Mr. Irving says:

"Washington now (1783) found his position at Headquarters (Newburg) irksome; there was little to do, and he was likely to be incessantly teased with applications and demands, which he had neither the

means nor power to satisfy. He resolved, therefore, to while away part of the time that must intervene before the arrival of the definitive treaty by making a tour to the northern and western parts of the State, and visiting the places which had been the theatre of important military transactions. He had another object in view: he desired to facilitate, as far as in his power, the operations which would be necessary for occupying, as soon as evacuated by British troops, the posts ceded by the Treaty of Peace.

"Governor Clinton accompanied him on the expedition. They set out by water from Newburg, ascended the Hudson to Albany, visited Saratoga [Schuylerville] and the scene of Burgoyne's surrender; embarked on Lake George, where light boats had been provided for them; traversed that beautiful lake, so full of historic interest; proceeded to Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and, after reconnoitring those eventful posts, returned to Schenectady." *

On their return route, the party, which included, besides Clinton, Alexander Hamilton and Colonels Humphreys and Fish, visited the High Rock Spring —their attention having been directed to it by General Schuyler while guests at the latter's house at Schuylerville. † Thence they left on horseback for

* Griswold, in his *Republican Court*, page 135, states that "Washington and Clinton at one time thought of purchasing the Mineral Springs at Saratoga." This may have also been another reason for the visit—though Griswold gives no authority for his statement.

† While at the High Rock, the party tarried with the son of Samuel Norton.

Schenectady, with the intention of visiting on their route the newly-discovered Spring at Ballston Spa—afterwards known as the "Iron Railing Spring"—and of dining with General Gordon, who, at that time, lived upon the "Middle Line Road."

On their route through the woods between the two Springs, they struck the path leading west by Merrick's Mills (now Factory Village) to the "Middle Line Road," and continued west toward that road, thus losing their way. Near Merrick's lived one "Tom" Conner, who was chopping wood at his cabin door. They enquired of him the way to the Spring, and "Tom" gave the requisite directions. The party accordingly retraced their steps a short distance upon the road by which they had come, but, soon becoming bewildered, rode back for more explicit directions. "Tom" had, by this time, lost his temper, and peevishly cried out to the spokesman of the party—who happened to be Washington—"I tell you, turn back and take the first right-hand path into the woods, and then stick to it—any darned fool would know the way!" When "Tom" afterwards learned that he had addressed Washington himself in this unceremonious and uncivil manner, he was extremely chagrined and mortified. His neighbors, for a long time afterwards, tormented poor "Tom" on his "reception of General Washington"!*

* The spot where Conner was chopping wood at the time of this encounter was two miles from Ballston, a little west of north, or about a half a mile north of Blood-

The party, following "Tom's" instructions, found the Spring, then flowing through a barrel, and in the midst of a dense forest. From the Spring, Washington and his companions proceeded to General Gordon's, where they dined. Toward nightfall, they parted from that General with many expressions of regret, and left for Schenectady, General Gordon, attired in full regimentals, escorting them and riding upon General Washington's right. As the party moved off, James Scott, the father of the Hon. G. G. Scott of Ballston, then in his tenth year, boy-like, secreted himself behind a rail-fence by the roadside, and peeped through the rails. He ever afterwards retained a vivid recollection of Washington's physiognomy and appearance on horseback.

The next year, 1784, another distinguished visitor came to the High Rock, brought there, undoubtedly, by the advice of Washington. This was Colonel Otho H. Williams, who, in a letter to the latter, thus gives an account of his visit, as well as a description of the "High Rock Spring" itself:

LETTER FROM COLONEL OTHO H. WILLIAMS TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.*

BALTIMORE, July 12, 1784.

DEAR SIR: After I had the pleasure of seeing you in Philadelphia, I made an excursion to New York, and from there up the

ville, on the east and west road through Factory Village, and a little east of the bridge crossing the Kayaderosseras Creek. At that time, as now, the most direct route from Lake George to Schenectady (via Glenn's Falls) was by Saratoga Springs, Ballston, and General Gordon's house

* *Washington's Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 73.

North River as far as Saratoga. One motive for extending my tour so far that course, was to visit the Springs in the vicinity of Saratoga, which I recollected you once recommended to me as a remedy for the rheumatism. They are now frequented by the uncivilized people of the back country; but very few others resort to them, as there is but one small hut within several miles of the place. Corporal Armstrong and myself spent one week there which was equal to a little campaign; for the accommodations were very wretched, and provisions exceedingly scarce. The country about the Springs being uncultivated, we were forced to send to the borders of the Hudson for what was necessary for our subsistence.

During our stay we made a few little experiments on the waters. Bark of a restringent (*sic*) quality turned them to a purple color very suddenly, and we thought that iron was discernible even to the taste. They have certainly a very great quantity of salts. A quart of the water boiled down produced a spoonful, which, being diluted in common water, there remained on the surface a quantity of insipid, tasteless matter, like chalk, which we collected; then, pouring off the water into a clear vessel, we found remaining at the bottom something like slacked lime. The water in which the first production was diluted, being boiled down, produced half a spoonful of very acute salt. But that which distinguishes these waters in a very conspicuous degree from all others, is the great quantity of fixed air which they contain. They are exceedingly pungent to the taste, and after being drunk a short time will often affect the nose like brisk bottled ale. The water will raise flour sooner than any other thing, and cannot be confined so that the air will not, somehow or other, escape. Several persons told us that they had corked it tight in bottles, and that the bottles broke. We tried it with the only bottle we had, which did not break, but the air found its way through a wooden stopper and the wax with which it was sealed. A trout died in the water in less than a minute, or seemed dead, but moved in common water. This experiment was repeated with the same effect. We observed in digging that the rocks which are about the Springs, and which, in one or two places, project themselves above the earth in a conic form, go not deep into the

ground, but are formed by the waters, which (the man who lives at the place informed us) overflow once per month, when not disturbed, and the earthy parts, being exposed to the air and sun, petrify and increase. This opinion is strengthened by the shells and bodies of insects which we found in broken parts of the rock.

. . . . . .

At Clermont, Mrs. Livingston charged me with a letter for Mrs. Washington, and with her most respectful compliments to you, Sir. All that amiable family joined in affectionate compliments to you and to Mrs. Washington; and I beg you will permit me to add my own I am, etc.,

OTHO H. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER III.

A Visit to Saratoga Springs and the Battle-Ground in 1789.

"There is a charm in footing slow
Across a silent plain,
Where patriot battle has been fought,
Where glory had the gain."

KEATS.

THE following interesting narrative of a visit to the High Rock Spring in 1789, a little more than twenty years after Sir William Johnson's visit, was taken down from the lips of the visitor, Mrs. Dwight, by her son, the late Hon. Theodore Dwight. The account of her visit to the Saratoga Battle-Ground confirms the statements of Mrs. General Riedesel, whose interesting letters have been recently translated and given to the public. Nor can this relation, being among the earliest ones that have thus far come under our observation of a visit to Saratoga, fail to be of peculiar interest. Before, however, proceeding with the immediate narrative, it will be well, perhaps, to give a sketch of Mr. Dwight, who, as one of the oldest and most respectable habitués of Saratoga, may justly claim a passing notice.

Theodore Dwight, who came to his death, a few

years since, through injuries received from the New Jersey Railroad Company, was a nephew of President Dwight of Yale College, and a son of the distinguished Hartford editor who was the immediate predecessor of the late Colonel William L. Stone in the editorship of the old Hartford *Mirror*. Mr. Dwight, at the time of his death, was the Secretary of the American Ethnological Society—a society of which he and the late Albert Gallatin were among the founders. He was also the author of a number of entertaining works of travel, among which are his *Tours in Italy*, the *Northern Traveller*, and *Summer Tours*. He was likewise for a long time editor of *Dwight's American Magazine*.

In figure, as many of the older residents of Saratoga will remember, Mr. Dwight was of medium height, and thin, his head somewhat drooping; his brow lofty rather than broad, his cheeks pale, his lips inclining, even in repose, to a smile. Heart-seated benevolence and constitutional serenity of mind were the qualities most conspicuous in his face. His eye was bright; and while his physical frame indicated somewhat his age, yet his mental energies and feelings had all the freshness of youth. "Although seventy years of age," he remarked to us a few days before his decease, "yet I feel as if I were not thirty." He had also, at all times, an air of perfect simplicity, and his presence was constantly invested with a charm which the most dignified old age, with all the sanctity

and veneration that rightfully belongs to it, often fails to awaken.

In the death of Mr. Dwight the present generation lost another of those links that *bind them to the days of the Fathers.* In Mr. Dwight's presence, this was felt to be peculiarly the case; and no one could spend an hour with him in pleasant, social converse respecting the early days of the Republic without feeling the charm of those days come back on him with irresistible force. For many years it had been his custom to travel over all the prominent spots in this country that have been "dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue," taking down in his memorandum-book the early historical incidents of the Revolution from the lips of the actors themselves, and with his pencil sketching all points and places of interest. He it was that in 1820 brought Saratoga Springs into extensive notice by the first real guide-book of the United States that had ever been published. In this way he had accumulated nearly a hundred of these MS. journals, filled with the most interesting reminiscences of our early history, which, but for this custom, would have been irretrievably lost.

Having thus endeavored to pay a proper tribute to the memory of one of the earliest visitors to Saratoga, I proceed with Mrs. Dwight's narrative. Two things will be observed, however, in her story—first, that the HIGH ROCK was at that time called the ROUND ROCK; and, secondly, that those who assert

that the water never flowed out of the top of the rock *subsequent* to the Revolution are in error.

Narrative of Mrs. Dwight.

"Our party originally consisted of five, three gentlemen and two ladies, who travelled with two gigs (then called chairs) and a saddle-horse. From Hartford, where I resided, and where the party was made up, our party proceeded westward, and some idea of the fashions may be formed from the dress of one of the ladies, who wore a black beaver with a sugar-loaf crown eight or nine inches high, called a steeple crown, wound round with black and red tassels, being less showy than the gold cord sometimes worn. Habits having gone out of fashion, the dress was of London smoke broadcloth, buttoned down in front, and at the side with twenty-four gilt buttons, about the size of a half-dollar. Large waists and stays were in fashion, and the shoes were extremely sharp-toed and high-heeled, ornamented with large paste buckles on the instep. At a tavern where we spent the first night, we ladies were obliged to surround ourselves with a barrier of bean-leaves to keep off the bugs which infested the place; but this afforded only temporary benefit, as the vermin soon crept to the ceiling and fell upon us from above. The green woods, through which the road lay for many miles, were very rough, and in many places could not be travelled without danger. We scarcely met anybody

on this part of the way, except an old man with a long, white beard, who looked like a palmer on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and his wife—who rode a horse on a saddle with a projecting pommel, and a single chain for a bridle—was as ugly as one of Shakspere's old crones. The few habitations to be seen were so uninviting that we generally took our meals in some pleasant spot under the trees, the recollection of which is pleasant even to this day. After three days we reached Hudson, where a gentleman who had come to attend a ball joined our party, sending a message home for clothes; and, although he did not receive them, and had only his dancing dress, persisted in proceeding with us. He mounted his horse, therefore, in a suit of white broadcloth, with powdered hair, small-clothes, and white silk stockings. While at Hudson it was determined to go directly to Saratoga, the efficacy of the water being much celebrated, as well as the curious round and hollow rock from which it flowed. Hudson was a flourishing village, although it had been settled but about seven years, by people from Nantucket and Rhode Island.

"In the afternoon, the prospect of a storm made us hasten our gait, and we tarried over-night at an old Dutch house, which, notwithstanding the uncouth aspect of a fire-place without jambs, was a welcome retreat from the weather. Early in the morning we proceeded, and reached Albany at breakfast-time.

The old Dutch church, with its pointed roof and great window of painted glass, stood at that time at the foot of State Street.

"At Troy, where we took tea, there were only a dozen houses, the place having been settled only three years before by people from Killingworth, Saybrook, and other towns in Connecticut. Lansingburg was an older and more considerable town, containing more than a hundred houses, and inhabited principally by emigrants from the same State. The tavern was a very good one, but the inhabitants were so hospitable to our party that the time was spent almost entirely at private houses. After a delay of two nights and a day we proceeded on our journey. Crossing the Hudson to Waterford by a ferry, we went back as far as the Mohawk to see the Cohoes Falls, of which we had a fine view from the northern bank, riding along the brow of the precipice in going and returning.

"On the road to the Mohawk we met a party of some of the most respectable citizens of Albany—among whom was the Patroon Van Rensselaer—in a common country wagon without a cover, with straw under their feet and with wooden chairs for seats. Two gentlemen on horseback, in their company, finding that we were going to Saratoga, offered to accompany us to the scene of the Battle of Behmus Heights, and thither we proceeded after visiting Cohoes.

'We dined in the house which was General Bur-

ENTRANCE TO CONGRESS SPRING PARK.

goyne's headquarters in 1777; and one of the females who attended us was there during the battle.* She informed us of many particulars, and showed us a spot upon the floor which was stained with the blood of General Frazer, who, she added, when brought in mortally wounded from the field, was laid upon the very table at which we were seated. During the funeral, she also stated, the American troops, who had got into the rear of the British on the opposite side of the river, and had been firing over the house, on discovering the cause of the procession up the steep hill, where Frazer had requested to be interred, not only ceased firing, but played a dead march in compliment to his memory.

"On leaving the battle-ground for Saratoga Lake, our party was reduced to four by the loss of four gentlemen, two of whom, however, intended to overtake us, if possible, before night. The country we had to pass over, after leaving the Hudson, was very uninviting, and almost uninhabited. The road lay through a forest, and was formed of logs. [This was undoubtedly the road cut through from Schuylerville, by General Schuyler, in 1783, mention of which is

* A mistake which Lossing and Neilson also fall into. Burgoyne's headquarters was on the high ground, the present (1875) farm of Mr. Wilbur. See Stone's translation of the *Life and Military Journals of Major-General Riedesel.*

The house mentioned by Mrs. Dwight, known, formerly, as the "Taylor House," and since as the "Smith House," stood until 1864. The site is now (1875) marked by a few of the foundation-stones and a small poplar-tree. In this connection, see *Silliman's Tour* for his reflections on the battle while staying over-night in this house.

made in the first chapter.*] We travelled till late in the afternoon before we reached a house, to which we had been directed for our lodging. It stood in a solitary place in an opening of the dark forest, and had so comfortless an appearance that, without approaching to take a near view, or alighting, we determined to proceed farther. [Probably the site of the 'Old Potter Tavern,' now Birch's.]

"It was a wretched log-hut with only one door, which had never been on hinges; was to be lifted by every person coming in or going out, and had no fastening except a few nails. We halted at the sight of it; and one of the gentlemen rode up to take a nearer view. Standing up in his saddle, he peeped into a square hole which served as a window, but had no glass or shutter, and found the floor the bare earth, with scarcely any furniture to be seen. Nothing remained for us but to proceed and make our way to the Spring as fast as possible, for we knew of no human habitation nearer; and when or how we might hope to reach there we could not tell. We were for a time extremely dispirited, until the gentleman who had joined us at Hudson came forward

* The old Schuylerville Road did not, at this period, go up the hill by the "Thorn Place," as now, but, following the creek farther than at present, went direct to the "Slocum Place" (Lockro's), thence to the "Force Place," a few rods west of the "Potter Place," where, within the memory of those now living, a tavern stood built of logs and hewn timber. Squire Force (father of the late Mrs. Terhune of Northumberland) kept the tavern at this time, and was a prominent man in the neighborhood. Old residents yet remember traces of the "Old Road."

(still in his ball dress) and endeavored to encourage us, saying that if we would but trust to his guidance he doubted not that he should be able to conduct us safely and speedily to a more comfortable habitation.

"This raised our hopes, and we followed him cheerfully, though the day was now at its close, and the forest seemed thicker and darker than before. When the last light at length had disappeared, and we found ourselves in the deepest gloom, our guide confessed that he had encouraged us to keep us from despair, and as to any knowledge of the road, he had never been there before in his life. He, however, dismounted, tied his horse behind our chair, and taking the bridle of our own began to lead him on, groping his way as well as he was able, stepping into one mud-hole after another without regard to his silk stockings, sometimes up to his beauish knee-buckles. It seemed as if we were going for a long time down a steep hill into some bottomless pit [probably one of the large sand-knolls south of the 'Potter Place'], and every few minutes one wheel would pass over a log or stump so high as almost to overset us. At length we insisted on stopping, and spent a quarter of an hour in anxiety and doubt, being unable to determine what we had better do. We had heard the voices of animals in the woods, which some of us feared might attack us. At length, one of the gentlemen declared that a sound which we had heard for some time at a distance could not be the howl of

a wolf, for which we had taken it, but must be the barking of a wolf-dog, and indicated that the habitation of his master was not very far off, proposing, at the same time, to go in search of it. The gentlemen were unwilling to leave us alone, but we insisted that they might need each other's assistance, and made them go together. But it was a long time before we heard from them again. How long they were gone I do not know, for we soon became impatient and alarmed, but at length we discovered a light among the trees, which, shining upon the trunks and boughs, made a beautiful vista, like an endless Gothic arch, and showed a thousand tall columns on both sides. We then discovered them returning accompanied by two men, who led us off the road, and stuck up lighted pine-knots to guide our friends. Under their guidance we found our way to a log-house, containing but one room, and destitute of everything except hospitable inhabitants, so that, although we were admitted, we found we should be obliged to make such arrangements as we could for sleeping. There was no lamp or candle—light being supplied by pine-knots stuck in the crevices of the walls. The conversation of the family proved that wild beasts were very numerous and bold in the surrounding forest, and that they sometimes, when hungry, approached the house; and there was a large aperture left at the bottom of the door to admit the dogs when in danger from the wolves. The floor extended on one

side only to within the distance of several feet of the wall—a space being left to kindle the fire upon the bare ground; and when we wanted tea made, the mistress of the house could produce only one kettle, in which water was boiled for washing and every other purpose. She had heard of tea-kettles, but had never seen one, and was impressed with an idea of the usefulness of such an utensil. When we had spread the table out of our own stores, and divided tea-cups and saucers, a porringer, etc., among us, we seated ourselves partly on the bedstead and partly on a kind of arm-chair which was formed by an old round table when raised perpendicularly, and thus partook of our meal.

"We were, however, suddenly alarmed by cries or screams at a little distance in the forest, which some of us supposed to be those of wolves or bears. Our host, after listening a while, declared that they were the cries of some travellers who had lost their way, and proceeded with the gentlemen to search for them. They found, sure enough, our two expected friends, who had followed the path lighted by the torches, but unfortunately had wandered from it a little, and soon found before them a wall too high to reach from their stirrups. They attempted to retreat, but found it also behind them; and though they rode round and round, feeling for a place of exit, could find none, and then began to call for assistance, hoping that some dwelling might be

within the reach of their voices. Being happily relieved and restored to us, the adventures of the evening served as a subject of pleasantry. They had unconsciously entered a pound or pen for bears, by a very narrow entrance, which in the darkness they could not find again, and thus their embarrassment and predicament were fully explained. We slept that night on our luggage and saddles; but our hospitable host refused all reward in the morning.

"On reaching the Springs at Saratoga, we found but three habitations, and those but poor log-houses* on the high bank of the meadow, where is now the eastern side of the street on the ridge near the Round Rock. This was the only Spring then visited. The log-cabins were almost full of strangers, among whom were several ladies and gentlemen from Albany; and we found it almost impossible to obtain accommodations even for two nights. We found the Round Rock at that time entire; the large tree, which two or three years after fell and cracked a fissure in it, being then standing near, and the water, which occasionally overflowed and increased the rock by its deposits, keeping the general level five or six inches below the top. The neighborhood of the Spring, like all the country we had seen for many miles, was a perfect forest; and there were no habitations to be

* These log-cabins—one of which in winter served the purpose of a blacksmith's shop and another a school-house—were owned and in part occupied by Alexander Bryan, the grandfather of the well-known lawyer, John A. Bryan, of New York City.

seen in all the vicinity, except the three log-houses which afforded us little more than a shelter. We arrived on Saturday, and left there on Monday morning for Ball's Town [Ballston], which we reached after a short ride. But there the accommodations for visitors were still less inviting. The springs, of which there were several, were entirely unprotected, on the borders of a woody swamp and near a brook in which we saw bubbles rising in several places, which indicated other springs. There was a small hovel into which some of the water was conducted for bathing, but, as there was nothing like comfort to be found, we proceeded homeward, after spending a short time at the place."

Such is a brief account of a journey made to Saratoga Springs in the latter part of the last century. Yet, how difficult it is for the fair pilgrims who yearly come to this shrine to realize that the stupendous changes which have since occurred can have taken place within the memory of those still among us! And yet, where do we look in the United States without finding evidence of similar, if not equal, alterations, often effected in a shorter period?

CHAPTER IV.

The Escape of Amos Stafford from the Wyoming Massacre to Saratoga.

> "And Summer was the tide and sweet the hour
> When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
> An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
> Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament."
>
> CAMPBELL'S *Gertrude of Wyoming.*

AMOS STAFFORD, the father of the late Amos Stafford, of "Stafford's Bridge," and one of the earliest settlers in the town of Saratoga Springs, was the son of Steutly Stafford, of Rhode Island, who served as Lieutenant in the old French war, coming home, at its close, to die of small-pox contracted in the army. Thus deprived of his protector in early boyhood, Amos was sent to his uncle, John Stafford, of Wyoming, Penn. Mr. John Stafford (the great-grandfather of John T. Carr) was a great hunter, and the wild woods had more attractions for him than the old settled country at the East. Indeed, he could live anywhere in the Susquehanna mountains by the aid of his rifle and hunting-knife. When his nephew reached him, the disputes between the New England and Pennsylvania settlers had ripened into open warfare. Mr. Stafford, however, was a peaceful

man, and did not enter into the war. By thrift and industry he accumulated considerable property, so that, upon the breaking out of the Revolution, he was among the most respected and prosperous farmers of the Susquehanna Valley.

From that moment, however, the extended frontiers of the colonies, reaching from Lake Champlain around the northwest and south to the Floridas, were harassed by the savage foe. There was a conventional understanding between the General Government and the people of Wyoming that the regular troops enlisted among them should be stationed there for the defence of the valley; but the exigencies of the service required their action elsewhere, and the only means of defence consisted of militia-men, upon whom devolved the duty both of cultivating the land and of exploring the thickets, in order to guard against surprise from the wily Indians and their yet more vindictive Tory allies. The little stockaded defences yclept "forts," moreover, had no artillery save a single four-pounder, kept at Wilkesbarre as an alarm-gun. Thus weakened by the absence of its most efficient men and material, Wyoming presented a point of attack too favorable to escape the attention of the British and Indian commanders in the country of the Six Nations and in Canada. Under these circumstances, the ever-memorable expedition of Col. John Butler, with his own Tory Rangers, a detachment of Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, and

a large body of Indians, was undertaken against Wyoming in the summer of 1778, and, alas! was but too successful.

This is not the place for dwelling either on the details of this expedition or on the frightful massacre that followed the attack of the Indians, in which more than three hundred men, women, and children were literally butchered in cold blood. Our task is to follow one of those who fortunately escaped. This was Amos Stafford, the nephew of John Stafford, who, although a patriot in feeling, yet, on account of his advanced age, was removed from the valley and placed among the non-combatants.

During the battle, Amos Stafford, then a youth of nineteen, made one of a reserve of riflemen, who, however, did not participate actively in the engagement. Just before the fate of the day was decided, the third man from him fell—then the second—then the next to him. Watching for an explanation of this mystery, he observed, when the last of his three companions fell, a whiff of smoke rising from behind a log. An Indian was picking off the reserve! Accordingly, the next time that a head peered above the log he sent a bullet through it, and the danger from that quarter was at an end. Soon after, the order was given to retreat. Stafford waited to reload his rifle, and then ran to a neighboring wheat-field, where he hoped to lie concealed until, under the friendly mantle of night, he could make good his escape. In this, however, he

was disappointed; for the Indians suddenly stumbling upon him, he was forced to jump up and again fly. He expected to be shot dead, but such was the confusion of the Indians at this unexpected apparition, that he had time to bound away like a wild deer and put several feet between himself and the savages before they had recovered from their astonishment. Glancing his eye over his shoulder, he found himself closely pursued by an Indian with raised tomahawk. Too near to turn and fire, he could only trust to his fleetness of foot (in which he excelled) to gain on his pursuer sufficiently to use his rifle. The opportunity soon came. A brush fence stood in his path. This he leaped at a bound, wheeled, and, when the Indian, standing on the top of the fence, presented a fair target, he fired and killed him. Then, throwing his rifle into the rushes, he plunged into the river, and amid a shower of bullets sent after him by the rest of his pursuers, who had now come up, but which he avoided by diving, he struck out boldly for the opposite shore. When in the middle of the stream, he perceived that another savage was following him in the water. His first impulse was to turn and drown him by diving and catching him by the feet—a feat which he jocularly called playing "leap-frog"—but observing that his opponent carried a spear, he gave up this design, and gained the shore. Here picking up some stones, he waded back into the river prepared to give his foe a warm reception. The latter, how-

ever, fearing to "measure swords" with such an adversary, turned and swam back. Running a few rods up the river behind a ridge which concealed him from sight, he sank down into a marshy spring. While thus hidden, an Indian came up to where he lay, but, the water which he had at first roiled having meanwhile become clear, the savage, not dreaming of his proximity, passed on his way and left him unharmed. During the first night of his concealment, he heard the cries and shrieks of the garrison of Fort Forty, on the opposite shore, who were being massacred after having accepted quarter—the painfulness of the scene being increased by the sight of the bodies of one or more of his neighbors which had been thrown upon the burning pile—

"By the smoke of their ashes to poison the gale."

It was a night of terror; for he heard

"Sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,
To freeze the blood in one discordant jar.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed;
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed!"

The second and third nights found him ensconced in the hollow trunk of a fallen tree. The woods were alive with the savages; and once, while thus concealed, two or three Indians came along and seated themselves upon the log in consultation. He heard

the bullets rattle loosely in their pouches. They actually looked into the hollow trunk, suspecting he might be there ; but the examination must have been slight, as they discovered no traces of his presence. The object of their search, however, in after-life, attributed his escape to the labors of a busy spider, which, after he crawled into the log, had been industriously engaged in weaving a web over the entrance. Perceiving this, the savages supposed, as a matter of course, that the fugitive could not have entered there. Thus a second time was he almost miraculously preserved.

After remaining in his place of concealment as long as nature could endure the confinement—three days without food, destitute of clothing (for he had stripped himself while swimming the river), and chilled to the marrow, although the 6th of July—Stafford crept forth, resolved to give himself up to the first persons he should meet. These happened to be a party of Tories, painted and disguised as Indians. Deceived by the plausible story told them by Stafford, and which was soon after confirmed by a Tory friend of his who had deserted to the enemy before the battle, and who now upon seeing him exclaimed, "God bless you, Amos! how came you here stark naked?" his captors offered him protection, and supplied him with clothing from their knapsacks. Food, consisting of milk diluted with water, was next administered to him at the house of the mother of

the celebrated Frances Slocum who was carried into captivity by the Delaware Indians.* Thus refreshed, he turned his thoughts toward escaping. This he effected the second night of his capture, under cover of the darkness and a terrific thunder-storm; and, tarrying on the way only to bid farewell to his uncle, he arrived the following morning, without further adventure, at the American camp, and was the *first one* to bring tidings of the defeat and massacre at Wyoming. At first the commanding officer refused to credit his statement, at which Stafford was deeply hurt, remarking that "he thought it rather hard, after all he had suffered, to have his word doubted." When, however, the General heard his story, told with so much feeling and earnestness, he believed him even before the official despatches confirmed it in all particulars. Soon after, his term of enlistment having expired, he removed to Dutchess County, New York, and married Sarah Wagman, a daughter of Henry Wagman, of "Nine Partners."†

Mr. Stafford now looked around for some place where he could settle permanently. The passage of

* Giles Slocum, the brother of Frances, afterwards settled near Mr. Stafford, in the vicinity of Fish Creek—the old homestead, which he built, being yet known as the "Slocum Place." (See chapter upon Mrs. Dwight's visit.) He was the grandfather of James Cluth Brisbin, of Old Saratoga. The mother of Frances Slocum once called upon Mr. Stafford, while on a visit to her son, and spoke frequently of the great sorrow of her life.

† Subsequently, the entire Wagman family removed to Saratoga, on to the place still called the "Wagman Farm."

Burgoyne's army down the Valley of the Hudson to the Heights of Saratoga, and the subsequent mustering of the yeomanry from the different colonies to intercept its progress, had brought the country around Lake Saratoga into public notice; nor was it long before Mr. Stafford, hearing exaggerated reports of the productiveness of the land in that vicinity, came with his wife and two children to Saratoga, and settled near the Lake on that which is now known as the "French Farm."* A younger brother of Mr. Stafford—Samuel, who had also served in the war—accompanied him, and settled in the neighborhood, owning and living, in fact, on what is now known as the "Ramsdell Farm." He afterward removed to Canada, attracted by the liberal offers made to settlers by the British Government. The date of Mr. Stafford's immigration to Saratoga was 1783; and for many years afterward he was obliged to come to the "Springs" on horseback, along a narrow foot-path. Mr. Stafford remained on his first location seven years, when he moved to Fish Creek, and settled on the land, which yet retains the name of the "Stafford Farm." The house which is still standing, although

* Mr. Stafford was not the only one who availed himself of these reports to settle in this section of the country. Even some of the enemy did the same. There is yet standing, near Jno. B. Haskin's place on Friend's Lake, at Chester, Warren County, New York, the cabin of a deserter from Burgoyne's army, who settled there in 1777. The cabin was built in 1783, as the figures cut into the stone lintel attest. Mr. Charles H. Fixon, of Chester—a gentleman whose patriotic tastes are well known—did his best to have this cabin bought for the State and preserved as an heirloom for the county.

enlarged in 1810, is the same one which Mr. Stafford built in 1797, and was for a long period, before the division of the town, the central point where the town business was transacted.

At the time of Mr. Stafford's coming to Saratoga, the country, it is perhaps needless to say, was a complete wilderness, and so infested with wolves that the keeping of sheep was almost impossible. Accordingly, large bounties were offered for the destruction of the former, amounting (inclusive of state, county, and town bounties) to sixty dollars *per capita*. But this very fact was of advantage to Mr. Stafford; for, being skilled in the use of the rifle, he was enabled eventually to pay for a large portion of his farm (some thirteen hundred acres) with the bounty he received on the wolves that he shot in its vicinity—receiving, indeed, in one winter alone the handsome sum of five hundred dollars. The veritable rifle with which this feat was accomplished I was allowed, through the kindness of his son, to use in my first deer-hunt in the Adirondacks. It is now, I believe, in the possession of his grandson, Professor Amos Stafford, of Saratoga Springs.

Mr. Stafford, also, learned to imitate the cry of the wolves so accurately, that those animals would answer his call. A neighbor, doubting this, rode out with him one day to test the question. Soon, in answer to Mr. Stafford's cry, a reply was heard, and a big, shaggy wolf raised its head over a log not far distant.

The doubter "stood not on the order of his going," but, springing upon his horse, "went at once." Again, on another occasion, Mr. Stafford was awakened at midnight by the barking of his hounds. Seizing a fowling-piece, he rammed down a ball and rushed outside, where he saw by the moonlight, and in a field near the house, a huge wolf which had been frequently seen but hitherto had eluded pursuit. The ball, in the haste of loading, not having been "sent home," burst the gun in its discharge, and the wolf escaped. He afterwards, however, caught it in a trap. This was a cause of great rejoicing, since the wolf, which was as big as a yearling calf, had committed great havoc among the sheep. Nor were wolves the only wild animals that were troublesome. When Mr. Stafford "camped out," he invariably kept a fire burning to guard against panthers, and was even compelled to take this precautionary measure when merely setting his wolf-traps. Mrs. Stafford, also, had her share of annoyances. On first settling in Saratoga, she suffered greatly from the howling of the wolves at night and from fear of the Indians, bands of whom were continually hovering around. One night, in particular, she was aroused from sleep by the crackling of a fire on the hearth, in front of which stood a stalwart savage coolly baking a corn-cake he had just prepared! Mrs. Stafford quietly awakened her husband, who, seizing the rifle that always hung at the head of his bed, demanded

"What he was doing there?" The Indian, who was recognized as one that had been lately seen prowling about the neighborhood, at once slunk away, muttering as he went.

But Mr. Stafford's visits from Indians were not always of this informal character. He was once the recipient of a call from the celebrated Mohawk chieftain, Joseph Brant (*Tha-yen-da-ne-gea*), who was endeavoring to ascertain a point along Fish Creek where, as he asserted, some treasure had been hidden during the Revolution. In the course of the evening spent with Mr. Stafford, he stated that the clearing-up of the country had so changed the "appearance of things" that he could not describe the exact spot, though his host gathered from his description that it must have been opposite the site of the Avery Lake House. He also enquired particularly where the first house had stood, remarking that "he was completely lost."* Whether, however, he succeeded in finding the object of his search never transpired.†

* This "first house" for which Brant enquired, and which was burned during the Revolution, stood south of the Stafford barn-yard, near the banks of Fish Creek. Up to within a few years the remains of the chimneys were still visible. Indian arrow-heads and stone pestles are often found on the place.

At the time of Mrs. Stafford's coming to Saratoga, there were plenty of herring in the Creek, as well as great quantities of pigeons on its banks; so that Mrs. S. used frequently to remark that it seemed as if they were sent by Providence for the benefit of the settlers. (*Letter from Mrs. Gerrit G. Lansing, of Half Moon, New York, to her niece, Mrs. Mary Stafford Rouse, of Bacon Hill, New York.*) Mrs. Lansing is nearly eighty-nine years old, and still in remarkable possession of her faculties.

† This visit of Brant must have been during one of his trips to Albany, either in 1802 or 1806. See Stone's *Life of Brant.*

Mr. Stafford, like his son, the late Amos Stafford, was a man thoroughly practical, of strict integrity, and of sterling good sense. It was his intention, had he lived, to have drained the Fish Creek marshes by dredging and deepening that stream. This he thought thoroughly feasible; and, had his plans been fully matured and carried out, the low, malarious marshes that now lie along the creek would be fertile and beautiful meadows. Aided also by Ebenezer Fitch (the father of the late Major Edward Fitch), he built the present bridge across Fish Creek, which bears his name. It was at that time very long, extending over the ground occupied by the present causeway. Inasmuch, moreover, as his land was heavily timbered, he was accustomed to make yearly visits to New York City, with rafts of saw-logs, the sale of which assisted him in paying for his land and procured the necessary supplies for his family. Indeed, this custom was the incipient cause of his death; for, hardly had he recovered from an injury received by the falling of a tree upon him, when, in jumping from one raft to another, he was precipitated into the water, the entire raft passing over him. From these two accidents he never fully recovered.

Many were the adventures that befell Mr. Stafford in the first settlement of the country, and many have been the hours I have listened to his son while he has told me stories of his father's and his own early life. Of some of these I do not retain a sufficient recollec-

tion to venture to state them. One, however, which I remember well, and which will be of interest to the present generation, is the following:

In the front door-yard of the "Stafford Farm-House" stood a noble poplar, which for many years was a landmark of the surrounding country, and the cynosure of all eyes as they passed that way. An idea of its size may be formed when it is stated that some eighteen feet from the ground the trunk had been cut away, leaving a space within the tree in which Mr. Stafford's grandsons, Amos and Harvey, constructed a flooring and seats capable of containing fifteen people. A pair of steps conducted to this romantic *eyrie;* and when once in, through the interstices of the surrounding foliage a magnificent view of the entire Lake, with Fish Creek winding like a silver-scaled serpent at the foot, was presented to the visitor. For the sake of this enchanting view alone, the ride was well worth taking.

The history of this tree is both curious and interesting. When Samuel Stafford, the younger brother of the late Mr. Stafford, was paying his addresses to the lady who afterwards became his wife, and who then resided near the present mansion of Mr. Fitch on the right bank of Fish Creek, he was in the habit of riding over on horseback to see her. One evening, after returning home and putting his horse in the barn, and while walking to the house, he stuck a twig, which he had broken off from a poplar for a riding-whip, into

the ground. Some time afterwards, observing that it had taken root, he allowed it to grow, until, like the "grain of mustard-seed which a man took and sowed in his field," it became the tree I have described.*

Mr. Stafford, who died in 1813, and his son, the late Amos Stafford, are buried in the family graveyard, which lies a few rods east of the house, on a gentle knoll of the high plateau that overlooks Fish Creek. The latter died in the autumn of 1850; and, in company with the late James H. Westcott, I attended the funeral.

If one wishes to see true respect shown to the dead, let him not visit a city interment, where the "pomp of power" and the gorgeous trappings of an empty pageant either mock real grief, or else serve as a flimsy disguise for the seething and tumultuous passions that perchance are raging in the breasts of the seeming mourners. Rather let him quietly, and

* In front of the "Old Martin Tavern" in Corinth, on the Luzerne road, stands an enormous tree, the history of which, in one or two features, resembles that of the "Stafford poplar." It was planted by Frederick Parkman in 1801. Mr. Parkman had been over in Washington County on horseback, where he cut a stick for a riding-whip. When he reached home he said to his wife: "Hannah, I'm going to plant this stick in front of the house, and I shall live long enough to see my children get up in the branches and read the Gospel from it." Parkman's prophecy was fulfilled. The tree grew, till now it is a landmark seen from afar. Mr. James Dewell says he has known the tree for sixty years, and thinks it is a species of cotton-wood or pop'ar. Sixteen inches from the ground it measures *seventeen feet and four inches* in circumference. Its branches are wide-spreading, covering an area of about one hundred feet across. At a point about twelve feet from the ground are four giant limbs that measure not less than six feet in circumference. It is a magnificent specimen, and is observed with wonder every season by hundreds who visit the picturesque region in which it is situated.

by "lonely contemplation led," make one at a country burial. There the number of carriages—unlike in the city, where the equipages are limited only by the investment of money—is a genuine mark of regard. Mr. Stafford was a man universally respected; and, on this occasion, the road for a distance of a quarter of a mile, or to the farm-house of John Ham, was blocked by vehicles of every description—from the field-wagon, with rough board seat and chains on which to rest the feet, and drawn by oxen, to the handsome chariotee of the wealthy farmer. The simple services ended, no hearse with nodding plumes and attended by hired mutes in sable garments bore him to the grave; but, carrying out the original and real significance of *bearers*, the plain coffin, covered with a black pall, was borne on the shoulders of those who loved its occupant in life from the house to its final resting-place.

> "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
> Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne."

The space here consecrated for the repose of the family's dead has been thus occupied for more than three-quarters of a century.

> "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
> Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
> Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
> They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

There is no clustering of houses adjoining this

hallowed spot. There are spreading elms around, and one within the enclosure, which is as funereal in its appearance as the yew-tree. It is true, as the beautiful poet above quoted intimates, that neither "storied urn" nor "animated bust" can call back the "fleeting breath," nor the flattery of inscriptions, deserved or undeserved, "soothe the dull, cold ear of death," and it is also a sad, a melancholy reflection, how very short a period do nearly all the memorials reared to the memory of the dead by the hand of surviving friendship and affection endure! A few, a very few brief years, and the head-stone has sunk, the slab is broken, the short column or pyramid overturned; yet while they do remain, they are often mementos of many interesting incidents or endearing recollections.

Thus my friend, James H. Westcott, and myself mused while returning homeward in the gloaming of that autumnal afternoon—the wailing of the wind in the tall pines of the Bear Swamp and the leaden clouds overhead adding not a little to our gloom. And yet, alas! a comparatively short time elapsed, and he too was numbered with the dead!*

* The late Amos Stafford was, it is believed, the *first* male white child born in the County of Saratoga north of the Kayaderosseras Creek, having been born on the 30th day of January, 1789. John A. Waterbury, born in Greenfield, July 27th of the same year, was the second. Henry Stafford—a brother of the late Amos Stafford—was for a time in business in Saratoga Springs. In 1814, he removed, with his family, to Western New York, and died a few years since at his residence near Dundee, N. Y. His wife is still (1875) living at an advanced age with her son, Col. H. G. Stafford.

CHAPTER V.

Samuel Waterbury : His Revolutionary Services, and Settlement in Saratoga Springs.

"And boldly for his country, still
In battle he had stood."

SCOTT, *The Gray Brother.*

"The old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters;
Then having showed his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the livelong day discourse of war."

JOHN HOME, *Douglas.*

SARATOGA SPRINGS is remarkable in that quite a number of its early settlers were persons who, after figuring prominently in the Border Wars of the American Revolution, sought within her borders a peaceful home in which to spend the evening of life. Of such a character was the father of the late Amos Stafford, of Stafford's Bridge, whose adventures have been related at length in the preceding chapter, and of such, also, was Samuel Waterbury, one of the early pioneers of Saratoga, to whose early history the present sketch will be devoted.

Samuel Waterbury, who was the son of Josiah and Mary Waterbury, the uncle of Nathaniel H. Waterbury, Sen., and the grand-uncle of Edward, Frank,

and Nathaniel H. Waterbury, Jr., was, in his youth, a resident of Stamford, Conn. Of a strong, patriotic spirit, his feelings were early enlisted, in the Revolutionary struggle, on the side of his country. His athletic frame, imbued with an indomitable spirit, made him in the War for Independence a conspicuous mark for the assaults of the "Cow-Boys"—a scourge of the border composed of the worst elements of society, viz.: the Tories and "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," whose sole aim was rape, robbery, and murder. The country between White Plains and Stamford, embracing part of that which is now Westchester County, was, as is well known, a kind of neutral ground (since made famous by Cooper), on which in apparently insignificant skirmishes the fate of the empire was well-nigh decided. Here it was that Putnam (an ancestor of the original builder and owner of the Grand Union) took his famous horseback ride, near Norwalk, down a rocky declivity, pursued by Tories and Indians; and here, also, Governor Tryon laid in ashes Fairfield—a village which well might have been in Goldsmith's mind when he wrote of "Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

It happened during this period, and when faction was at its fiercest, that a party of Cow-Boys captured and ensconced themselves in a house near Stamford. Samuel Waterbury, at the head of a volunteer band, sallied forth, and drove them from their place of refuge. As the enemy fled, pursued by several in-

effectual shots, one of the companions of Waterbury exclaimed, "Sam, why don't you fire?" "I don't wish to waste my powder," was the reply. At that moment one of the British fell on the ice, when "Sam" at once put a ball through his head. A week or so after this encounter, information was received that a party of Cow-Boys were coming up an estuary of the Sound, after cattle and supplies generally. Waterbury and his friends lay in wait, and as the boat approached the others discharged their pieces, but without effect. Waterbury then fired, and apparently with execution, since a voice in the boat cried out, "He is killed!" Thereupon, the crew of the boat paddled away, and fled down the creek. This timely defence saved the settlement from serious loss, but at the expense of Waterbury's hearing (as will appear hereafter), for as the enemy dropped down the stream, one of them delivered a parting shot which took effect in his knee, inflicting a very painful if not dangerous wound.

Scarcely had the wound healed, when one evening found Waterbury in the woods hunting after some strayed cattle. A party of Cow-Boys, who had, as it afterward appeared, been hovering in the vicinity for several days—waiting for this very opportunity—coming up from behind, seized and bound his arms with the bridle which he had with him for the purpose of securing the cattle. Rejoicing that they had at length secured such a formidable antagonist, and

one, too, who had become the object of their bitterest hate, they drove him before them, scourging him with thongs, and taunting him with everything that their malice could suggest. By superhuman effort he escaped from his tormentors and climbed a tree, only, however, to be again captured and subjected to worse usage than before. Finally, he again broke away from them, and this time successfully, when, arousing the neighbors, he in turn became the pursuer, capturing nearly the entire party.

By such feats as these Mr. Waterbury was a perpetual terror to the British, and continued to be so until the close of the war, notwithstanding the large rewards which were offered for his capture. Indeed, it is not perhaps too much to say that it was partly through his influence and prowess, as well as to his singular facility in ferreting out and thwarting the designs of the Cow-Boys, that the south-eastern portion of the State escaped with so little injury, comparatively, during the war.

At its close, Samuel, with his brother William—the latter of whom had previously resided a little time at East Line—came to Saratoga Springs, influenced in the same manner as was Amos Stafford, by exaggerated reports of the productiveness of the soil.* Sam-

* As a comparison between the price of real estate then and now, it may be stated that William Waterbury purchased a farm of one hundred acres lying south of what is now Congress Street, in the west part of the village, for which he paid $3 25 per acre! *Tempora mutantur!*

uel bought a piece of land which had been owned by Benjamin Risley, and afterward by Silas Duel, but subsequently sold it to Frederick Ellsworth, and removed to Chautauque County. A part of the house on the north side of Congress Street, a little west of the railroad, and now owned and occupied by Mr. Jonathan Fitney as a boarding-house, is the original building erected by Samuel Waterbury. William, his brother, made agriculture his main business; and in the winter he employed himself in hauling lumber from the surrounding pineries to the Hudson River.*

Allusion has been made in the first part of this sketch to the wound which Mr. Samuel Waterbury received from the shot of a Cow-Boy. The wound, though it soon healed, produced a fever, and a certain condition of the nervous system, which eventually resulted in Waterbury becoming completely deaf. Such was his condition when, in the summer of 1807, President Dwight, in passing through Saratoga, called on him, and elicited the following remarkable facts. President Dwight says:

"I had, while here [Saratoga], an interesting opportunity of witnessing to what a surprising degree

* When William Waterbury first reached this country he owed the man who moved him seven dollars, and had but two dollars and a half with which to pay him. He also owned a mowing scythe and a pocket-knife. From such small beginnings he rose to be a respected and comparatively wealthy citizen of the village. He was elected to the office of Constable, which at that day was much more elevated than that of Sheriff is now. This office he filled continuously for eleven years. Full of years and honors, like a "shock of corn fully ripe," he died on the 16th of July, 1843.

the acuteness of one sense may be increased by the loss of another. A respectable farmer, Samuel Waterbury by name, though entirely deaf, possessed the faculty of conversing readily and correctly with others by watching the motion of their lips—so that scarcely a suspicion of his deafness could be entertained. I conversed with him some time without difficulty, often speaking in the lowest whisper, and standing at a considerable distance, as a trial of his skill. He informed me that his deafness arose from a hurt he had received, which terminated in a fever of some continuance. After his recovery, being one day before a looking-glass, and accidentally speaking, his eye was arrested by the motion of his lips; and the thought struck him that he might, by observing these motions in himself and others, enjoy once more the pleasures of conversation. He immediately began the experiment, first learning the articulation of letters and words of one syllable, and then proceeding to those of more difficult pronunciation. After two years of laborious attention to the subject, he at length succeeded. When I saw him, his utterance was clear and distinct, and his articulations generally correct. This latter circumstance is somewhat remarkable, as he has not heard sound for fourteen years. This recital will not be altogether useless should it prove the means of encouraging any who are deaf to attempt the acquaintance of an art which can in a good degree

restore to them one of the sweetest enjoyments of life."*

Whether this narrative of President Dwight eventually found its way into France and so gave rise to a similar idea, I know not. But within the last few years an institution has been started in Paris, the object of which is to make the deaf hear and speak on the very same principle first discovered and practised by Samuel Waterbury!

* It may be of interest for some to know that President Dwight states that the ancient town of Saratoga, which then included the township of Fairfield (a township six miles south of Glenn's Falls), Northumberland, and Moreau, contained in 1794 3,071 inhabitants. In 1800, the town of Saratoga proper had 2,481, and Northumberland 2,007. In 1815, Dwight was again at Saratoga at the close of the season, at which time he says that "the Springs had been visited by two thousand persons." This number he appears to think marvellous!

CHAPTER VI.

*Gideon Putnam ; his Great Services to Saratoga Springs.**

"When time with moss
Shall overgrow his monumental stone,
And crumble the pale marble into dust,
His memory shall live; his name shall shine
On history's page."

GIDEON PUTNAM, the grandfather of Mrs. Dr. R. L. Allen, and of the late Washington, Rockwell, and Lewis Putnam, was the son of Rufus and Mary Putnam, and was born in the town of Sutton, Mass., in 1764. Purchasing his majority of his father for one hundred dollars, and marrying a Miss Risley of Hartford, Conn., he at once set out to seek his fortune—his only means of support being a strong arm and a determined will. Reaching Middlebury, Vt., he halted, and in a primeval wilderness erected a log-cabin.† This cabin was built around a white-oak stump, squared upon the top, and which served as a table. The cabin was without a chimney; the seats of three logs of wood ; and the entire house-

* For a portion of this sketch I am indebted to the *Hand Book* of my lamented friend, the late Dr. R. L. Allen—a book which, for thoroughness and accuracy, up to the period of its date, will perhaps never be equalled.

† The site of this cabin is now occupied by the Middlebury College buildings.

hold furniture of the young couple consisted of three tea-cups and saucers, three plates, three knives and forks, a kettle, an earthen tea-pot, and a spider! There was a grist-mill forty miles from them, but a dense forest lay between, "blazed" trees alone pointing out the way. In this dilemma they cut out the top of the stump, and with a wooden pestle fitted to the excavation ground their grain. At length, not finding this situation quite to their minds, they removed to Rutland, Vt., and while here their eldest son, Benjamin, was born. From Rutland they removed to the "Five Nations," or "Bemis Flats," where they were joined by Dr. Clement Blakesley and his wife, who was a sister of Mrs. Putnam. The lay of the country, the quality of the soil, and the appearance of the timber suited him; and he immediately put up a log-house, which was occupied by the two families. But the elements were against him, and proved more than a match even for Putnam's indomitable energy. A terrific rain-storm, falling in the middle of the night, flooded the surrounding country, and drove the hardy pioneers, with their wives and children, on to their beds and furniture out of the reach of the water, which covered the cabin floor. Without, as far as they could see, was one vast sheet of water. In this condition was this bold, vigorous, and determined man caged, and unable to extricate either himself or his household. But fortune had not deserted them; for in the midst of

this seeming helplessness—while naught was around them save the roaring waters and the "blackness of darkness"—a kind neighbor, by the name of Zophar Scidmore, living on the east shore of the Lake, on the present "Cleveland Place," came to their rescue with his sail-boat and a light canoe in tow. On nearing the cabin he fastened the sail-boat to some flood-wood which they piled upon the bank, rowed his canoe up to the door of the cabin, and conveyed Mrs. Putnam and her young child to his sail-boat. After securing them safely, he returned to the cabin for Mr. Putnam, whom he also rowed to the sail-boat. Scidmore then took Mrs. Putnam and the child and conveyed them to his own house. After safely disposing of his passengers, he returned to the flood-wood, whither during his absence the remainder of the family had been conveyed in the canoe by Putnam. Reloading his little craft with Mrs. Blakesley and the other child, he returned to his house, and in the course of the day rescued the whole family, and lodged them safely beneath his hospitable roof. This calamity induced Putnam to abandon his improvements at Bemis Flats. Accordingly, after the storm was over, he, with his family, and in company with Dr. and Mrs. Blakesley, left the house of his benefactor, and entered on an Indian trail, which he followed to the Springs, then scarcely known. This occurred in 1789. On arriving at what is now the village of Saratoga Springs, he selected a piece of

land near a fresh-water spring, where he built a log-cabin. This land is now owned by Mr. William H. Clement, whose stone house, in the western part of the village, stands a few rods east of the site of Putnam's primitive residence.

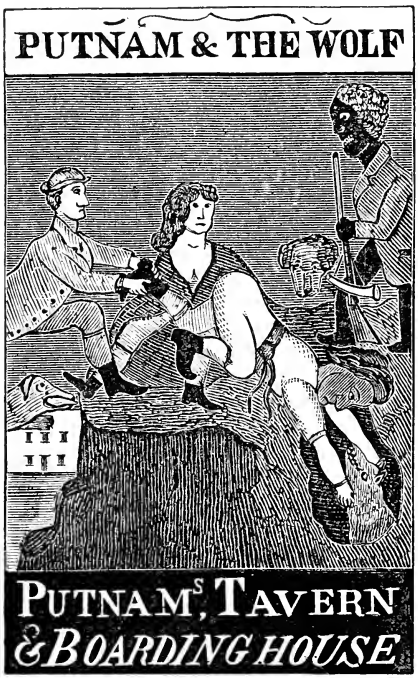
On reviewing his position at Saratoga, Putnam said to his wife: "This is a healthy place; the mineral springs are valuable, and the timber is good and in great abundance, and I can build me *a great house*," a desire which had haunted him from childhood. He at once leased three hundred acres of land, girdled the trees about him, put in crops, and when he could not work upon the farm he employed himself in making staves and shingles, which he carried to the Hudson River, at the mouth of Fish Creek. The ensuing spring he put them into a raft, and floated them to New York City, where he met with a ready sale and returned with means to build a saw-mill. On his arrival home he found a new neighbor, by the name of William Patchen, a wheelwright by trade, with whose help he soon had his mill in successful operation. This mill was northwest from his house, and the pond belonging to it has been known to many generations of the boys of the village by the name of "Put's Pond," and has been a favorite swimming-place ever since. The next spring, Putnam's sawed lumber, together with his staves and shingles, which he took to New York, brought him a handsome sum for his year's labor. With the funds he

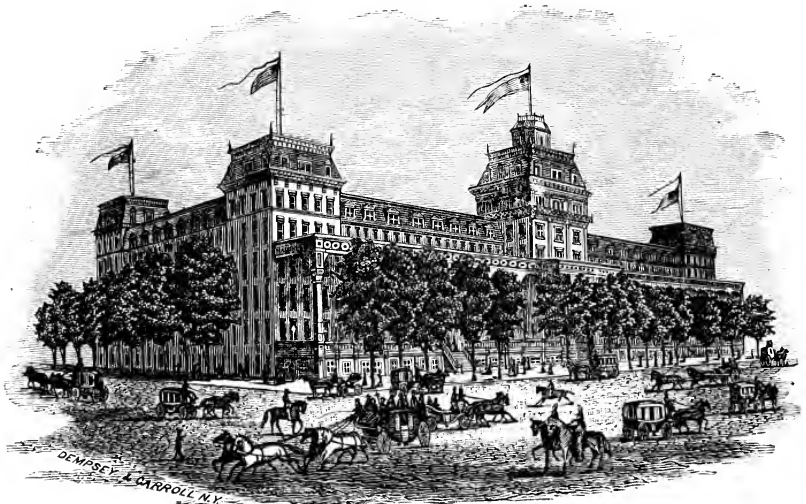
thus obtained, he clothed himself and family, provided himself with a great variety of necessaries, and brought home besides a peck-measure of silver coin in an old-fashioned pair of saddle-bags, with which money he paid for the three hundred acres of land he had previously held by a lease. But his new garments had so changed his personal appearance that his wife did not know him on his return. One fancy article, brought back with him, was a new silk umbrella, which his eldest daughter sported on the next Sunday. Near the saw-mill pond was the "Indian Joe Field," which had been cleared and cultivated by the Indians. Some of the herbs now growing there are said to have been originally planted by the Indians.*

The third year after, Putnam and his brother-in-law Blakesley built their cabins on opposite sides of the road, the latter left, and the former enlarged the cabin and occupied it himself. From this cabin Putnam moved back into the locality which is now the present village, and occupied for the year the house owned by Thaddeus Smith, and which was destroyed by fire in 1863. Shortly afterwards, however, he moved into a new log cabin which stood upon the spot where the building occupied by the SARATOGIAN office and First National Bank now stands. While

* A few rods north of President Allen's house on the Bryan farm, near the old "Pest House," there is yet standing an old orchard (called to this day "The Indian Orchard"), planted by the Mohawks about 1776.

living here he purchased, in 1802, of Henry Walton, one acre of land, removed a few of the primitive trees, and built seventy feet of the present Grand Union — his mechanics meanwhile lodging in the attic of the cabin, to which they went up on the outside by a ladder, their table being set out of doors. The spot was then in the midst of the forest, and so large a building was a novel thing for the period. A wagon-way had been made at this time between Saratoga and Ballston; and just as Putnam had his house completed, some gentlemen riding past, and observing the house, said, in the hearing of Putnam, "That man has forgotten the admonition of John Rogers, 'Build not your house-top too high.'" This was the realization of the day-dreams of Putnam's childhood.





THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.

His sign, which was a rudely-painted representation of the adventure of "General Putnam and the wolf," is now in the possession of one of his grandsons, Dr. Loren B. Putnam. The painting on the sign—a *facsimile* of which is given on the opposite page—shows Putnam at the mouth of the cave grasping a wolf by the ears, while one of the neighbors holds the adventurous youth by the boots in readiness to pull him out in case the animal proves too much for him. His colored servant, with musket and powder-horn, stands near, while his friends and faithful dogs are intently watching the result of the adventure.*

This sign used to afford much mirth for the wits of the day, one of whom—the editor of the *Literary Picture Gallery*, published at Ballston in 1808—writes as follows: "The celebrated painting of Putnam and the Wolf, of Saratoga, has of late been a subject of animated discussion between an American artist of high celebrity, and a travelled gentleman of New York well known for his exquisite taste in the fine arts. The *connoisseur* contends that this

* In *Saratoga and How to See it*, the author has made a singular historical mistake in confounding *Gideon* Putnam with the hero of the "Battle of Long Island"—General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. The writer says: "The painting illustrates an incident of General Putnam's bravery while a citizen of Connecticut and before he emigrated to Saratoga" ! ! This is almost as bad as the story told by a correspondent of a New York paper a few years since, when he located the "Battle of Saratoga" on the high ground overlooking [*sic*] Congress Spring—further stating, also, that *Burgoine* surrendered to General Greene ! Even during the College Regatta of 1874 another correspondent gravely asserted that one of the boat crews was staying near the Schuyler mansion which Burgoyne fired during his retreat! Is not the schoolmaster on American history "abroad"?

admirable piece, exhibiting all the terrible graces of Salvator Rosa, must be the production of some Italian artist of the seventeenth century, and consequently can have no allusion to any adventure of the American hero whose name is inscribed on the picture. Colonel T——, on the contrary, maintains that it is evident from internal marks that the artist can be no other than the illustrious Vander Daub, who came over to this country in the suite of the Dutch Ambassador soon after the Peace. Who shall decide where doctors disagree?" *

The old Putnam tavern was on the site of the present Grand Union, owned and occupied by his descendants until 1864, when it was purchased by the Leland Brothers, who, with a strange lack of good taste, changed its name from "Union Hall" to the one it now bears.

In 1805, Putnam purchased of Henry Walton another strip of land, which was forty-four rods wide and four hundred and seventy-two rods and seven feet long, and extended from the east side of what is now Franklin Street to the lands of Jacobus Barhydt, containing one hundred and thirty acres. On the west end of this purchase he laid out a village, at the same time appropriating, in its southwest corner, a piece of land as a burying-ground. This he afterward gave to the village.

* For this anecdote I am indebted to Mr. C. C. Dawson, who furnished it to me in his letter printed in Appendix I. of this work.

Nor was the giving of the ground for a grave-yard the extent of this noble man's generosity. At the time he laid out the village, he set apart the site of the present Baptist Church, on which to erect a house of worship; and, with a truly catholic spirit, directed it to be given to any religious society who should place upon it a suitable building. The Baptist Society were, in 1821, the first applicants, and it was accordingly deeded to them by the heirs of Gideon Putnam.

Indeed, it is to Putnam that the village is indebted, more than to any other individual, for improvements at the Springs during this period of its history. His enterprise and energy cleared away the forest trees from the adjacent plains, converted the rich pineries into materials and means for the further development of the town, erected public buildings for the accommodation of visitors, opened highways about the village, improved and laid out its streets, and excavated, tubed, and secured the mineral springs. He was, emphatically, the man of his day in the locality; and he made such an impression on the place of his choice, that his name must co-exist with the history of the village which his energy did so much to develop. He possessed a will which no ordinary obstacle could long withstand; and by his exertions the din and hum of civilization soon took the place of the deep and solemn murmur of the primitive pine forest.

In 1806, he excavated and tubed the Washington (Clarendon) Spring, and soon afterwards tubed the present Columbian Spring. The number of strangers at Saratoga began now to increase annually, some of whom would call up from the neighboring village of Ballston, take dinner with Putnam at Union Hall, drink the Congress water, and return to Ballston. About this time he built a bath-house on the ground directly north of Congress Spring, and to supply it with mineral water he excavated a mineral spring, about fifteen feet west of the present Congress Fountain.

Putnam next tubed the Hamilton Spring, and some time afterwards moved his bathing-house from its former site near the Congress Spring to the Hamilton. In 1811, he began the erection of Congress Hall; but while the masons were plastering the north end of the piazza, the scaffolding on which he was walking at the time gave way, and the entire party were precipitated on to the timbers and rocks below, the floor not having yet been laid. The master-mason, Sullard, died instantly, his neck being broken, and all the workmen who fell being more or less injured. Putnam, who had some of his ribs broken, and was confined to his bed for several weeks after the accident, never fully recovered from the injuries he received by this fall. In the following November he was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, of which he died on the first day of December, 1812. He was the first to be

laid in the burying-ground which he had presented to the village. Thus ended the earthly career of this hardy, resolute, and enterprising pioneer, whose labors were so interwoven with the early history of Saratoga

CHAPTER VII.

Alexander Bryan.

"You must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime."—*Hamlet.*

DR. JOHN H. STEEL, in his *Analysis of the Mineral Springs of Saratoga*, gives an extended notice of Alexander Bryan, from which we learn that "he must be considered the first permanent settler here after the close of the war." He located himself near the High Rock Spring in 1787, buying of Gideon Morgan the land previously owned by the son of Samuel Norton, and building a large log-house which he opened for the accommodation of visitors. There were persons living when Dr. Steel wrote, who "remembered, with peculiar pleasure, the clean apartments and comfortable accommodations afforded by the proprietor of this humble mansion." "Bryan was a shrewd and somewhat of an eccentric character; and the events of his life, if generally known, would undoubtedly place his name among the patriots of his time and furnish a deserved monument to his memory." The hint which Dr. Steel thus throws out was acted upon by

his grandson, John Alexander Bryan, who, a few years since, erected to his memory a monument in Greenridge Cemetery, bearing this inscription:

"In memory of Alexander Bryan. Died April 9th, 1825, aged 92 years. The first permanent settler, and the first to keep a public-house, here, for visitors. An unpaid patriot who, alone and at great peril, gave the first and only information of Burgoyne's intended advance on Stillwater, which led to timely preparations for the Battle of September 19th—followed by the memorable victory of October 7th, 1777."

Dr. Steel, in the work above mentioned, gives many particulars of the undertaking thus briefly referred to; and we have in our possession several letters and papers from which a thrilling narrative might be written.

Alexander Bryan was born in 1733. He was a native of Connecticut, and emigrated to New York early in life, fixing his residence in Dutchess County, where he married Martha Tallmadge, a sister of Senator Tallmadge's father. Some years afterward he removed to the town of Half-Moon, Saratoga County, where he kept an inn about two miles north of Waterford, on what was then the great road between the Northern and Southern frontiers. Here he continued to reside during the war of the American Revolution; and his house, naturally, was frequently the resort of the partisans of the contending powers—towards

whom he conducted himself so discreetly that he was molested by neither, but was confided in by both. His patriotism, however, was well known to the "Committee of Safety" of Stillwater, who through him were enabled to thwart many machinations of the Tories.

When General Gates took command of the Northern army, he applied to the Committee to furnish him with a suitable person who might act as a scout, and by penetrating within the enemy's lines report their strength and intended movements. Bryan was at once selected "as the best qualified to undertake the hazardous enterprise." Nor was the choice of the Committee ill advised. Bryan was a person endowed with great physical powers of endurance; well acquainted with the country; shrewd, discreet, and reticent; gifted with a fine address and presence; and, considering the meagre educational advantages of the time, possessed of much more than ordinary intelligence. By pursuing a circuitous route, he arrived unmolested at the camp of the enemy, which, at this time, was situated in the vicinity of Fort Edward. He tarried in the neighborhood until he obtained the required information, and was convinced that preparations were making for an immediate advance. Then, on the 15th of September, in the early gray of the autumn morning, he started with the tidings. He had not proceeded many miles before he discovered that he was hotly pursued by

two troopers, from whom, after an exciting chase, he adroitly managed to escape, and arrived safely at the headquarters of General Gates late in the following night. The intelligence he communicated, of the crossing of the Hudson by Burgoyne, with the evident intention on the part of that General to surprise the American army at Stillwater, was of the greatest importance, and led immediately to the preparations which resulted in the sanguinary engagement of the 19th of September. It is handed down as a tradition in the Bryan family, that Gates was in such haste to profit by this information—on which, from his knowledge of Bryan, he implicitly relied—that he forgot either to reward or thank his faithful scout; and, what is worse, he never mentioned the exploit in any of his despatches.* This circumstance is thus alluded to by Dr. Steel: "The numerous and essential services which Bryan thus rendered to his country continued for a long time to excite the admiration and gratitude of his few remaining associates, to whom alone they were known, and by whom their importance could only be properly estimated; and it is to be regretted that to the day of his death they remained unacknowledged and unrewarded by any token or profession of gratitude by his country."

Mr. Bryan left five sons, Daniel, Jehial, Robert,

* Gates seemed to have a habit of forgetting to mention in his despatches those to whom he was indebted for his successes. Arnold, for instance, who did such signal service in the action of October 7th, was never alluded to by him."

John, and Alexander,* and two daughters, all of whom are now dead. None of these, except Daniel, ever made any effort to have the services of their father acknowledged and rewarded by the United States Government. We have seen a letter from Daniel, accurately written, in 1853, at the age of eighty-two, in a clear, bold hand, in which he speaks of an application made in his behalf, as the only surviving legal representative (by the Hon. John M. Parker, M.C. from that district), for an appropriation to pay the services of his father in the Burgoyne campaign. The application failed because, as it is supposed, no witnesses could be found except those who had heard the facts traditionally, which was not deemed to be within the rules laid down by Congress in such cases. For these reasons it is the more fitting that we should here permanently record and give prominence to the patriotic deeds of this early settler of Saratoga.

Bryan continued to reside at the Springs for more than thirty years, or until age had rendered him incompetent for active life. He then retired to Car-

* Of these, Daniel became a farmer in Barton, Tioga Co., N. Y.; Robert became a merchant in New Orleans; Jehial, a farmer near Detroit; John, a farmer and merchant in Saratoga, where he built the stone house and store on the corner of Front and Rock Streets, in the "Upper Village"—supposed to be the identical spot where his father's house stood—and still owned in the family; and Alexander, Jr., became a merchant in Mobile. Our old bachelor townsman and follower of Nimrod, Robert Bryan, is the son of John; and John A. Bryan, of New York City, is the son of Alexander, Jr. These last two are, we believe, the only remaining grandsons.

lisle, in the County of Schoharie, N. Y., where he died. Dr. Steel concludes his account of him with this further tribute to his worth: "He possessed a strong constitution, a sound and vigorous mind, and a benevolent and kind disposition. The poor, and miserable, and unfortunate were always the objects of his care, his kindness, and his charity."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Early Settlers of Saratoga. The Arnold, Mosher Jewel, Taylor, Bullard, and Fitch Families.

> "Forgotten generations live again;
> Assume the bodily shapes they wore of old,
> Beyond the Flood."
>
> KIRKE WHITE.

THE earliest settlements made in the county were in 1764, on the shore of Lake Saratoga, at the mouth of the Kayaderosseras Creek. Owing to the jealousy of the Mohawks, these settlers, through the exertions of Sir William Johnson, relinquished their design, and vacated the spot. In 1770–1, however, the causes of difficulty having been removed, several families located themselves on the high lands east of Snake Hill. About the same time, also, John Laing, Rowland Perry, and John Stiles settled in the more immediate vicinity of what is now the village, viz., at Wilton, or, as it was then called, Palmertown. The first man, however, who actually made the earliest settlement in the village was Dirick Scowton, who cleared a piece of ground on the top of the hill in the rear of the High Rock, and built a log-house; but hardly had he completed his cabin when a misunderstanding with the Indians forced him to leave the place.

The Arnold Family.

In the year 1774, John Arnold, son of John and Martha Arnold, arrived with his family from Rhode Island, on the east shore of Lake Saratoga. Here he heard such accounts of the mineral springs and the land about them, that he was induced to continue his journey farther. Accordingly, after supplying himself with articles suitable for trading with the Indians, he put his family and household on board a canoe, and paddled from Snake Hill across the Lake, and entered the mouth of the Kayaderosseras Creek. This stream he followed for about two miles, until he struck the old Indian trail from Ballston Lake—along which, eight years before, Sir William Johnson had passed on his way to the High Rock. Here he landed; and, taking their furniture and provisions on their backs, his family soon arrived at the Spring, and took possession of the deserted log-cabin of Scowton. After keeping the place as a tavern for two years, he sold the ground on which the Upper Village now stands for a trifle to Samuel Norton,* and settled near the base of Snake Hill, where he lived until his

* Norton also held a portion of his land by purchase from Isaac Low, who in turn bought it of Rip Van Dam. Upon the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, Norton abandoned his improvements, and joined the British army, and soon afterwards died. By his death the "Spring" was again left without a white inhabitant. In 1783, a son of Norton removed to the Springs, took possession of the property previously occupied by his father, and prosecuted the improvements already begun, until 1787, when he sold to Gideon Morgan, who, the same year, conveyed it to Alexander Bryan, who built a blacksmith's shop and an additional log-house, which he opened as an inn. (See chapter on "Alexander Bryan.")

decease. Here he was joined by his two brothers, Thomas and Sylvanus, and by Peter Clement, also from the East. These families, together with those others who had located at Snake Hill in 1770, formed quite a settlement. Thomas Arnold's daughter, Martha, subsequently married Peter Clement's son, Thomas, a daughter of whom is the wife of Mr. Henry Myers, of "Cedar Bluff Hotel." Nathaniel Arnold, an uncle of Mrs. Myers, is still living, at the green old age of eighty-nine, with his mental faculties yet undimmed.

The Arnold family, as might have been expected from their coming from the State of Roger Williams, appear to have been remarkably intelligent and well educated. I have in my possession a letter written in 1810, and directed to "Mr. Thomas Arnold, at Stillwater, near Saratoga Lake," written from the mother of the Arnolds, which, for those days, is a model of correct expression and penmanship, albeit the style is somewhat quaint, especially when the writer says, "Dorcas remembers her best respects to Joseph and Betsy." Mrs. Arnold, it would appear, had left her son's residence near Lake Saratoga, and moved to the western part of New York State—making, by the way, the trip from Stillwater in seventeen days, which was then considered very quick time. But even at that early day the "Western fever" was prevalent, since the writer concludes as follows: "The land [here] is Rising rapidly, and if

any of you wants to make his fortune now is his chance."

To these two families, the Arnolds and Clements, is due the final extermination of the venomous reptiles from which Snake Hill takes its name. One of the first exploits of John Arnold and Peter Clement after arriving at Snake Hill was to assemble a "Rattlesnake Bee"; and for one week the crops and all farm-work were left in abeyance until, after a thorough and most destructive campaign, there was, comparatively, not a rattlesnake left. St. Patrick himself did not demoralize the snakes in Ireland more completely! The celebration of the feat was commensurate with its importance, since the snakes had become very annoying to the farmers.

The Fish and Mosher Families.

In 1783, as we have seen, Amos Stafford settled on the banks of Lake Saratoga, on that which is now called the "French Farm." One year later, Levi Fish, the father of Richard Fish, who, in 1833, taught a grammar-school in the Stafford school-house, moved from Dutchess County and settled a few rods north of Carey B. Moon's Lake House, where he established the first ferry across the Lake. This ferry, as may be readily imagined, was exceedingly primitive, consisting merely of Indian "dug-outs" (*i. e.*, logs hollowed out) with planks laid across them. Two years after, however, he constructed a scow, which was

pulled across the stream with the hands by means of a rope stretched from bank to bank. This scow was in use for many years; and, indeed, up to the building of "Moon's Bridge" this mode of conveyance across the Lake at this point was the only one in vogue. In the same year, 1784, George Mosher, grandfather of N. Mosher, settled on the farm next west of Mr. Stafford's latter farm on Fish Creek, on the "Avery Road." The year following, "Squire" John Gilbert settled on the site of the present "Gilbert Place," at the junction of Union Avenue and the old North or Lake road. He was a man of some parts, was elected Justice of the Peace, and left a numerous and respectable progeny, among whom were the late Morris, and the present Daniel and Seymour Gilbert. At that time a bridle or foot path was the only way from the "Narrows" to the "High Rock"; and often, after a storm, it would be rendered impassable by the large trees which had fallen across. Mrs. Mosher, the daughter of Levi Fish and who died in 1862, aged eighty-six years, was on first coming from Dutchess County a child of eight years; and she was wont to recall vividly the hardships of the journey either to the High Rock or the grist-mill at Ballston.

The Jewel Family.

This family is deserving of special mention were it only for the fact that it is identified with the dis-

covery of the "Congress Spring." Mr. and Mrs. Jewel are still living on the "old Nelson Place" on Henry street, at an extraordinary age—the husband being now in his ninety-eighth and the wife in her ninety-seventh year. Mrs. Jewel,* who is a remarkably intelligent lady, was recently "interviewed" by Mr. Nelson Cook, the artist, who, at my request, kindly visited the aged couple. To Mr. Cook, Mrs. Jewel gave the following highly interesting, and, in many respects, wholly new pieces of information:

At the time of her coming to Saratoga, in 1792, from Norfolk, Conn., there were a few Indians living there, some deer, and plenty of wolves and bears. Ballston was a larger place than Saratoga, inasmuch as it boasted of three small houses (one frame and two log) and a grist-mill—whereas the latter village had only two small frame-houses and one log-cabin! Visitors, who journeyed hither at that time, to drink of the "High Rock," came in covered vehicles (similar to the present prairie-wagon) with beds in them, in which they slept.

New facts in relation to the Discovery of the Congress Spring.

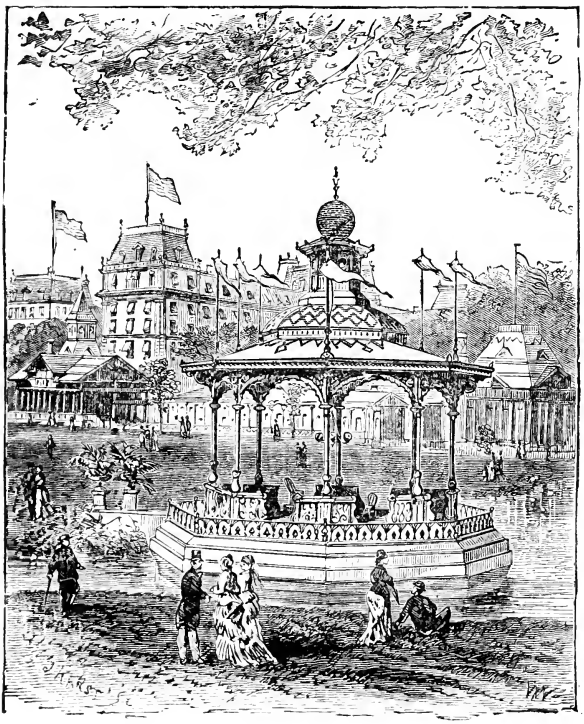
Mrs. Jewel further stated that in the spring of 1790, among the visitors at the "High Rock" were a Congressman (John Taylor Gilman) and an aged gentleman, his friend and fellow-traveller. One day as the

* As mentioned in the chapter on "Grave-yards," Mrs. Jewel was the daughter of Jonathan Holmes, who built the old Columbian Hotel in 1808.

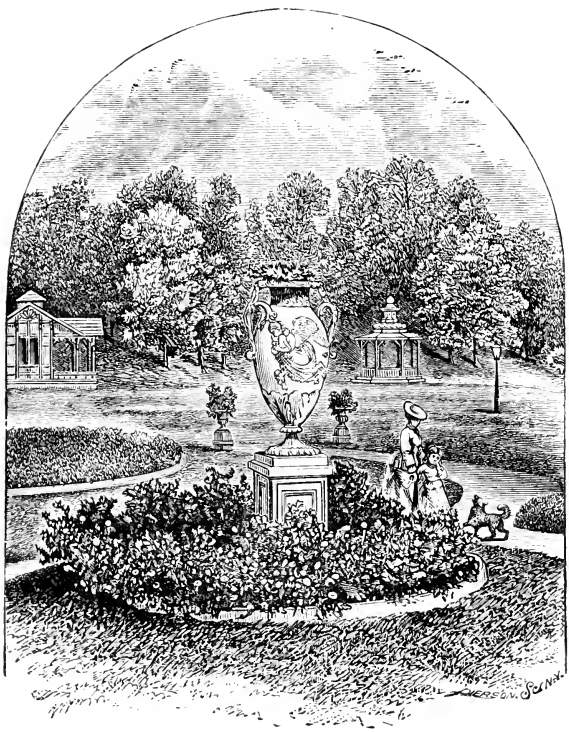
former, accompanied by Mrs. Jewel's young brother, was returning from a hunt along a winding foot-path leading to her father's house—the aged gentleman meanwhile sitting on the door-step awaiting their coming—the boy, highly elated, ran forward exclaiming: "O mother! we've found a new spring!" To the question of Mrs. Holmes, "Who found it?" her son replied, "The Congress." * The aged gentleman then said, laughingly, to Mr. Gilman, who had now come up: "The spring shall always be called 'The Congress.'" Thereupon, the entire household "turned out" and went down to see the wonderful discovery. At this period it was necessary to climb over logs waist-high to gain access to the new spring —the water issuing from a fissure in the rock. For a long time afterward the water was conducted to the glass through a wooden spout fastened into the crevice.

For years subsequent to the discovery of the "Congress," the communication between Saratoga and Ballston was by a cow-path; and in her fifteenth year, and for a long time afterward, Mrs. Jewel often took bags of wheat on horseback over this primitive road to be ground at Ballston; "and," proudly added Mrs. Jewel, "I always carried three bushels of grain at a load!" Two wagon-tracks only, at this time, led to

* Henry Holmes, who was the little boy thus referred to, afterwards married and settled in Troy, N. Y., where he died in 1826, aged forty-four. He is buried in the Mount Ida Cemetery.



MUSIC PAVILION IN CONGRESS SPRING PARK.



THORWALDSEN VASE, CONGRESS SPRING PARK.

the village—one from the north-west, the present road from Greenfield, intersecting Rock Street, and the other, the Wilton road from the north-east.

Mr. Jewel also stated that he had often noticed the water trickling through a fissure in the High Rock—thus confirming the statement of Mrs. Dwight that, on her visit there in 1789, the water overflowed the top, until a large tree, a few years afterward, fell upon it and cracked the *tufa*.*

The Taylor Brothers.

Nor should the Taylor brothers be forgotten. De scended from a large and very respectable ancestry, they came to Saratoga at an early period in its history, and at once took a prominent and influential position among the pioneers of the place. Ziba Taylor, one of the brothers, whose only daughter married Dr. Steel, carried on for many years an extensive lumber business, opened a store in the Upper Village and resided in a house which stood, until quite recently, overlooking the hill above the Empire Spring. The Taylor Brothers were distinguished by great energy and integrity of character. They built the hotel now known as the "Mansion House," and at the same time opened the "Ten Springs."

* "The statement of grandmother [the wife of Amos Stafford, whose life is given in Chapter IV.] in relation to the High Rock Spring corroborates those of Mrs. Dwight. She stated also that the first frame-house at that Spring was built by Samuel Norton, who was the grandfather of Mrs. Isaac Howland of 'Old Saratoga.'" —*Letter to the author from Mrs. Mary Stafford Rouse, of Bacon Hill, Saratoga County, N. Y.*

Doctor Bullard.

Among the prominent physicians who settled early in Saratoga was Dr. Beroth Bullard, an uncle of General E. F. Bullard. He was a descendant of Benjamin Bullard, in the sixth generation, who settled at Watertown, Mass., about 1630, before Boston was known. The mother of Dr. Bullard was Hopestill Taft, a descendant in the fourth generation from Robert Taft, who settled in Worcester County, Mass., about 1670.

Beroth Bullard was born at Stourbridge, Mass., in 1769, and was fully educated in that State for the medical profession. He first settled in Augusta, Maine, but thence emigrated to Greenfield, Saratoga County, N. Y., about the year 1800.* Soon after, he married Charlotte, eldest daughter of Capt. St. John, of the latter place, in the year 1813. The Doctor removed to Saratoga Springs, and in 1817 built the residence opposite the present Town Hall, in which Dr. Freeman afterward resided up to the time of his death. The Saratoga County Medical Society was organized in the year 1806, with only a few members, among whom was Dr. Elijah Porter, of Waterford, father of Ex-Judge John K. Porter. Dr. Bullard and Billy J. Clark became members of the Medical Society in 1807, and Dr. Steel a year later, in 1808. Dr. Bullard, in connection with the cele-

* His brother, Alpheus Bullard, came to Greenfield about 1809, and settled in Schuylerville about 1810.

brated Billy J. Clark, of Moreau, was one of the earliest workers in the cause of temperance.

During his twenty-nine years' residence in Greenfield and Saratoga, Dr. Bullard continued in active practice, and was highly regarded by his associates in the profession; but his great kindness of heart prevented his becoming a prompt collector, and while he left but a few worldly goods to his heirs, he was kindly remembered by all of his patients. On the 25th day of December, 1829, he was in his usual good health, and on that day was sent for by Mrs. Bockes, who then resided at St. John's Corners, about five miles north of Saratoga. It was an extremely cold day, and when he arrived at her residence it was evening. After having prescribed for Mrs. Bockes, the doctor seated himself by the fire, and while heating his feet fell backward and expired in a few moments. He literally died in the harness, in the prime of life, in the midst of his friends, and greatly lamented by all.

Judge Bockes, who was then a mere boy, well remembers riding on horseback to call Dr. Bullard to the bedside of his sick mother, and was present at his sudden death. The remains of Dr. Bullard were interred in the Fitch Cemetery, on the same farm where he died. He left one son and six daughters, several of the descendants of whom yet reside at Greenfield and in Saratoga Springs. *

* Gardner Bullard, of Saratoga Springs, was a distant cousin of Dr. Bullard; Benja-

The Fitch Family.

In 1785, the Fitch family, influenced by settlers in Ballston, came from Wilton and Norwalk, Connecticut, and selected four farms in what was then Ballston (but is now Greenfield), at a place since called St. John's Corners, about four miles north-west of Saratoga Springs. From the Kayaderosseras they journeyed some five miles into the wilderness, marking the trees on either side the better to find their way back. They returned to Connecticut, and the year following, Ebenezer Fitch, Giles Fitch, Captain John St. John, who married Hannah Fitch, their sister, and a Mr. Smith, with their four families, removed from Connecticut to this county, and tarried a few days with their friends at Ballston. Giles Fitch had previously married the daughter of Thaddeus Betts, of Ballston, and on the 15th day of May, 1786, the party started from the residence of Mr. Betts to erect their log-cabin in the wilderness. Ebenezer Fitch selected the north-west corner of two hundred acres;* Giles Fitch the south-west corner, Captain St. John the north-east corner, and Mr. Smith the south-west corner. Shortly after this, Major Jabez Fitch also moved

min Bullard, of Medway, Mass., of the third generation, was the great-grandfather of each. The wife of Mr. Granger, of Saratoga, is a grand-daughter of Dr. Bullard, as is also the present wife of John N. Smith, of Greenfield. Nor should we omit to mention, as one of the early settlers, Mr. Thomas Seymour, who, born in Greenfield, is now residing with his daughter, Mrs. Truman Safford, at Saratoga Springs, hale and hearty, in his eighty-ninth year.

* Ebenezer Fitch afterward (in 1798) conveyed his portion to Ephraim Bullock, the grandfather of Hon. Judge Bockes.

up from Fairfield, Connecticut,* and purchasing about five hundred acres from Dirck Lefferts,† built on the spot now known as Locust Grove, two miles northwest of the village. Soon after, the latter built a grist and saw-mill on the Creek, near the present residence of Mr. Daniels. This was the first mill built in this section of the country, but it has long since gone to ruin. These three Fitches were all brothers, and were the only sons of Ebenezer Fitch, who was the third son of Governor Thomas Fitch, of Connecticut.‡

When they first settled in this county the entire country was infested with bears and wolves; and the only means of protecting their swine and other do-

* Hence the name of "Fairfield," which was given originally to a part of the present town of Wilton.

† Dirck Lefferts' first deed to Gideon Putnam of lands in Saratoga was three years later, and is dated June 2, 1791; and his first deed of lands where the old Ballston Springs were situated was given to Benijah Douglas, grandfather of the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, November 28, 1791. In 1786, towns had been organized within what is now Saratoga County; but the territory was divided into three districts, viz.: Halfmoon, Saratoga, and Ballston. The eastern portion of Greenfield was then in the Saratoga district. Greenfield was not organized as a town until 1793.

‡ Thomas Fitch settled at Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1638, and died after 1665. His son, Thomas (the second), had seven children, and died in 1690, at Norwalk. Thomas (the third), a son of the latter, died at Norwalk, May 10, 1731, aged sixty. A daughter of his was grandmother of Chancellor Kent. Thomas (the fourth), was Chief-Justice of the Colony of Connecticut, and from 1754 to 1756 was Governor of that Colony; died July 18, 1774, aged seventy-five. He had ten children. His third son, Ebenezer, was born at Norwalk, February 25, 1729; married Lydia, daughter of Samuel Mills, Jr., of Greenwich, Connecticut. He died at Wilton, Connecticut, in 1762, and left three sons, as above stated, who are the sixth generation in this country. The second Ebenezer Fitch married Sarah Hobby, daughter of Colonel David Hobby, of North Castle, Westchester County, New York, a prominent actor in that vicinity during the Revolutionary War. Mrs. A. A. Patterson, of Saratoga Springs, is a great-granddaughter of Colonel Hobby.

mestic animals was to build solid "pens" and cover them with huge logs. "It was a common custom in the night-time," writes a member of the Fitch family to the author, "to hear bears upon the top of the logs, growling and attempting to make their way into the 'pens.' Sometimes those animals would be shot to furnish fresh meat. Thus it was profitable to keep a few swine as a lure with which to entice Bruin to his destruction." *

Major Jabez Fitch, Captain John St. John, and Giles Fitch served in the Revolutionary war, the former two as officers, and the latter as a private. Hannah Fitch, the daughter of Ebenezer, was born upon her father's farm, September 9th, 1787, and was the third female white child born in this section of the country, or north of the Kayaderosseras, the first one having been Mary Stafford, born on the 7th of March, 1786,† and the second Sarah Waterbury, born

* The vicinity of Saratoga, from all accounts, must have been prolific in bears. "Dick" McLease, one of the early settlers and hunters in Saratoga, was wont to relate the following story: He was once out hunting by the saw-mill, near the locality where is now "Put's Pond," northwest of the village. Hearing a noise like the breaking of limbs in the direction of a large chestnut-tree a few rods off, he worked his way under cover of the mill, and discovered a bear in the tree pulling in the limbs, and picking the chestnuts from the open burrs. After gaining a more favorable position and examining the priming of his gun, a well-directed shot brought the bear to the ground. McLease was a famous hunter, and my friend Horace Kelly, who knew him well, states that it used to be said of McLease, that if pigeons ever came in sight of his "bough-house" they were sure to give him a call. So plenty were those birds at that time, that the common price of them was sixpence a dozen.

† She was a very genial lady, and retained until her death a vivid recollection of the "early times." Once, during her girlhood, her father, Amos Stafford, brought home a "cub"—having killed the mother—and chained it near the house; she in child-

in Greenfield, April 19th, 1787. Hannah Fitch married Alpheus Bullard, of Schuylerville, and yet survives, being eight days older than the Constitution of the United States, which was signed by Washington September 17th of that year. Several of her sons are also living, including General E. F. Bullard, formerly of Waterford, but now of Saratoga Springs, and David A. Bullard, of Schuylerville.

Ebenezer Fitch erected the first frame dwelling in the town of Greenfield. In this house Judge Bockes was born in the year 1817. In 1798 Ebenezer Fitch removed to the east bank of Fish Creek, and bought the farm near Stafford's bridge, where his son, Major Edward Fitch, resided until his death, on the 29th of May, 1875—a model of the old-school country gentleman.*

> "His walk through life was marked by every grace;
> His soul sincere, his friendship void of guile.
> Long shall remembrance all his virtues trace,
> And fancy picture his benignant smile."

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ish glee ventured too near, whereupon Bruin, with his paw, knocked her down and appropriated to his own use the bread and butter she held in her hand. Miss Stafford was twice married, her second husband being John Wicks, of Fayette, Seneca County, New York. She died in 1870, and is buried in the Prospect Hill Cemetery, at Schuylerville, New York.

* Major Edward Fitch, who was a great-grandson of Thomas Fitch, a Colonial Governor of Connecticut, and an uncle of General E. F. Bullard, was born near St. John's Corners, in the town of Greenfield, New York, in 1794, and consequently was eighty-two at his decease. He was ever a lover of agriculture, and always remained in that peaceful pursuit. For more than fifty years his beautiful residence on the east shore of Lake Saratoga has been remarkable for its hospitality. No person ever visited the farm without bearing away a high respect for the man.

CHAPTER IX.

Lake Saratoga.—Its Colonial and Early History.—The Great Kayaderosseras Patent.

> "And many a gloomy tale tradition yet
> Saves from oblivion, of their struggles vain,
> Their prowess and their wrongs."
>
> ROBERT C. SANDS.

A SINGULAR feature of American scenery is the great number and beauty of its small fresh-water lakes—"fit residence for the naiads"—fed by living springs, and with shores always richly fringed with foliage, and often hilly and picturesque. They lie in the midst of wild forests, like silver mirrors, tranquil and lovely, and "mingling a refinement and an elegance with the bold character of the scenery, which contrasts, like Una, with the couchant Lion."

One of the most beautiful of these, perhaps, is LAKE SARATOGA, the best view of which is obtained from the top of Caldwell's Hill, on the eastern bank. There the scene which meets the eye is calm and beautiful rather than sublime. The broad expanse of the Lake lies below like a mass of molten silver—the reflection of the foliage at the water's edge giving it the appearance of being fringed with emeralds. Nothing can surpass the gracefulness of the sweep of

the hills which come down to the further shore, or the charm of the prospect which the scene presents of native forest and cultivated field—in one part stretching up the hill-side, and in others spreading out intc wide and rich plains. It possesses more of the lovely and less of the grand than Lake George, and the beholder is lost more in admiration than astonishment. At a distance of one mile from this standpoint, the Lake takes a turn to the right or eastwardly, and is merged in Fish Creek, through which it empties itself into the Hudson. If, while the visitor is still lingering on this spot, one of those summer showers—so frequent in this region—should descend, he would feel amply repaid for his wet clothes by seeing the shower soon pass away, and the sun, now declining in the west, again shine forth in all his loveliness and glory, softening the outlines of the hills, and pouring upon the pure bosom of the Lake a flood of exquisite beauty. Indeed, it would be difficult for the imagination, in all the fairy visions that fancy can create, to picture a scene like this.

"How sweet
Upon a summer evening, when the lake
Lies half in shadow, half in crimson light,
Like hope and fear, holding within the heart
Divided empire, with a light slack sail
To steer your little boat amid the isles.
Now gazing in the clouds like fiery balls,
Till head and eye are filled with glorious thoughts
Of golden palaces in fairy-lands."

Lake Saratoga, moreover, is peculiar in that it can be seen from nearly every point of the compass. From the Catskills on the south, from the Kayaderosseras mountains on the west, from the Palmertown range, and French Mountain, near Lake George, on the north-west—it is distinctly visible; while from a particular point on the top of Potash Kettle near Luzerne, Lake Saratoga, as well as the vicinity of the Indian Pass, may be plainly discerned.

The Great Kayaderosseras Patent.

But our charming Lake has other associations connected with it than those of the picturesque. Willis, writing of it in 1840, says: "Saratoga Lake must depend for celebrity on its fish dinners." Not so. LAKE SARATOGA in history will long be remembered not only from the fact that the first white settlement in the county was made upon its banks, but, also, from its connection with the final adjustment of the GREAT PATENT OF THE KAYADEROSSERAS.

Before, however, giving the history of this celebrated Patent in detail, it should be stated that the Lake and the country in its immediate vicinity had been from time immemorial considered by the Mohawks as their best hunting-ground. The encampment of the latter nation was on the Kayaderosseras Flats, now in the possession of the Ramsdell family. Even if we had not the traditions of that nation as vouchers for this assertion, the archæological remains

still extant sufficiently prove it. There is yet a tradition in the Ramsdell family that when their ancestors first settled on the shore of the Lake (where their descendants still reside), the remains of an Indian camping-ground were plainly to be seen. On these flats, Professor Henry McGuire (whose erudition as a geologist and archæologist, by the way, never has had the recognition which it deserves) and myself have frequently picked up quantities of stone-hatchets, scalping-knives, fish-spears, pestles and pottery, which prove conclusively that the spot had been occupied by the Indians for many thousands of moons. It was in this vicinity, also, that my friend Horace Kelly unearthed, two years since, an Indian skull with a stone tomahawk by its side—a silent witness to a treacherous murder.* On the south side of Fish Creek, moreover, between "Stafford's Bridge" and the "Old Milligan Place," there are the remains of ancient Indian pottery, within the cavities of which are yet found sun-dried and fire-baked vases covered with quaint ornamentation.† And if any other testimony

* I use the word "treacherous" because the hole in the back of the skull shows that the blow was struck from behind. Both the skull and tomahawk are in my possession.

† Professor Henry McGuire, under date of July 27, 1874, writes as follows to the author in regard to this pottery: "It would seem that after the articles of earthenware were moulded, they were first sun-dried, then placed in cavities formed in the soil, and a gentle fire built within them, which was kept up until all moisture was expelled and the vessels had become sufficiently indurated. There is, at the point above indicated, an area containing cavities which, to my mind, point with certainty to such a conclusion, and for several reasons: 1st. The existence of clay in the immediate neighborhood. 2d. Fragments of clay pottery, rudely ornamented, are

were wanting to prove that the Lake was long a favorite resort of the Mohawks, it is furnished in an old manuscript speech now before me delivered by a Mohawk to William Penn in 1683, in which Lake Saratoga is particularly mentioned as the "place where the game abounds."

Having thus mentioned these facts for a better understanding of that which is to follow, I come to the position Lake Saratoga occupies in the history of the State.

In the spring of 1703, Samson Shelton Broughton, Attorney-General of the province of New York, and twelve others, obtained from Governor Cornbury a license to purchase the "tract of vacant and unappropriated land called by the Indian name of Kayaderosseras." Accordingly, Broughton, in the following year, bought of the Mohawks, for a trifling sum, sufficient land, as the Indians understood it, "to make a small farm." Having thus obtained the land, Brough-

discerned at various points in the immediate vicinity; and I am credibly informed that, a few years since, some persons engaged in repairing the highway, while removing earth from a bank exhumed the bones of a person and several clay vases containing grains of corn having the appearance of being carbonized. This was at a point a short distance south of "Stafford's Bridge," on the south side of the outlet of Lake Saratoga. These specimens, so valuable to the archæologist, unfortunately fell into the hands of unappreciative individuals (with some of whom I have conversed upon the subject), and they have all either been mislaid or destroyed—so that all traces of them are lost. 3d. The fact that these fragments are frequently mingled with implements of stone, such as were used by the Red men, would seem to establish conclusively that they were the artificers thereof. The uncouth character of the ornamentation and the inartistic forms given to them, judging from the fragments which I have seen, point also in the same direction, and lend to the subject an absorbing interest."

ton, under semblance of his deed, procured from Queen Anne, in 1708, a grant of all the land between the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, extending from Cohoes Falls to the Third, or, as is now called, Baker's Falls, on the Hudson, and containing about seven hundred thousand acres. Truly a "small farm"! Owing, however, to the watchfulness of the Indians, up to 1764 it had never been surveyed. In process of time the Mohawks lost all solicitude regarding it, and supposed all claim upon it had been entirely relinquished. In 1764, however, the dispute was renewed with increased bitterness.

Baker's Falls.

It happened that in the spring of that year, three or four families settled at the confluence of the Kaya-

derosseras Creek and Lake Saratoga. These squatters were discovered about a month after their settlement by a hunting party of Mohawks, who, incensed at the presumption of the whites in settling upon their best hunting-grounds, ordered them peremptorily to leave; and upon their return to their castles they waited upon Sir William Johnson and demanded that the settlers should be removed, and that the claim of the Proprietaries to the Kayaderosseras land should be immediately relinquished. Convinced of the justice of the demand, Sir William at once wrote to Governor Colden, giving an account of the fraudulent manner in which the patent had been obtained, and soliciting his influence in procuring redress. At the same time he endeavored to prevail on the Colonial Assembly to vacate the patent on the ground of fraud, and a bill was accordingly introduced for that purpose. The influence, however, of those members who were interested in other patents of perhaps the same equivocal origin, and who therefore dreaded its passage as a precedent, defeated the bill on several frivolous grounds, among which was, that "to vacate it would be to impugn the character of the Governor who had granted the patent." Disappointed in his hopes of obtaining justice from the Assembly, Sir William next appealed directly to the Council, who, in the spring of the following year (1765), directed the Attorney-General, Kempe, to proceed against the Proprietaries by the writ of *scire*

facias. This, however, was not satisfactory to the Baronet. "I must observe to you," he wrote to General Gage, "that there is little or no prospect of procuring justice by a trial on a *scire facias*, which I consider as only proposed at New York, that in case of any bad consequences hereafter arising from that patent, the people below might affirm that they offered to enquire into that fraud, though, in fact, it is doing nothing at all; for they well knew the little subterfuges and quirks of the lawyers in any trial at common law, they being interested in the decision, and a patent being deemed a sufficient title at common law, hence it might have been obtained."

Meanwhile, the cause of the Mohawks was taken up by the entire confederacy of the Six Nations, and the dissatisfaction of the Indians became so alarming that Sir William, in his correspondence with the Board of Trade, used his utmost endeavors to have the patent vacated by Act of Parliament. At length, alarmed at his persistent efforts to obtain redress, and dreading lest he should succeed, the Proprietaries offered to compromise the matter by relinquishing a part of the patent, and paying to the Mohawks a certain sum of money. The proposition, however, on being submitted to that nation in full council, was declined on the ground that the consideration offered was too small, and the attempt at compromise failed.

Thus the matter rested until May of 1768, when the Proprietaries, influenced by Sir William Johnson,

waited upon the Governor, and gave him full power to settle the affair with the Mohawks as he should judge best. Meanwhile, by order of the Governor, the patent was for the first time carefully surveyed; and toward the close of July, Sir William Johnson, having returned by way of Saratoga Springs from the sea-side, a conference was again held with the Mohawks, when the results of the new survey were laid before the Sachems. Both parties being now able to judge with certainty what was claimed by each, an amicable adjustment was soon reached. By the conditions of the agreement, the patentees relinquished all the land westward of the Kill, opposite Twektonondo Hill, to the north-west head of the Kayaderosseras Creek, and took for their north-western boundary a line drawn from the head of that creek to the fourth fall on the Hudson River;* the Mohawks, on their part, giving up all claim to the remainder of the patent, on their receiving from the Proprietaries the sum of five thousand dollars.†

The village of Saratoga Springs lies on that part of the Kayaderosseras Patent that fell to the share of Rip Van Dam.‡

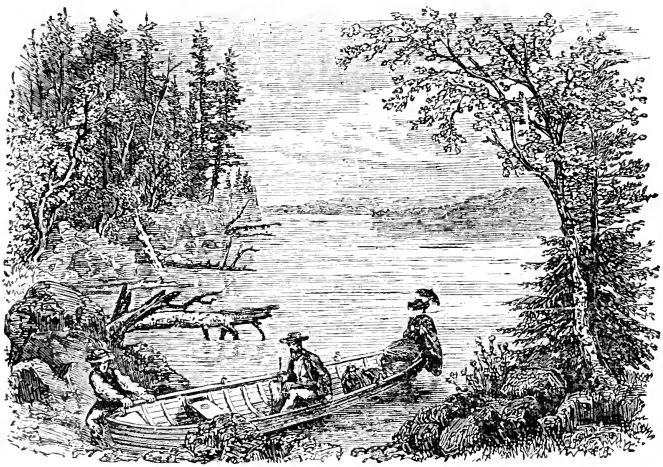
* The Cohoes.

† The grant was "to her (Queen Anne) loving subjects, Nanning Hermanse, Johannes Beekman (great-great-grandfather of the original owner of "Beekman's Woods"), Rip Van Dam, Ann Bridges, Mary Bickley, Johannes Fisher, Peter Fanconnier, Adrain Hogelandt, John Tudor, Jorris Hogelandt, John Stevens, John Tatham, and Sampson Broughton," and was for all that tract of land situated, lying and being in the County of Albany (the County of Albany then included Saratoga County, afterward Charlotte), called Kayaderosseras, alias Queensborough.

‡ The Clutes of old Saratoga are descendants of Van Dam.

The Lake.

Lake Saratoga is about five miles in length, with an average width of one mile, it being the broadest opposite Snake Hill. The Lake is continually changing its form, and it may well be questioned whether its configuration at the present day at all resembles



Lake Saratoga.

that of a century, or even fifty years since. The current of the Kayaderosseras makes itself felt on the opposite shore, from which it takes the earth, and bringing it back, counter and under-currents deposit it on the western bank. Thus while the Lake between Ramsdell's and Abell's is continually becoming shallower, the eastern bank is continually wearing

away. Hence, even in my day, the shore road, leading from the bridge to Myers' Lake House has been washed away some thirty feet, until now, in high water, the road is continually overflowed. Every spring Mr. Myers finds it necessary to widen the road, and the presumption is—and this always was the opinion of the late Dr. Allen—that a century hence, the shore, instead of being semi-circular in form as it is now, will be nearly straight from the base of Chapman's Hill to the bank opposite Moon's Lake House.*

* The "Lake" has recently been rendered yet more attractive by the refined taste and good judgment of Mr. Frank Leslie.

CHAPTER X.

Lake Saratoga.—Its Legends and Traditions.

"When the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, 'some warrior rests here,' he will say; and my fame shall live in his praise."

OSSIAN.

CONNECTED with Lake Saratoga is a touching Indian legend which undoubtedly has more of truth blended with it than is usually the case with stories of a similar nature. The legend associates itself with the high promontory on the eastern shore, now known by the uneuphonious name of "Snake Hill," and is as follows:

In the autumn of 1693, Count Frontenac, then Governor of Canada, accompanied by a party of Algonquins and Hurons, left Montreal for the purpose of descending upon the frontier settlements of Schenectady and Albany. On his way to accomplish his design, the Count took Lake Saratoga on his route, with the intention of capturing a large camp of the Mohawks, who had gone thither for their annual fall hunting. While yet a day's march from the Lake, two of the Hurons deserted from the forces of the Count, and gave the Mohawks such an appalling description of the march, that they dared not remain and give battle.

Yonnondio's* army, they said, was like the leaves of the trees—more numerous than the pigeons that fly to the north after the season of snows. They were armed, they said, with great guns that threw up huge balls toward the sun,† and they would explode and scatter death everywhere. Upon this intelligence the Sachems gathered into a group around the council-fire for consultation. Their eyes, which were at first burning with indignation, soon dropped sullenly to the earth, as they reflected upon the impossibility of contending against such weapons, while their dusky countenances gathered darkness with the gloom. Some of the principal chiefs having interchanged a few words in an undertone, there was a call to bring Thurensera‡ to the council-fire. A dozen young warriors instantly sprang upon their feet and bounded toward the great wigwam of the village with the swiftness of an arrow. They soon returned, bearing upon a rudely-constructed litter an aged and venerable-looking chief, whose head had been whitened by the snows of more than a hundred winters. He had been foremost on the war-path and first at the council-fire before the canoes of the pale faces had touched the shores which the Great

* The signification of *Yonnondio* (also spelled *Onontio*) is *Great Mountain*, being a translation into Iroquois of the name of the second Governor of Canada, the Chevalier Montmagny. The Indians always applied the same name to his successors in office.—*Jesuit Relation*, 1640: i. 77.

† Mortars.

‡ A name among the Six Nations, signifying "The Dawning of the Light."

Spirit had given them. The young men treated their burden with the utmost care and deference, and the aged chieftain was seated at the foot of a tall sycamore, against the huge trunk of which he leaned for support. A brief but solemn pause ensued, during which all eyes were directed toward the venerable father of the council. At length the venerable Sachem raised his head, and looking about upon the group of chiefs and warriors gathered anxiously around him, he thus spoke:

"Why have my children brought Thurensera to the council-fire? The Great Spirit will call him to his hunting-grounds. Thurensera's eyes are dim, and his limbs, no longer like the bending sapling, are stiff like the scathed trees of the burnt prairies. He can no more bend the strong bow. He cannot go forth upon the war-path, or recount the deeds of his fathers to the young men at the council-fire. Thurensera is a woman. But his father was a great chief, and," elevating his voice, he added, "I can now see him upon a cloud fringed with the red lightning and beckoning me to come. Why have my children called Thurensera, and why do their eyes rest upon the ground, and their spirits droop like the hawk when struck by the young eagle?"

After another pause, and a moment's consultation among the chiefs, one of the bravest warriors informed the sage of the intelligence received from Yonnondio's camp, and of the peril of their situation.

They had therefore sent to their father for counsel in this emergency.

Once more there was silence—still as the forest shades when not a leaf rustles in the breeze nor a stick breaks beneath the light tread of the fox. The venerable sage hid his furrowed countenance in his withered hands, as if deeply engaged in thought, while the dark group of chiefs and warriors gathered more closely around, all ready to obey his counsel, be what it might, and all anxious, as it were, to drink in the wisdom that was for the last time, perhaps, to flow from his lips. At length the chieftain of more than thirteen hundred moons slowly raised his head, and spoke as follows:

"My children! This council-fire which the Great Spirit first kindled with sparks from the sun must go out. The Great Spirit wills it. But the two logs will blaze again, and this valley gleam with red light. Then shall my children consume the battle in its rage, and the spirits of our fathers riding on the storm-cloud rejoice!

"My children! You see my head is whitened by more than a hundred snows. Listen to my words. I have been upon the war-path with your fathers and with your fathers' fathers. But the Great Spirit commands me to his hunting-grounds, where I shall be bounding like the young deer before the setting sun.

"My children! A cloud has gathered over our

council-fire, and you must fly! Yonnondio is come among us with his people like a flock of birds. You must not wait till you see the big ball of thunder coming to your destruction, or the star of day and night that breaks when it falls, to burn your castle and wigwams.

"My children! You have been like the lynx on the trail, and made the war-path red with the blood of your enemies. But you must fly, until joined by the Oneydoes, the Cayugas, and the Senekas; when you can come back upon your enemies, and spring upon them like the hungry panther. You will spring on them when they are asleep, and the fire-balls cannot burst upon you, to kill my warriors and burn up their wigwams.

"My children! Thurensera will stay *to show Yonnondio's palefaces how to die!* Yonnondio shall see what a Mohawk can bear without a cry of pain. He shall see what his children will have to bear, when my sons assemble their warriors and come before his settlements in their wrath.

"My children! When you pass this way, find my bones. Bury them deep in the bosom of the earth, who is my mother, on the Hill looking toward the setting sun,* by the Lake that is beautiful. Put into my grave my pipe, my hatchet, and my bow, that I may chase the moose and the buffalo in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. Put in my canoe that

*Snake Hill.

is on the beautiful lake, that, when the Great Spirit tells me, I may come and look upon my children—I may paddle again on the bright waters of Lake Saratoga. I will come when the moon in her fulness steals over the lake, to let her light sleep in its calm bosom. As I glide onward, the lovers of our young men and women will dream of other days, and the spirits of the clouds will whisper, 'The grave of the old warrior, who taught Yonnondio how to die! They will tell the white man to cross it with a soft step.

"My children! You must fly! Keep the covenant-chain of our tribe bright like silver, and let it bind you together like strong iron. Put the brand to your wigwams, that Yonnondio may get no booty but the scalp of Thurensera. Let the rain of heaven wash all the bad from your hearts, that we may again smoke together in friendship in the Happy Hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. Thurensera has no more to say."

The aged chief was listened to throughout with the most profound attention. The chiefs and warriors were exceedingly reluctant to leave the venerable Sachem by whose wisdom they had so long been guided, and by whose arm so often led to victory; but he was resolute in his purpose, and inflexible in his determination. He gathered himself into an attitude of the most perfect composure, and turning his face in the direction from which Frontenac was expected, prepared to meet his fate. Meantime, the

Sachems, having hastily completed their arrangements, took their final leave of their old chieftain, fired their wigwams, and disappeared in the thick wilderness.

The Count Frontenac, astonished at the sight of the ascending columns of smoke as they rose in curling folds towards the sky, moved rapidly forward. But it was to obtain an empty conquest. The wigwams of the Mohawks were already in ashes. The old chief, Thurensera, was found by the trunk of the sycamore, seated with the same stoical composure in which he had been left; and Frontenac's Indians—to the eternal disgrace of that general, be it said—by his permission had the pleasure of tormenting him. He bore their inflictions with unflinching firmness. Not a muscle moved, not a limb quivered, not a sigh nor a groan escaped him. Finally they stabbed him in several places "Go on, ye tormentors!" he exclaimed, with an energy belonging to other days. "The old eagle has received the death-arrow in his breast. He will never soar again but in the bright skies of the Great Spirit. You cannot harm him. The Great Spirit," he continued, "has touched my eyes, and I see through the clouds of death the warriors who have raised the war-cry with me in other times. They are walking on the winds and playing on the clouds. I see the dark waters all must pass. These dark waters are the tears shed by the Great Spirit for the bad deeds of his children. Go on, ye

tormentors—ye Indians who take the scalp for Yonnondio—ye dogs of dogs! But why stab me with the long knife? You had better take fire, that the Frenchmen may know how to die. Tear me to pieces; roast me at the war-feast; scatter my ashes to the winds! Ye tormentors! Listen to the voice of the Manitou, while he bids Thurensera tell what is to come upon you. Your race is to be as a river dried up—as the dead leaves of the forest when the fire has gone over it. The white man who sent Yonnondio over the salt lake, in the big canoe, shall lose his power. A *wolf** is to walk abroad that shall scatter the Pale-faces at Quebec like a flock of sheep, and drive them out of the Red-man's land. The white men, with Cayenguerago, who is our friend, shall come over the land like the leaves. The panther is bounding to the setting sun; the bear moves slowly off the ground; the deer and buffalo leap over the mountains, and are seen no more. The forest bows before the white man. The great and little trees fall before his big hatchet. The white man's wigwams rise like the hill-tops, and are as white as the head of the bald eagle. The waters shall remain, and when the Red man is no more, *the names he gave them shall last.* The Great Spirit

* Each of the Six Nations were subdivided into clans or tribes, named the Wolf, Deer, Bear, Snipe, Beaver, Heron, Turtle, and Hawk. These tribes were distinguished by the *totem* or representation of their respective animals or birds tattooed upon the skin.

has said it.* A hundred warriors are coming to lead me on the trail to the happy hunting-grounds. Think of me, ye tormentors, when my sons come upon you like the chafed panther in his swiftness and his strength! Great Spirit! I come!"

Thus died THURENSERA, with a greatness of soul worthy of a Sachem of the Six Nations!

But let not the visitor to the "Springs" form his estimate of the aboriginals—among whom was Thurensera—from the so-called Indians who annually come hither. Though occasionally a pure Mohawk or Iroquois brave may be found among those at Saratoga, yet it is the exception, not the rule. Those that congregate at the "Springs" in summer are usually half or quarter breeds, composed of Canadian French and Negro blood, having all the vices of the Indian with none of his virtues. Of not such stuff were made those warriors that King Philip and Pontiac led to battle, or Massasoit and Tammany instructed in the arts of peace!

Another Indian legend that connects itself with Lake Saratoga, and which, by the way, is also associated with Snake Hill is, in sentiment, the very opposite of the one just related, but is worthy of note, especially as the American aboriginals have generally been accounted, comparatively, strangers to *la belle passion.* The legend, which is an interesting

*A most remarkable prophecy in view of the utter ruin of French power in America.

story of love to distraction, and courage to death on the part of a young Indian beauty, is called the LOVERS' LEAP.

It is of later date than that of Thurensera but nevertheless, not only descends from remote tradition, but was distinctly remembered by those settlers who were contemporaneous with Amos Stafford. It is as follows:

During the war of the Six Nations and the Algonquins of the North, a chief of the latter was captured by the Mohawks while they were engaged in their yearly hunting around Lake Saratoga. The captive, though young in years, was famed for his prowess in the forest conflict, and nature had been bountiful to his person in those gifts of strength and symmetry which awaken savage admiration. After a short debate, he was condemned to die on the following day, by the slow torture of impalement. While he was lying in the "Cabin of Death"—a lodge devoted to the reception of condemned prisoners—the daughter of the Sachem brought him food,* and struck with his manly form and heroic bearing, resolved to save him or share his fate. Her bold enterprise was formed by the uncertain light of the gray dawn, while the solitary sentinel, weary with his night watch, was slumbering. Stealing with noiseless tread to the side of the young captive, she cut the thongs wherewith

* The Indians always supply their prisoners with every comfort until the time for their execution arrives.

his limbs were bound, and besought him, in breathing accents, to follow her. The fugitive descended the hill near that which is now Ramsdell's cove by a woody path conducting to the Lake; but ere they reached the water, an alarm-whoop, wild and shrill, was heard issuing from the lips of the waking guard. They tarried not, though thorny vines and fallen timber obstructed their way. At length they reached the smooth beach, and leaping into a canoe, previously provided by the brave and considerate damsel, they plied the paddle vigorously, steering for the opposite shore. Vain were their efforts. On the wind came cries of rage, and the quick tramp of savage warriors, bounding over rock and glen in fierce pursuit. The Algonquin, with the reckless daring of a young brave, sent back a yell of defiance, and soon after the plash of oars was heard, and a dozen war canoes were cutting the billows in their rear. The unfortunate lovers on landing took a trail leading in a southerly direction toward Snake Hill. The Algonquin, weakened by unhealed wounds, followed his active guide up the acclivity with panting heart and flagging pace, while his enemies, with the grim old Sachem at their head, drew nearer and nearer. At length, finding further attempts at flight useless, she diverged from the trail, and conducted her lover to the very crest of the hill overlooking the lake. With hearts nerved to a high resolve, the hapless pair awaited the arrival of their relentless

pursuers. Conspicuous by his eagle plume, towering form, and scowling brow, the daughter soon descried her inexorable sire leaping from crag to crag below her. He paused abruptly when his fiery eye rested on the objects of his pursuit. Notching an arrow on the string of his tried and unerring bow, he raised his sinewy arms, but ere the missile was sent, Wun-nut-hay, the Beautiful, interposed her form between her father and his victim. In wild, appealing tones she entreated her sire to spare the young chieftain, assuring him that they would leap together from the precipice rather than be separated. The stern old man, deaf to her supplication and disregarding her menace, ordered his followers to seize the fugitive. Warrior after warrior darted up the hill, but on reaching the top, at the moment when they were grasping to clutch the young brave, the lovers, locked in fond embrace, flung themselves

"From the steep rock and perished."

Snake Hill.

Snake Hill, with which the two Indian legends just narrated are intertwined, has formed the framework of a very readable romance from the pen of the late Daniel Shepherd, of Saratoga. This name was given to it by the early settlers of the town, in consequence of a formidable den of rattlesnakes that formerly existed about half way up its side. This nest, however, was many years since entirely destroyed, so

that the tourist may traverse the hill from base to summit without fear. A visitor to the "Springs" in 1810, walked partly up the mountain one morning in his slippers, and stopping to gaze at the landscape below, was startled by a rustling near his feet. Suddenly, on looking down, he was terrified to find himself surrounded by three or four enormously large rattlesnakes. He had no weapon, nor the means of obtaining one except at the hazard of his life. As the snakes made no attempt to approach him, he had sufficient presence of mind to stand perfectly still until they crept away, which they soon did, to his no small satisfaction. It is well known that the rattlesnake seldom meddles with anything but its natural prey if unprovoked, but when accidentally trodden upon, or pursued, it makes a dreadful and desperate defence. President Dwight, when visiting Saratoga in 1820, was informed that a few years previously there was a man living near Snake Hill who had the singular power and still stranger temerity to catch living rattlesnakes in his naked hands, without wounding the snakes or being wounded by them. He used to accumulate them in great numbers for curiosity and for sale. But one evening, arriving at the "Springs" with a pair of these amiable playthings in a box, and having disregarded the principles of the temperance society, he heedlessly took them out of the box to show their docility. Not, perhaps, liking the familiarity of a tipsy keeper, one of them bit him in the

hand, and his death ensued on the following day. An accident very similar to this (save in regard to the intoxication) occurred in the village in 1855. The house in which the man died is still standing, near property owned by the late Madame Jumel, and is known as the "Snake House" to this day.

There is yet another legend connected with Lake Saratoga, which is thus related by the late N. P. Willis:

"There is," says Willis, "an Indian superstition attached to this Lake, which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters the canoe of the offender would instantly sink. A story is told of an Englishwoman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross this lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the canoe shot over the smooth surface of the lake like an arrow. About a mile from the shore, near the centre of the lake, the woman, willing to convince the Indians of the weakness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell instantly to the deepest gloom. After a minute's pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and in frowning silence drove the light bark like an arrow over the waters. They reached the

shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, when the woman rallied the chief on his credulity. 'The Great Spirit is merciful,' answered the scornful Mohawk, 'he knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue!'"

The author, some years since, related the above to the poet, John G. Saxe, and suggested that he should work it up as he alone could. The result was the following little gem, which is here reproduced:

A lady stands beside the silver lake;
"What," said the Mohawk, "wouldst thou have me do?"
"Across the water, sir, be pleased to take
Me and my children in thy bark canoe."

"Ah!" said the Chief, "thou knowest not, I think,
The legend of the lake: hast ever heard
That in its wave the stoutest boat will sink
If any passenger should speak a word?"

"Full well we know the Indian's strange belief,"
The lady answered, with a civil smile;
"But take us o'er the water, mighty Chief;
In rigid silence we will sit the while."

Thus they embarked; but ere the little boat
Was half across the lake, the woman gave
Her tongue its wonted play! But still they float
And pass in safety o'er the utmost wave.

Safe on the shore, the warrior looked amazed,
Despite the stoic calmness of his race;
No word he spoke, but long the Indian gazed
In moody silence in the woman's face.

"What think you now?" the lady gaily said;
"Safely to land your frail canoe is brought!
No harm, you see, has touched a single head;
So superstition ever comes to naught!"

Smiling, the Mohawk said, "Our safety shows
That God is merciful to old and young;
Thanks unto the Great Spirit—well he knows
The pale-faced woman cannot hold her tongue!"

Tradition further relates that in the summer of 1833 there was a gay party on Lake Saratoga, fishing and airing their wit under the auspices of a belle of some fame and authority. The boat had been pulled about two hundred yards from the shore, into water five or six feet in depth, and the ladies sat at the ends of their rods watching their floats, which lay on the surface of the water like sleeping flies, but, as the old fisherman in the bow could have told them, laughing loud enough to frighten even the eels from their appetites. After several hours' bobbing without bite or nibble, the belle above mentioned discovered that her hook was caught at the bottom. Rising in the stern to draw it up more easily, and the rest of the party leaning over at the same time, she lost her balance, and in falling overboard upset the boat. For the first minute it was a scene of some terror. The gentlemen were very near drowning the ladies, and the ladies the gentlemen; but the old fisherman —a tall fellow who knew the ground, and was just within his depth—quietly walked about picking them

up one by one, and, giving them a hold on the inverted gunwale, pushed them safely to shore suspended around the boat like herrings on a hoop. Nobody caught cold—other people had caught fish—they dined merrily at Avery's Lake House, and the principal actress in the scene was ever afterward known by the sobriquet of the "Diving Belle."

A Lake Idyl.

But Lake Saratoga has not always been associated with fashionable frivolity. Some years ago the late Dr. Baldwin—so long the beloved pastor of the Baldwin Place Baptist Church in Boston—was on the lake with a party of clerical friends, among whom was the late Rev. Francis Wayland—and while out on the water he composed, and his companions then and there sang, that well-known and beautiful hymn, the first verse of which is:

"Oh! whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love;
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove."

CHAPTER XI.

Lake Saratoga.—Its Early Piscatory History.

"We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
That an angler to a fool is next neighbor;
Let him prate—what care we?
We're as honest as he;
And so let him take that for his labor."

COTTON.

FORMERLY, Lake Saratoga was noted for its remarkable fishing and during the interregnum between the first and second battles of Behmus Heights, when the British army were in want of food, the Indians were in the habit of supplying General Burgoyne's table with trout of a delicious flavor caught in its bright waters. Shad and herring, also, were in the habit, before the mills were erected at the junction of Fish Creek and the Hudson, of running up into the Lake and even so far as Greenfield, by the Kayaderosseras Creek. Up to the year 1825, the Lake was filled with trout; and even so late as 1832, the late Col. Wm. L. Stone, writing from the Springs to his paper, the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, states that a few of these fish were yet occasionally taken. But pickerel from Sand Lake having been in-

troduced by Squire Rogers, of Mud Mill, into the Lake in 1824, the trout very soon vanished. Indeed, it is to the presence of the former fish—known as the "fresh-water shark," and the sworn enemy of the trout—that we owe the loss of that fish rather than to any other cause. The last trout that was taken in the Lake was, I believe, in 1863, at the foot of Snake Hill. Trout, however, are yet occasionally taken in Lake Lonely or the Little Lake; but these are not really inhabitants of that sheet of water, but come down from the two creeks that empty into it. The last I saw taken there was by the late E. R. Stevens in the winter of 1866. Other fish, however, abound. The muscalinga, which were put into the Lake in 1855, have now become comparatively plentiful and of good size—some of which have already been taken weighing thirty pounds—while as to the Oswego or Black bass, which in 1849 were introduced into the Lake from Black Pond (Corinth) by the late Washington Putnam and Amos Stafford, assisted by William Carragan, one was caught by George Crumb in 1857, at the mouth of the Kayaderosseras, weighing nine pounds and four ounces. And here, in passing, let me remark that it is no penance to keep a short voluntary Lent where one can get such fish. Once, when at Myers', I ordered a few bass to be broiled. Gentle traveller! if thou art wise when thou goest thither, thou wilt do likewise. A black bass of Lake Saratoga is so delicious—as Charles Lamb says of a

canvas-back duck—the eating of one forms an era in a man's existence!

The Lake also has been long famous for its yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*). This fish, though not having the reputation of some others, has, notwithstanding, stood the test of time, and has been as little subjected to the mutations of fashion, perhaps, as any one of the finny tribe. It was highly esteemed by the Romans, as we are informed by Aristotle, and its praises were sung by Ausonius:

> "Nec te delicias mensarum, perca silebo
> Amnigenos inter pisces dignande marinis!"

Frank Forrester (William Henry Herbert) in his authoritative work, *The Fish and Fishing of the United States*, awards the palm to Lake Saratoga as being *par excellence* the haunt of the perch both for size and delicacy of flavor—some of which, he adds, "are frequently taken weighing three or four pounds." In the cabinet of the late Dr. Allen there is a perch that the writer, in company with William S. Mersereau, now of New York City, and John L. Barbour, caught near Stafford's Bridge, and which, when first taken out of the water, weighed two pounds. Mr. John Morey also has, I understand, taken them in the deep water opposite Snake Hill, of even greater weight.

But the glory of Lake Saratoga, as a place for fine sport, has, I am afraid, departed for ever. The late

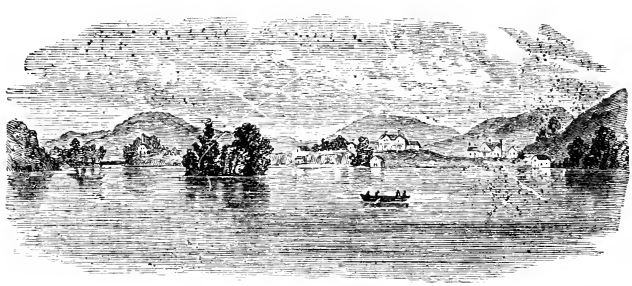
Amos Stafford and Major Edward Fitch have both told me that formerly they thought nothing of taking two hundred pounds of pickerel in a day. In the winter of 1860, Mr. Wm. H. Stevens (eldest son of the late E. R.) and the writer took one hundred pounds of pickerel opposite "Fitch's ditch" in one afternoon, and would have taken more had not Stevens' horse, breaking through the ice, compelled the fishermen to turn their attention to catching a fish of quite another kind! Now, however, unless Seth Green has been "around," I defy any man to say that with the best of skill, the most approved appliances, and under the most favorable circumstances, he can take thirty pounds of pickerel in a day's fishing.

The cause of this state of things is to be ascribed entirely to the pernicious practice of "spearing" and fishing with "set lines" and "nets," and although the midnight piscatory assassin may say to the fish in the words of an old song:

> "Why flyest thou away with fear?
> Trust me, there's naught of danger near,
> I have no wicked hooke,"

yet this "netting" is a custom not only fraught with tenfold more danger to the finny tribe than legitimate fishing, but is one that has continued now for many years, notwithstanding all endeavors by law and otherwise to put a stop to it. Hon. George S.

Batcheller, in the winter of 1873–4, with praiseworthy thoughtfulness, procured the passage of a law to prevent fishing with nets in Lake Saratoga. It will do no good. Such a remedy has been tried repeatedly, but without avail. The difficulty is that no one, even of those who are most interested in the matter, care to act as informers, when the penalty for so doing will be the girdling of his pet orchard, or the burning of his hay-ricks. Yet this business of "set-lines and nets" is producing incalculable mischief, not only in this beautiful lake, but in others near at hand by rail, that help to build up our village. Not a thousand miles from Saratoga is a lovely lake that three years since abounded, yea, fairly teemed, with pickerel.



Luzerne Lake.

Two years since the practice of catching them by "set-night-lines" was introduced; and now he is a very lucky angler who, where once he could catch by legitimate fishing fifty pounds in a morning, can get five pounds. And this condition of things will con-

tinue so long as the temptation exists, in spite of all efforts to the contrary. All things, however, they say, have their compensations; and if Lake Saratoga can no longer boast of its fine fishing, perhaps the loss will be more than made up by its being the finest sheet of water in America for the holding of inter-collegiate and national regattas. Let us hope so, at least.

But I fear that in speaking so at length of *fishing*, I am trenching on the province of my friend Jesse Frazer, who, as is well known, is considered *the* authority on all piscatory matters connected with Lake Saratoga and its vicinity. Nor, perhaps, can I make the *amende honorable* to him better than by leaving the sober domain of history for romance—for are not "fish stories" and romance synonymous?—and relating a most remarkable adventure of Frazer on Lake Saratoga.

Jesse Frazer's Fish Story.

The early dawn of a spring morning in 1861 found Frazer and McCaffrey leisurely floating down the Kayaderosseras "spinning" for that "Prince of Game Fishes," the black bass. On coming opposite a huge boulder, Frazer "struck" a fish which broke off the hook and snell and escaped. A few rods farther along, and near an old tree-top, he had another "strike"—this fish also breaking away and carrying with him the barb of the hook. Not having another hook, they

went down to the mouth of the creek, where, building a fire, Frazer heated and bent up the broken shank, tempering it with water. "Now," says Jesse to "Mac," "on going back, I shall catch those two fish. They both will prove to be bass; the one by the tree-top will weigh five pounds and two ounces, and the first one I struck by the boulder will weigh six pounds three ounces and a half." Sure enough, the tree-top reached, Frazer caught a bass with the barb in his gills, that weighed five pounds and two ounces. But, more astounding still, when the boulder was passed, he caught another bass in which was found the first hook and snell, and which weighed exactly six pounds three ounces and a half, neither less nor more! McCaffrey, believing himself in the presence of a conjurer or a magician instead of an humble follower of Izaak Walton, leaped ashore; nor could he ever be persuaded again to try his luck with so "uncanny" a companion.

"I know not of the truth, d'ye see;
I tell the tale as told to me."

CHAPTER XII.

How Pete Francis Fiddled to the Wolves—A Reminiscence of the old Fisherman of Lake Saratoga.

"His net old fisher George long drew,
Shoals upon shoals he caught,
'Till death came hauling for his due
And made poor George his draught.
Death fishes on through various shapes,
In vain it is to fret;
Nor fish nor man escapes
Death's all-enclosing net."

Old Epitaph.

PETER FRANCIS—or, as he was familiarly called, "Pete" Francis, one of the old landmarks or rather "institutions" of Saratoga *par excellence*—was a half-breed Indian of the St. Regis tribe. He lived in a small cottage on the southwest shore of Lake Saratoga, and to this little cottage it was the custom of epicures to make regular pilgrimages, for no one —so they all agreed—could cook a fish as delicately and serve it as temptingly as "Pete." When Pete Francis cooked the Lake Saratoga bass, fresh from the cold, translucent depths whence he had lured them with a skill that none could equal, criticism became dumb, and the appetite enjoyed a feast that lingered long like the pleasant memory of some indescribable ecstasy. "Pete," like all great geniuses, was eccentric and peculiar. With strong likes and

dislikes, he had a keen perception of character, and was a great favorite with his distinguished patrons, among whom he numbered governors, judges, members of Congress, and hosts of connoisseurs of all degrees of note and prominence. Pete was started in business some thirty years ago by the late Hon. James M. Cook, and though he was handsomely remunerated for his many years of unrivalled catering, yet, like Daniel Webster, he never knew what it was to be wealthy. No bass ever escaped his clutch when once it was hooked, but dollars somehow slipped through his fingers with marvellous celerity. Upon first coming into this region he was, when quite young, employed by that renowned French caterer and keeper of the old Sans Souci Hotel at Ballston—Andrew Berger—and by him he was taught to prepare fish in a manner in which, I believe, he has never been excelled. But to my story.

Pete Francis' First Cabin.

It was in the early dawn of a delicious summer morning in 1855, that a party, among whom were the late E. R. Stevens, John S. Leake, Clarence S. Bate, of Kentucky, and the writer, drove up to the cottage of Francis, with the intention of first breakfasting with him, and afterwards trying their luck with that prince of game-fish—second not even to the trout—the Oswego or black bass. Pete was delighted with his visitors; and with the exception that he waited on the party *barefooted*—a peculiarity which, I believe, will be remembered by many—did the honors of host, cook, and waiter in the most approved style. The plentiful breakfast of corn-bread, bacon, and bass, garnished by a tin coffee-pot of ample dimensions, being over, Francis reached down a long bass-rod from the rafters, and began certain preparations fraught with danger to the finny inhabitants of the lake. The reel was carefully examined, the screws tightened, the cogs oiled; and the keen eye of the veteran fisherman glittered with an ominous lustre as its glance rested on the destructive engine. While he is still intent on his work, let me sketch a few of his characteristics gathered in an observation of many years.

His wiry hair, tall form, and bony limbs indicated an active frame, inured to hardships; his piercing eye and high cheek-bones evinced the keenness and resoluteness of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and at times wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. His

imagination was a warm and fruitful soil, in which "tall oaks from little acorns grew," and his vocabulary was overstocked with superlatives. Pete was generally friendly, courteous, and considerate; and a better tempered fellow never handled fishing-pole. But occasionally he would dwell upon his own prowess with the enthusiasm of a devotee; and at the climax of his oratorical display, he would spring into the air, and after uttering a yell worthy of the stoutest Winnebago, swear that he was "the best man in the country," and "could whip his weight in wild-cats"; he was "not afraid of no man," and finally, he would urge, with no gentle asseveration, his ability to "ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning." For the most part, however, Pete was a quiet, good-natured soul, strolling about with a subdued aspect, a drawling and deliberate gait, in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his latent manhood save—and with this solitary exception—when he had hooked a five-pound bass at the end of his line. Then, presto! what a change! His muscles would stiffen, his eyes sparkle, his nostrils dilate, and his whole frame fairly quiver with emotion.

Breakfast over, we sallied forth to the Lake. Here, however, ensued a council of war. As my readers doubtless are aware, a light wind is considered a *sine qua non* for good fishing, especially that of bass—the

fish we were after. But during our meal the breeze, which at first promised so finely, had died completely away; and the sun now shone out hot and beat down fiercely upon our heads and the glassy waters at our feet. Pete at once declared that it would be useless to "try our luck" under these circumstances, at least with any prospect of success; and accordingly we voted to return into the cottage and listen to a continuation of the story of adventure with which our host had regaled us at breakfast. We therefore resumed our seats, and while Pete wove a fyke net for himself, he spun for ourselves the following story of how he once fiddled to a party of wolves in the St. Regis country many years before. The language of the narrative is of course our own.

Wolves, gentlemen, said Pete, are ugly customers, especially when prowling around in packs or pressed by hunger. They are surly, unsocial, and untamable animals; and under even the most favorable circumstances, rarely associating together unless compelled through hunger or for offensive war—and for the most part living singly, like bachelors—forming no attachments and showing no kindnesses to any one. But whether alone or in troops, when their necessities are urgent, they become reckless, braving every danger and facing certain destruction. The black wolf of America is the most ferocious—the stoutest bull-dogs being no match for them, and not only have women and children, but men fallen victims to their rapacity.

It appeared on one occasion that "Pete," who, though by no means a Paganini, was a tolerable fiddler—had been kept out rather later than usual at a winter dance, and was wending his way homeward just in the gray of the morning. While crossing an old "clearing" near the edge of the woods, bounding which stood a deserted and dilapidated log-house, he was set upon by a large pack of wolves from all directions, like a swarm of Cossacks upon a straggling platoon of Napoleon's grenadiers. He rushed with all speed into the hut, the door of which was wide open to receive him, but positively refused to be shut to keep out the foe who now pressed so closely upon him, filling the air with their howlings, that he was obliged to spring upon a beam to prevent being torn to pieces. But the wolves, sorely pressed for a breakfast, were not slow in climbing up the logs after him, and he would most assuredly have formed their morning banquet but for a bright thought. He had somewhere seen the hackneyed rhapsody of the poet —"music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" —or perhaps he had heard repeated the passage from Prior's Solomon:

> "Often our seers and poets have confest
> That music's force can tame the furious breast,
> Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain
> His rage—the lion drop his crested mane,
> Attentive to the song."

Thus beleaguered, Pete determined to try the effect

of sweet sounds upon their unsophisticated ears, and thereupon struck up the brisk tune of "Yankee Doodle" on his Holland fiddle. The effect was magical. The party of Châteaubriand were not more successful in charming the rattlesnake with a flute at Niagara. The wolves were no longer bristling, and howling with rage ready to devour him, but became as silent as so many Scotchmen at the ballad of "Robin Adair." But poor Pete! He would much rather have fiddled for forty contra-dances than a single party of wolves, since no sooner did he cease to fiddle than they recommenced hostilities. The weather was cold and his fingers were too much benumbed to allow him to traverse the strings. But no matter. His unwelcome audience were inexorable, and he was obliged either to allow himself to be eaten, or to keep on fiddling. I have heard mention of the weariness of the fiddler's elbow; but never did elbow ache like Pete Francis' on that morning; and what added to his perplexity was the giving way of his instrument. Catgut and horsehair will not last for ever; and string after string had snapped asunder, until the bass was the last remaining, and the wolves began to manifest less satisfaction for the one note, so long drawn out but not "in linked sweetness." Just at this interesting crisis, however, a neighbor and some lumbermen appeared with an ox-team, and the wolves thereupon

beat a retreat—equally precipitate and welcome to their prisoner.

This adventure of Pete had made us as "sharp-set" as the wolves; and after discussing another bass —caught from a tank near the cottage—we returned to Saratoga.

Years after, in the summer of 1860, I met Bate in the depths of the Mammoth Cave. "Don't you wish," he said to me, "that our friend 'Pete' was here to fiddle for us now? What echoes he would awaken!" Alas, 'Pete' will fiddle no more!*

* Peter Francis died in the spring of 1874. Those, however, who have been in the habit of visiting at Peter's during the summer season will still find Mrs. Francis at the cottage, ready to wait upon all who may favor her with a call. I will venture to say they will not go away hungry; while, at the same time, they will help feed the widow and the fatherless.

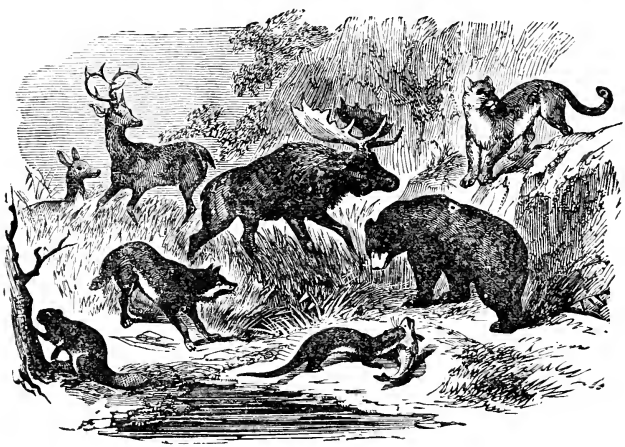
CHAPTER XIII.

Bear Swamp: its Human and Brute Inhabitants.—How Dobson Treed the Bear.—Crabb, the Astrologer.

"Yonder is the wolf."
"Are these thy bears?"
"So looks the panther."
SHAKSPERE.

STRETCHING around the village of Saratoga Springs, on its eastern side, in a semicircular form, and reaching from the old Dunning Street Road on the south to the ridge leading to Wilton on the north, is a wide belt of low, marshy land known as the "Bear Swamp." Although it is now being gradually drained and cleared up, it still retains the same general features that characterized it in the early settlement of the country. At that time, as the visit of Mrs. Dwight to Saratoga in 1789 shows and as the stories told me by the settlers or their sons corroborate, the region now being described was most remarkable for the number and variety of the savage and wild animals it contained. It undoubtedly furnished a large portion of the game which caused Lake Saratoga to be so well known to the Six Nations, as "the place where game abounds"; and after the country was comparatively settled up, it still presented fine

opportunities for hunting both the larger and smaller varieties of animals. Thus it naturally came to pass that this section of country soon became a rich mine whence were drawn stories both of strange and comical adventure. Nor did animals alone figure in these traditions. Many were the wild and weird tales told of the residents of the swamp long before the present



Tenants of Bear Swamp.

inhabitants of the country, or even their fathers, were born. Indeed, by the whole country round, "Bear Swamp" was regarded as a *terra incognita* filled with

"Gorgons vast and chimeras dire,"

and looked upon very much as the Black Forest is by the German peasant who is unfortunately obliged to pass through it after nightfall. And in those early days when naught was before the backwoodsman save

hard work, any little adventure which beguiled the time around the huge fireplace of a winter's evening, was, like the Sagas of the Norseman, sure to be handed down from father to son, preserving, moreover, oftentimes more of truth than is usual with tradition generally. One of these, which is of a humorous rather than a tragical nature, is the following:

Among the earliest settlers in "Bear Swamp," about 1790, was a Vermonter, by the name of Dobson—a large, resolute, and athletic man. Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant cows, which, according to custom in new countries, had been turned into the woods to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer, just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of the worthy Mr. Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty hemlock, where he had been in quest probably of honey. A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it—being obliged to come down stern foremost. Dobson did not very well like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion, and without reflecting what he should do with the "varmint" afterwards, he ran up to the tree on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before the bear reached the ground, seized him firmly by both his fore-paws. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks, but he soon discovered that his paws were in the grasp of paws equally iron-strung with his own. Nor could he use

his hinder claws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him. Nor could he venture to loosen his hold, since the presumption was that Bruin would not make him a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour surrounded by his wife and children at the supper-table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospect for the night. Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance. But his lungs, though none of the weakest, were unequal to the task; and although he hallooed and bawled the live-long night, making the woods and the welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than did Glendower of old in calling spirits from the vasty deep. It was a wearisome night for Dobson. Such a game of *hold fast* he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was probably somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensations in English—albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction—that is to say, he growled incessantly. But there was no let-go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast until it

seemed to his clenched and aching fingers as though the bear's paws and his own had grown together.

As day-light returned, and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully, though rather dimly, in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succor; and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe upon his shoulder. Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging along at that rate, when you see a fellow-Christian in such a kettle of fish as this?"

"I vum! Is that you, Mr. Dobson, up a tree there! And was it you I hearn hallooing so last night? I guess you ought to have your lodging for nothing, if you've stood up agin the tree all night."

"It's no joke, though, I can tell you, Mr. Joe Sleeper; and if you had hold of the paws of the black varmint all night, it strikes me you'd think you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you hearn me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh! I was jest going tired to bed after laying up log-fence all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come out bright and *airly*. But if I'd known 'twas you—"

"Known 'twas me!" replied Dobson, bitterly. "You knew 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguy black varmints, though; and you know there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring."

"Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the tarnal critter get loose, while I split his head open."

"No, no," said Dobson. "After holding the beast here all night, I think I ought to have the satisfaction of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest."

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward either; and he thereupon stepped up to the tree and cautiously taking the bear with both his hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament. The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were soon brandishing the axe, and he apparently made all preparations for giving the deadly blow—and deadly it would have been had he struck, since, like the sons of Zeruiah, Dobson needed to strike but once. But to the surprise of Sleeper he did not strike; and to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much

apparent indifference as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as he himself had had for his supper. Hour after hour passed away, and Sleeper still found himself at bo-peep with Sir Bruin. In the course of the afternoon, however, when Dobson supposed that the lesson he was teaching had been thoroughly learned by his pupil, and when he thought the latter would willingly forget his resentment for the sake of succor, the sturdy Yankee returned, and by a single blow relieved both bear and man from their troubles in the same instant. Sleeper thought rather hard of Dobson for some time afterward, but no real breach of friendship ensued, and, indeed, the two borderers became subsequently better friends than before.

Mrs. Barhydt and the Bear.

I myself have never had any particular liking for bears, and, like the Indian mentioned by Sir John Franklin, I have always been disposed in my hunts in the Adirondacks, either to let them "severely alone," or else treat them with marked civility. "O bear!" exclaimed the Indian when a huge one—the Indian was unarmed at the time—came and seated himself near his lodge, "I never did you any harm; I have

always had the highest respect for you and your relations, and never killed any of them except through necessity. Go away, good bear, and let me alone, and I promise not to molest you."

Not so, however, felt Mrs. Barhydt, the wife of an old settler who at that time lived on the edge of the "Bear Swamp," near the site of the villa built by Dr. Childs, a few rods east of the present race-course. She was a woman of pluck—of much the same stuff that the Revolutionary dames were made of—as the following will show. One afternoon, while her husband was absent, a large bear came in through the open door of the log-house and leisurely walked up to where a neighbor's babe was sleeping in its cradle. Mrs. Barhydt, turning round, saw the bear; whereupon, in her excitement, forgetting the old Queen Anne's musket that hung loaded over the fire-place, she seized a large case-knife which she had just used in cutting up some pork, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in despatching the unwelcome visitor. The little infant thus saved, perhaps, from an early and frightful death, grew up to be one of the most respected residents of Saratoga Springs, and she is now, or was two or three years since, living in the city of New York. As for the bear itself, Mrs. Barhydt was wont to remark that the affair was really "quite providential," since the animal furnished them with fresh meat for several weeks—an article which they had been out of for quite a long time.

Barhydt and the Panther.

The American panther or puma (*felis concolor*) is the most ferocious and dangerous animal that infests our forests. There was "a smart chance" of them, as they say in Missouri, thirty years ago on the head waters of the Delaware and Susquehanna; but, like the poor Indian, they have mostly been driven from their own territories deeper into the wilderness. The panther is a beautiful animal in form, of untamable ferocity, and insatiable in its thirst for blood. Nothing can inspire a border settlement with greater terror, save the war-whoop of the Indian, than the knowledge that a panther has been heard screaming in the neighborhood. The Ishmaelite of the forest, he makes war upon everything; and such is his swiftness of movement, and the agility with which he climbs the trees, and springs from one to another in pursuit of his prey, that few animals can escape him. The panther, is, perhaps, the most treacherous of the cat tribe; fierce, rapacious, and cruel, and entirely destitute of those noble traits which have been sometimes awarded to the lion.

Between the bear and the panther a war of extermination has been waged almost from the period of their release from the ark at Ararat. An incident in point occurred in the experience of the early settler Barhydt (husband of Mrs. Barhydt) shortly after his immigration into this section of the country. The

adventure, as was witnessed by Mr. Barhydt, was related by him as follows:

A large bear having scented out the lair of a panther, came upon it in the absence of the old one, and destroyed her young. Bruin very well knew that for this invasion of a private dwelling, and the murderous deed committed therein, he should be compelled to fight. The panther would soon return and be upon his track; and as well might an alderman think of waddling away from an antelope as a clumsy bear from such a feline pursuer. The aggressor, therefore, lost no time by a futile attempt at retreat; but like a skilful general forthwith set about securing the most advantageous position for a battle. And this he selected with the skill of a French engineer. Crossing a deep ravine from the direction of the panther's lair, Bruin took a deliberate survey of the ground, and at length perched himself high on the opposite bank beneath a shelving rock, and so completely covered in his position that he could only be attacked in front. Here he raised himself upon his haunches, and calmly awaited the onset. It was not long before the screams of the bereaved panther were heard, and she presently made her appearance upon the opposite verge of the ravine. Her eyes glared upon Bruin, who, nothing daunted, looked fiercely back upon her. At length, maddened with rage, the panther sprang with unerring precision upon the bear, but was received by a blow from one of his

tremendous paws which knocked her back into the valley, Bruin still keeping his position, though with the loss of an eye. The panther rallied, selected a new starting point, and, bristling fiercely, sprang again and was received in the same undaunted manner. The attack and defence, with wild screams and surly growls, continued for some time, until at length the panther succeeded in planting his talons so deeply in the body of the bear as to prevent another separation until the contest should be decided. The hug was now mutually desperate, and the conflict terrible. The blood streamed from each—now the jaw of the one was in the mouth of the other, while their claws were fearfully lacerating the sides of both. At length the bear lost his balance, and the monsters rolled over each other into the bed of the ravine, where the contest was continued for an hour. Suddenly all became still, and Barhydt, looking over the cliff, saw both animals lying in what was, literally, a deadly embrace.*

Nor does it seem in the least incredible that "Bear Swamp" should have been frequented within the present century by these savage animals. Indeed, it is not thirty years since T. Hayward Thompson (to whose liberality, by the way, the village is indebted for the beautiful and long avenue of maples on the Wilton road) shot a panther on the Palmertown

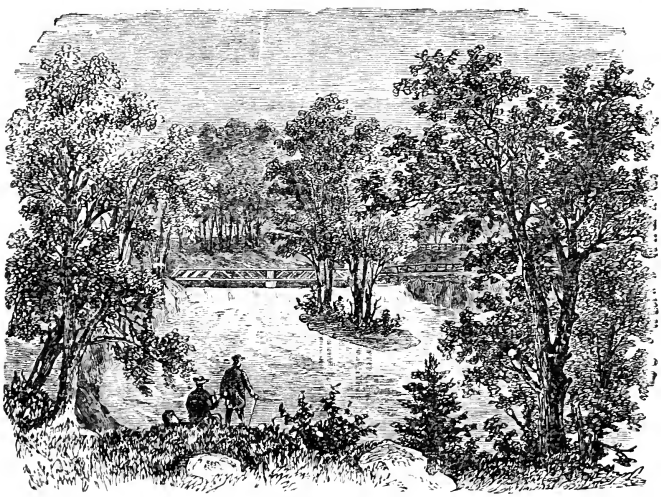
* The place where this encounter took place was just behind the "Half-way House," on the old road to the Lake, near where the road turns to go to Schuylerville.

Mountain. And even as late as 1846, Daniel Ramsdell (cousin of Jefferson Ramsdell), one Sunday morning, in the presence of Anthony Carragan, C. A. Rockwell, Robert Sewell, and John Dumphey, shot in an old tree-top a huge panther half a mile west of the Geyser Spring on the Milton road. The panther, which measured fully nine feet from his nose to his tail, was brought up to the village, and exhibited for several days at the old Montgomery Hall, and afterwards at the hotel of Daniel and Philip Snyder, in Congress Street.*

Another adventure of one of the early settlers with a panther was as follows: Among the emigrants of the universal Yankee Nation who had sought to increase their domains and better their fortunes among the wilds I am describing, was a man by the name of Roger Bacon, an illustrious name in the annals of England, but now, for the first time, recorded in those of Fish Creek. That he was as learned as the monk of Ilchester, I need not affirm; and that he was not as wise, will appear in the sequel. He was, however, an honest, worthy man—a bachelor by the way—somewhere on the other side of forty, upon whose heart neither the kindness nor the witchery nor the beauty of Yankee lasses had ever made the least impression. He was of a moody temperament, fond of solitude, and had emigrated alone, with the

* This remarkable panther, for which Ramsdell received fifty dollars, is now preserved in the "Geological and Agricultural Rooms at Albany."

apparent resolution that "no woman should come within a mile of his court." He purchased, just previous to the Revolution, a farm upon the interval of Fish Creek, between the present Stafford's and Bryant's Bridges, with a sufficient portion of upland—the whole covered with a noble forest.



Fish Creek.

It was late in the summer when Bacon entered upon his new premises, so that he only had time to erect a log-cabin and cut down the timber of a few acres before the beginning of winter. Contrary to the advice of the earlier settlers, he persisted in building his house upon the flats near the creek. He was admonished of the hazard he was running in the

event of a heavy freshet in the spring, but to no purpose. The alluvial soil of the interval was so much better adapted to the purposes of a garden than the upland, that he was not to be diverted from his design. But the moody emigrant had no idea of the quantity of snow which falls in this region, or of the magnitude of the flood which would follow its rapid dissolution in the spring. It so happened that the snow fell to an extraordinary depth during the ensuing winter, and the month of March was so cold that the sun had but little power upon it. The consequence, was that instead of gradually disappearing, the whole body of snow was left to melt suddenly beneath a warm April rain, by reason of which Fish Creek was swollen to an unprecedented extent. The snow had fallen so deep that but little intercourse was kept up among the scattered inhabitants during the winter, and Mr. Bacon had lived almost as secluded as a bear in a hollow tree—perhaps his nearest neighbor.

During the rain just mentioned, which poured like a deluge from the clouds upon the materials for another deluge below, the solitary had observed the rapid dissolution of the snow and the corresponding rise of the river, but he still thought himself secure, and retired to his lonely bed soon after sundown with his usual composure and unconcern. Before midnight, however, he was startled from his slumbers by the cracking of trees and rush of waters. He sprang

from his couch, and found himself leg-deep in water upon his own floor! There was no time for his toilet; it was evident that not a moment was to be lost; and what was still worse, it was too dark to make his escape, even if the flood would admit of it. His only course of safety, therefore, was to climb the tree nearest to his house, and await the dawn of the morning—yet many long and wearisome hours distant.

Notwithstanding the depth and force of the water, he succeeded in reaching and ascending the tree, and seated himself with tolerable security among its branches. But it was a dismal night. The unseasonable cold bath he had taken was no addition to his comfort, while, from the roar of waters and the occasional crash of trees, it was evident that the icy fetters of the river had been broken up, and that the freshet, with increasing volume, was sweeping onward with tremendous power and velocity. The next cake of ice, moreover, might, in its irresistible course, bear away the tree which was his own supporter! His mind was not very imaginative, otherwise his sufferings might have been a hundred-fold greater than they were. Still his situation was sufficiently critical and painful. The longest night, however, must have an end, and day at length dawned upon the sleepless eyes of Roger Bacon. But the darkness disappeared only to show him the most cheerless and fearful prospect upon which his eyes had ever rested. One of the first objects discerned, on the approach of light,

was the destruction of his cabin, which rose upon the waters and was soon dashed to pieces in its furious current, the logs of which it was composed floating promiscuously away. He next saw the whole valley of Fish Creek a waste of waters, rushing onwards with a mighty impulse, and bearing upon their surface huge cakes of ice, with broken timber and decayed trunks of trees, now whirling in eddies, and now borne onward upon the maddened torrent with tremendous force, cutting away and bearing down everything in their course. What was to be his own fate, or whether a rescue was possible, he could not tell.

Nor was this all that was unpleasant in his situation. For an hour before light he heard a distant scream, which seemed approaching nearer at every repetition, until it had now become so distinct as to enable him to recognize the cry of the panther! Should the furious animal scent him in the air, his fate was too certain to be helped by insurance. Nor was he long in doubt upon this point. From its cries the animal must be rapidly approaching him; and the flood which was sweeping beneath him afforded no protection in the emergency, since the panther could travel by springing from tree to tree, almost as well as upon the ground. At length he saw the shaking of the limbs of a tree at no great distance, and—what a situation for a man of sensibility!—a mighty chaos of waters beneath, whirling yet more angrily along, from the huge masses of ice and frag-

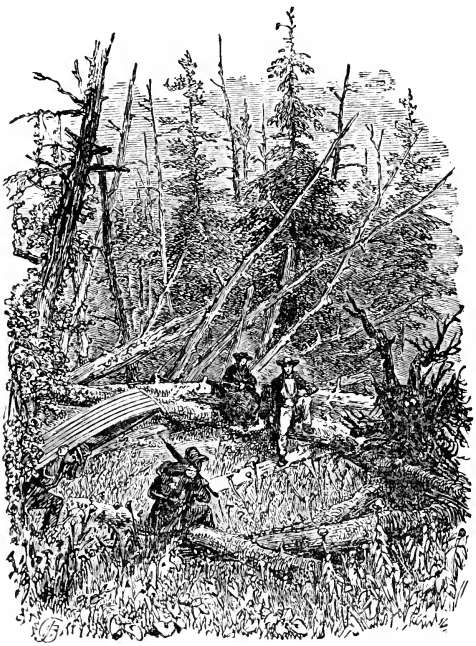
ments of timber borne upon their troubled current, and into which it was certain death to plunge, with the almost inevitable prospect of becoming the breakfast of a panther if he remained! Another scream close upon him: another tree was shaken, and yet another! Another moment of yet deeper interest passed; and he saw distinctly the body of an animal. Again it sprang, and again. The dreadful crisis had now arrived; for, at the distance of not more than forty yards, he saw in full view a huge panther crouching upon an enormous limb, with cat-like watch, and evidently measuring the distance to his intended prey, preparatory to the last bound. His large, green eyes flashing with rage, glared hideously upon him, while, as he uttered a hoarse and frightful growl, his blood-red mouth disclosed a set of fangs anything but inviting to a poor mortal expecting in the next moment to be within them. Bacon grasped the limbs by which he was holding with convulsive energy. The ferocious animal uttered another dreadful yell, his hairs bristled, he drew his back up into a curve, and commenced the rapid and tremulous shake of his tail—the unerring signal for a final leap—his burning eye-balls glowing yet more fiercely. He made the leap with the swiftness and precision of an arrow; but by a tremendous effort Bacon succeeded in giving the branch upon which the panther caught such a sudden shaking exactly at the right instant as to prevent his making a secure lodgment of his talons.

The monster attempted to recover, but could touch no branch of the tree with his hindmost feet; and he was thus suspended for a moment by his claws, and hung dangling in the air, at full length, over the wild abyss of waters. But Bacon continued shaking the limb, and it was soon evident by the giving way that the terrible animal could sustain himself by his talons but a few seconds longer. The panther himself now raised a piercing cry of terror, and the next instant the grasp of his claws gave way, and he fell with a howl of horror into the torrent, yet rushing onward with increasing velocity. The monster clung for a moment to a broken limb upon which he struck; but he was soon drawn beneath the surge, and borne away among the ice and driftwood, to trouble honest yeomen living in single blessedness alone in the woods no more.

In the course of the day the neighbors began to remark the precarious condition in which the freshet had probably found their solitary neighbor; and, after the ice and broken timber had so far passed away as to render it safe to put forth a canoe, he was relieved from his perilous situation.

In the early summer of 1804 (the year which saw Hamilton killed by Burr) the village of Saratoga was in imminent danger of being terribly singed, if not destroyed, by fire. One Sunday afternoon, a man on horseback (by no means the mythical one so often seen by James) came galloping into the main street

(Broadway), with the announcement that the woods in Bear Swamp were on fire, and that the flames were advancing with frightful rapidity toward the village before a heavy wind! The woods, it must be re-



Bear Swamp.

membered, extended at that time, with the exception of a little clearing at the old Stewart Place, close up to the village. Quickly, thereupon, the inhabitants of the village assembled, armed with spades and axes, and set out to arrest the progress of the flames,

or—to adopt their nomenclature—to "fight fire." Several visitors, who chanced to be in town at the time, volunteered to accompany the party; and a brisk walk of half an hour brought them to within sight of the spectacle—and a grand spectacle, from the accounts of the day, it must have been! Covering a belt of half a mile in width, the flames came on roaring and crackling, licking up the streamlets in their path, and, like some irresistible army of reapers, mowing down giant trees—the growth of centuries—as if so many reeds. Soon after the arrival of the villagers, the wind fortunately changed, and drove the flames in an opposite direction toward the Lake, where they could do comparatively little damage. But throughout the entire night their roaring could be distinctly heard, and their track marked by the vividness of the light. The extreme dryness, moreover, caused the flames to spread with such rapidity that before daylight all that tract between what is now the "Half-way House," and the Lake was wrapped in one sheet of fire. Night heightened the effect, while the blazing and crackling of the timber, the roaring of the fire, and the bold outline of the flames as they were rolled back upon the dark sky—all tended to teach the beholder his own insignificance. For several years afterward the swamp presented to the eye one hideous mass of charred skeletons of trees.

Since this time, fortunately, the only fire of any

consequence that has occurred in the woods in the vicinity of the village was in 1852. In the summer of that year the woods in the "Patrick Neighborhood," two miles south of the town, caught fire from the spark of a passing locomotive. All night it raged, and at one time it was feared that both the Ellis Place (Dr. Huddlestone's) and the house of Dr. Dostie, would be burned. But the exertions of the fire companies that went down to the scene, and the wind dying away, soon relieved all fears of such an untoward result.

Crabb, the Astrologer.

Among all the inhabitants of Bear Swamp, none, perhaps, have ever attracted so much attention as two men, by the names of Buck and Crabb. Of the former little is known, save that he was reputed to be a wizard and his wife a witch, and that strange things were related of them. Of the latter, however, more tales have come down to us. Crabb was, in truth, a singular as well as mysterious being. Isolated from all his fellows--seeking no companionship, and shunned by all—he was looked upon as a weird and uncanny personage, to whom it would be well to give a wide berth. And this, too, notwithstanding he professed to cure

> "All maladies
> Of ghostly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
> Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,

Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence,
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums."

Added to all this was the rumor that he dealt in the black art—a report, moreover, which was considerably strengthened by the fact that on one occasion a resident of the village (the late Dr. R. L. Allen) happened to call on him when he was engaged in casting the horoscope either of himself or of some other. When Dr. Allen entered, he had drawn the points of the zodiac on the floor; and as he stood in the centre of the charmed circle, holding a skull in one hand and a witch-hazel rod in the other—surrounded by sulphurous flames from the vases placed on the outer rim—he looked, in very truth, like the famous Dr. Dee, the magician and alchemist of Louis XIV. In addition to all this, two of his wives died under very suspicious circumstances—whether killed by his incantations or by more material means could not be ascertained—though at the post-mortem examination, at which Mr. Walter J. Hendrick was present, Dr. Steel thought that a trace of arsenic was observable. There was, however, something exceedingly weird and mysterious about this man which never was cleared up. Whether he had, indeed, dealings with the evil one, or whether a certain

moroseness of character aided in giving him his equivocal reputation in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious, are questions which must, in this world, at least, ever remain unsolved.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bear Swamp.—The Mirage.—Its Lakes.—The Old Dutchman Barhydt.

"Darken'd by their native scenes
Create wild images and phantoms dire,
Strange as their hills, and gloomy as their storms."

OWING, probably, to a peculiar condition of the atmosphere at certain times, Bear Swamp has long been subject to mirages—as perfect as those which mock the traveller on the African deserts—and which have often deceived even old residents. The late Dr. R. L. Allen once, when driving through the swamp, observed what appeared to be a large-sized sheet of water apparently a few rods distant from the road. Wondering that he had never had his attention attracted to it before, he got down and walked to the spot—only to see that the water was merely an optical illusion. Again, in 1843, as a party of gentlemen and ladies were driving homeward through the swamp in the evening (among whom were the late Rev. Francis Wayland and the author), they plainly saw, in the middle of the swamp, half a mile in their rear, and, of course, in a direction opposite to the village, a large building with rows of windows brilliantly illuminated. The entire company left the vehicle, and for a long time watched the strange and singular ap-

pearance—an appearance seemingly bordering on the supernatural, since they had just come over the road where the spectre house now stood, and all who were familiar with the country knew of no such house or any dwelling, indeed, in that direction.

The next day it was found that passengers coming up in the cars from Ballston, at the same hour in the evening, had also witnessed this phenomenon—conclusively proving that even if our party had all had their imaginations psychologically affected—which is more improbable than the converse—others, miles away, could not have been under the same influence. The explanation undoubtedly was, that the apparition of the illuminated building was simply a reflection of a refraction on the clouds of one of the hotels at the Springs.* Other dwellers in the swamp have related to me experiences of a similar character, though not so marked as the two I have mentioned.

Lying on the southern edge of Bear Swamp, and partially draining it, are three bodies of water, which deserve particular mention before closing this chapter. These are "LAKE LONELY," "ROUND POND," and "BARHYDT'S LAKE."

* Of a similar character, doubtless, was the appearance of the ship (related by Cotton Mather) sailing in the air at night—which was witnessed by many hundreds of people on the Connecticut coast, near Guilford, in 1720. The ship, which was recognized as one that had left port several days previously, after sailing in the heavens for an hour, was observed to be on fire—and this appearance lasted until the last mast had fallen, and she had burned to the water's edge. *This ship was never heard of again.*

LAKE LONELY was originally called by the early settlers "Owl Pond," on account of the immense quantity of owls which, in the early settlement of the country were wont to gather around its shores, and make night still more dismal by their hootings. Though much smaller than Lake Saratoga, it nevertheless possesses features of interest to the tourist. On the eastern shore, steep declivities rise up from the water's edge, covered with tangled ferns and hemlocks, some of which, the growth of centuries, rise above their fellows, till their tops, resembling so many spires, seem lost in the clouds. Standing upon the eastern bank, and looking northward, the eye, sweeping beyond the smooth, motionless sheet of water, takes in all of the most southerly hills of the Adirondack region, darkly wooded to their topmost elevation. Away to the north are plainly visible various detached peaks—"Potash Kettle," near Luzerne, among the rest—whose outlines are clearly defined against the ethereal blue of the higher altitudes. In the rainy seasons very considerable torrents pour down the sides of these precipitous banks, tumbling through the deep ravines and glens into the lake, and in some places forming cascades of considerable magnitude.

One of these glens, on the eastern bank of the lake, nearly opposite Charley Moon's (formerly Abel's) "Lake House," forms an echo almost as distinct and powerful as the celebrated one in the ruined bastion

of the old French fortress at Crown Point. If a gun is discharged at this point the effect is wonderfully fine. For a moment after the sound departs from the place there is nearly a dead silence. Then suddenly the echo is heard, seemingly from a great distance to the south, whence it comes back in separate and distinct reverberations, as if leaping from glen to glen, louder and yet louder still, until, directly opposite, the full volume of sound is returned back in all its compass and power. There was, in 1840, a bridal party enjoying the first week of the honeymoon at the "Lake House"—then kept by Loomis. It chanced that the happy couple, with their attendants, were on the bank of the Little Lake, drinking in the prospect, and "seeing all there was to be seen." Of course a gun had to be fired off for the effect of the echo. But, as it chanced, very imprudently, just as the last round of the dying echo left the ear, some malicious wag audibly rehearsed the following scrap of advice in doggerel metre:

> "A *wife*, like *echo*, should be true,
> To *speak* when she is *spoken* to;
> But not, like *echo*, still be heard
> Contending for *the final* word."

Up to the year 1858 this sheet of water was known by the name of the "Little Lake," at which time, however, during a picnic on its banks, Judge James B. McKean (the late Chief-Justice of Utah), proposed

the name of "Lake Lonely," which it has ever since retained.

Between Lake Lonely and Barhydt's Lake (formerly Dr. Russel H. Child's) there lies a long waste of low land, thickly overgrown with patches of evergreens, and which is, perhaps, the only portion of Bear Swamp that yet retains its primitive condition. It is a cold and cheerless section of the county—so much so that the owls, it is said, have been known to weep on flying over this region. I do not vouch for this fact, however; but I am free to declare that Barhydt made a sad mistake in robbing it from the moose, deer, and the beaver. Here some quite rare varieties of swamp flowers are to be found, which are quite the envy of the botanist—the water bean, the ladies' slipper or chid, the Indian moccasin, a fern called the adder's tongue, and the *Lobelia Cardinalis*, commonly called the "Indian Eye Bright"—the latter fully as fine as any on the banks of the Bloody Pond, near Lake George.

In the centre of this waste—

"Tangled with fern and intricate with thorn,"

directly west of Lake Lonely, and, perhaps, one-third of the distance to Barhydt's, is a small circular pond. Surrounded by dense woods, and situated in a marsh whose approach defies any but practised woodmen, it is almost inaccessible, and but little

known even to the dwellers in its immediate vicinity. The pond itself is a clear, black, and deep tarn, and was formerly a great resort for the young of the preceding generation.

Round Pond.

BARHYDT'S LAKE was formerly—between 1820-1835—a great resort, having on its banks a public-house, kept by Mynheer Barhydt, an old Dutch settler, and the same one whose wife's adventure with the bear, and whose own personal adventure with the panther, have been before narrated. It was, until within a few years, part of a fine preserve of Dr. Russel H. Childs. This tarn is called a "lake" by

courtesy, though it lacks only in size the beauties of Lakes Saratoga and Lonely. Sunk as deep into the earth as the firs shoot above it, it is surrounded by a wilderness of straight columnar pine shafts, which branch out at the top like round tables "spread for a banquet in the clouds." As late as 1835 it was filled with trout, though even then the shrewd old Dutchman foresaw the future scarcity of this fish. In the summer of that year a correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser* writes: "At Barhydt's the sportsman is obliged to throw all the trout he may take back into their native element again, and pay by the hour for the privilege besides. He may, however, retain enough for his own dinner, provided he allows it to be cooked there and pays pretty well for that into the bargain."

Jacobus Barhydt, who died in 1844, and is buried in the old Whitford graveyard—a mile south-east of the village—was, in many respects, a singular and original character. With all his astuteness, however, he sometimes overreached himself, as the following will show. When Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, was at Saratoga as the guest of Henry Walton, he offered Barhydt $20,000 for his place. Astounded at such a sum, Barhydt refused it—remarking that he "did not know whether Bonaparte was a fool or a knave." The old Dutchman could not conceive that the picturesqueness of his place had tempted the offer, and suspected some sinister design. "If it's

worth that to you," he said, in closing the conversation, "it's worth that to me." *

In 1839, N. P. Willis visited Barhydt Lake, and gave the following graphic description of the old Dutchman Barhydt:

"The old man sat under his Dutch *stoop* smoking his pipe, and suffered us to tie our ponies to his fence without stirring, and, in answer to our enquiries if there was a boat on the lake, simply nodded an assent, and pointed to the water's edge. Whether the indifference to strangers is innocence merely, or whether Herr Barhydt does not choose to be considered an innkeeper, no one is enough in his secrets to divine. He will give you a dram or cook you a dinner of trout, and seems not only indifferent whether you like his fish or his liquor, but quite as indifferent whether or what you pay him. In his way Herr Barhydt is kind and courteous.

"We descended to the lake, and after rowing about we returned to partake of the old Dutchman's hospitality, and have a little conversation with him. Among other things, we asked him if he was aware that he had been put into a book?

"I'se hearn tell on't," said he; "a Mr. Wilkins or Watkins has writ something about me, but I don't know why. *I never did him no harm as I know on!*"

* Joseph Bonaparte failing to buy in Saratoga, afterwards bought a beautiful place at Bordentown, N. J., on the Delaware River.

CHAPTER XV.

An Interior View of Saratoga Springs fifty years ago.

> "He speaks as a *spectator, not officially*,
> And always, reader, in a modest way;
> Perhaps, too, in no very great degree, shall he
> Appear to have offended in this lay."
>
> *Note to Beppo*, Stanza xlvi.

IN presenting a view of Saratoga Springs and its inhabitants as it appeared fifty years ago, I cannot, perhaps, do better, than by giving my readers an extract from the diary of an English traveller, James Stewart, who visited Saratoga, while on a tour in the United States in 1828.* It would have been comparatively easy for the author to have written this chapter from his own conversations with residents themselves, but as a view from a foreigner unbiassed is of more value, I quote him entire.

"Saratoga Springs, the great watering-place of the United States, is situated on high, dry ground, at the distance of seventeen miles southward from Glen's Falls. We came here on the 20th of September (1828). The weather had previously become comparatively cool, and the multitude had taken their departure.

* *Three Years in North America*, by James Stewart, Esq. From the Second London Edition. New York, published by J & J. Harper, 82 Cliff Street, New York. 1833.

The great hotels were about to close. Intending to remain for some time, we went to one of the lesser houses, open for visitors during the whole year, and afterwards to a private boarding-house. The gentleman who had accompanied us from Britain left us, to our regret. On his return, a few days after, we reached this village. It consists of a fine broad street, fringed with trees, having so many large and splendid hotels, that it appeared to me that there were more extensive accommodation for company than at Harrowgate. Fifteen hundred people have been known to arrive in a week. They come from all parts of the States, even from New Orleans, at the distance of between two and three thousand miles, to avoid the heat and unhealthy weather which prevail in the southern part of the States during the end of the summer, and to enjoy the very wholesome and pleasant mineral waters of Saratoga.

"The Indians were acquainted with the medicinal qualities of those waters before the country was known to Europeans. Their attention was attracted by the great quantity of game, and occasionally of wild cattle, that frequented the place. The first communication by the Indians was made to Sir William Johnson on the Mohawk River, when he was in bad health in the year 1767. They conveyed him to the springs, cutting a road for him through the forests. Sir William's health improved, and he made known the virtues of the water. The Revolutionary war pre-

vented the springs from being resorted to for many years; and in 1787,* similar springs were discovered at Ballston, seven miles from Saratoga Springs. Hotels were erected there, the land being at that time the property of more enterprising persons; and it was not till the Congress Water at Saratoga Springs was discovered, about twenty-five years ago, that much was done with a view to provide accommodation for strangers. The medical properties of the waters at the different springs, of which there are fourteen here, and four at Ballston, are owing to their containing, in various proportions, muriate of soda, carbonate of soda, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of iron, and carbonic acid gas.

"The quantity of fixed air in the Congress Water is much greater than any of the waters here or at Ballston, and vastly exceeds anything yet discovered in this or any other country. The medical gentlemen say that the large quantity of the gas, combined with the marine salt and various carbonates, give to the Congress Water, in its cathartic properties, a decided superiority over every water of the same kind hitherto discovered. The temperature at the bottom of the spring is 50 degrees of Fahrenheit, and suffers no change in winter or summer; neither does the season of the year affect the quantity of the water. The taste is very agreeable, and the briskness of the water

* The writer here is in error—the Springs at Ballston having been discovered much earlier. See chapter on Ballston.—*Author.*

at the fountain delightful. Three or four pint tumblers are generally taken in the morning before breakfast.

"We also, as most people do, use it at meals from choice, although it is never so good as at the fountain, before there is any escape of gas. The people resident in the village and its neighborhood, within six or eight miles of the place, have it carried to their houses, preferring it very much to ordinary spring water. The quantity of gas is such that a very nice sort of breakfast bread is baked with Congress Water instead of yeast. So large a quantity of it is bottled, and sent all over the States, that the proprietors, Messrs. Lynch & Clarke, are said to derive a very great revenue from it. Even the American packet-ships are supplied with it in abundance. Seltzer Water, in the bottled state, is as pleasant as Congress Water, except at the fountain.

"The use of the water is chiefly recommended in bilious, dyspeptic, and calculous complaints, for diseases of the skin, and for chronic rheumatism; but the great bulk of the people who resort to these celebrated springs, many of them regularly once a year, come for amusement, and for the preservation rather than the recovery of health, at a period of the year when the violence of the heat renders a visit to a high and comparatively a cold country very desirable. I found the water and baths of Harrowgate so beneficial for a trifling complaint, for which I tried

them last year, that we resolved to remain here and at Ballston Springs for a couple of months. The gay people had almost disappeared before we arrived. The invalids seem to live very sparingly—hardly tasting any liquid but the water, and tea, which here, and at other places where we have been, we sometimes observe ladies take at dinner. Many of those invalids are quite able to take exercise in the open air on foot, and would, if I am not much mistaken, derive as much benefit from it, if taken in moderation, as from the use of the water; but they seem to confine themselves to a five or ten minutes' walk in the morning, when they go to the fountain, and to a drive in an open carriage for an hour or an hour and a half. When they meet us walking several miles for exercise and the pleasure of being in the open air, they, whether acquainted with us or not, frequently stop their vehicles, and very civilly offer us a ride with them, and can hardly believe us serious when we, in declining to avail ourselves of their kindly-meant offer, tell them that we prefer walking. There are few more striking points of difference between this country and Britain than in the numbers of people who ride and walk on the public roads. It absolutely seems disgraceful to be seen walking; and though there are no fine equipages here, every one rides in his gig, dearborn, or open carriage of some description or other. This, no doubt, proves the easy circumstances of the mass of people, as well as the value of time to a mechanic or

laborer, whose wages may be from one to two dollars a day, and who, in consequence of the saving of time, finds it better to pay for a conveyance than to walk. Still, I am persuaded that our habits in this respect are far more favorable to health, and that dyspepsia, a very general complaint in New York State and in this country, is in no inconsiderable degree owing to the people supposing that enough of exercise can be had in carriages and wagons, especially by persons who partake largely of animal food three times a day, or who hardly ever walk a mile, or mount on horseback.

'There are four great hotels. Congress Hall, the largest, is 200 feet long, with two immense wings. The United States Hotel contains as much accommodation. This is the hotel to which the ex-King Joseph Bonaparte resorts when he pays an annual visit to the Springs. He now associates at the public table as an American citizen, which he did not do at first on coming to this country. There are, of course, public reading-rooms, library, and ball-rooms, and a newspaper press. Backgammon boards and draught or checquer boards, as they are called here, are in the bar-rooms generally all over the country; the bar-keeper not unfrequently plays at checquers with the people, who appear as respectable as any in the house. Backgammon is not so often played here. Cards seldom seen.

"We have here, and in the whole of our excursion hitherto, been much less annoyed with mos-

quitoes than we expected. The common fly has been far more troublesome; and in the canal-boat, and twice or thrice in hotels, we have had to submit to be tortured by bugs.

"Apples are very abundant in this neighborhood, sold 3d. sterling per bushel. We see large quantities of them dried by exposure to the sun; first pared and cut in quarters, and then laid in any convenient situation, frequently on the house-tops. Peaches are dried in the same way. Apple-sauce is made of the apples thus prepared, which is used with roast beef and many other dishes, without any mixture of sugar.

"The whole appearance of the place is cheerful—the population residing in the village between 2,000 and 3,000. There are four or five churches, with spires covered with tin glittering through the trees —Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Universalist, the two first rather handsome houses of some size. There was not public worship regularly in all the churches, the crowded season being over, but two of them at least were open every Sunday; the sermons good plain discourses, but there was no eminent preacher when we were here. In the Methodist and Universalist churches the males occupy the pews on one side of the church, and the females on the other. The practice we afterwards found not unusual in the Methodist churches in the United States. The Methodists generally kneel

at prayer, and stand while singing, but the practice varies in different churches. Ladles are common, as they used to be in Scotland, handed about by the church officers or deacons for offerings of money, previously to the last prayer; the singing good, usually accompanied by instrumental music, and but few of the congregation joining. Everywhere there is a band of singers. The deacons and congregation very attentive in giving seats to strangers. There is no whispering or speaking in the church before the clergyman comes in. There are few people of color in the churches, and such of them as are there, assemble in a corner separate from the rest of the people. Such of the inhabitants as do not go to church seem to be under no restrictions. They shoot, or work, or amuse themselves as they choose. We saw a house get a thorough repair on two Sundays, but this is not usual.

. . . . . .

"On the 12th of October, we were, for the first time, and quite accidentally, present at a funeral. It was on a Sunday, when it so happened that there was no service but in the Baptist church, to which we went in the afternoon. We were surprised to find it much more crowded than when we had been there previously, and took our seats on the front row in the low part of the church, which was the only one empty. One of the deacons observing this, procured accommodation for us in

an adjoining seat, whispering that the seat in which we had placed ourselves was reserved for the mourners of a funeral about to take place. The family and their relations soon appeared, but before they were seated the body of the deceased, a respectable farmer and proprietor's wife, of the name of ——, who had died on the preceding day, laid in a coffin of cherry-tree wood, was set down on four chairs in the front of the seat appropriated for the mourners, and between it and the pulpit. The body remained in church during the service, the clergyman of course preaching a sermon suited to the occasion. When the service was concluded, the coffin was carried to the churchyard, and there, very near the church door, was placed on a bench. The upper part of the lid of the coffin, which was hinged, was opened, and the face of the deceased, which was covered by a piece of glass, was looked at by her friends, and the body not removed until all the congregation who wished had an opportunity of looking at the countenance of the deceased. The coffin was then placed in a very small, plain hearse, being drawn by a single horse to the burying-ground at some little distance, followed first of all by the clergyman, and then, in pairs, by relations and friends, the congregation following in such order as they liked. The body was deposited in the grave, and after a few spadefuls of earth were thrown into it, the clergyman expressed in a few words the grati-

tude of the family for the attendance on the occasion. The relations, with only one or two exceptions, then went away, leaving it to the grave-digger and assistants to complete the work.

"Burying ground is very generally unconnected with a church, and very frequently farmers rail in a small piece of ground near their houses, to be used as such. The people pay little attention to their dress on such occasions as that I have mentioned. Several of the mourners wore white gowns, and yellow straw bonnets with black ribbons. Even at New York, where the mourners were in coaches, I observed many of the men without any other mourning clothes than a piece of crape on the hat. Women generally attend funerals in this country.

"Both here and at Ballston doors are very generally left unlocked during the night. Shutters to the windows are not common. Clothes are left out to bleach during the night on the unenclosed greens in the villages. On my wife applying for a washer-woman two or three days ago to wash some clothes, our landlady said that they should be washed in the house, and that she would get in a *lady* to assist. The lady, when she appeared, turned out to be a *lady* of color. It will not do here to talk of the lower classes; 'send for that fellow,—order such a woman to come here.' Language of that kind will not be tolerated by any part of the community. The feeling of self-respect exists almost universally.

"Soap and candles are very generally manufactured at home. Wax candles are much used even in ordinary boarding-houses, and said to be almost as cheap as those made of tallow; much use is made in washing of water run off wood-ashes. Where tallow candles are not made at home, it is usual to exchange the wood-ashes, and the fat offals from meat used in the family, with the manufacturer, for soap and candles.

"In the beginning of October, the morning became frosty, and the ice occasionally of some thickness, but the sun had great influence in the middle of the day, so that Fahrenheit's thermometer generally rose, in the course of the day, to 70 degrees, sometimes to 78 degrees. And during the whole month we had a cloudless sky and pure atmosphere—finer weather than I ever before witnessed at this season. The leaves of the trees began to change their colors soon after the month commenced, and acquired at different periods colors of such beauty and brilliancy as are not to be seen in Britain. The maple became of a fine scarlet, the hickory and walnut as yellow as a crocus, and the sumach of a deep red or scarlet. The appearance of an American forest at this season is altogether superior in magnificence, beauty, and clearness of tint to any similar scene in other countries. During this spell of charming autumn weather, which is called by the Americans the Indian summer, we made various excursions to the neighboring country.

There is no object to be compared to York Minster, or Fountain's Abbey, or to many noble parks within reach of the multitude who annually resort to Harrowgate for their health or amusement; but the neighborhood of Lake George, of the Hudson and its falls, Saratoga Lake, and Ballston Lake, offers many temptations to those who take pleasure in the beauties of nature. Saratoga Lake, about five miles from the spring, is a fine sheet of water, where there is good fishing, and where pleasure boats can be had. There is also a fishing-pond conveniently situated, only two miles from the Springs, the proprietor of which, Mr. Barhydt, of German extraction, makes strangers very welcome to enjoy the sport. Although he has considerable property, not of trifling value, we found him, the first time that we called in the evening to see the place, at work with the necessary implements, mending his shoes. I positively at first took him for a shoemaker, but he received us so hospitably that I soon was convinced of the mistake I had so nearly committed. Every one in this country is taught to do much more for himself than with us. I have never met an American who, when put to it, could not use the needle well. Mr. Barhydt set down cider and peach brandy, and forced us to partake before he would show us his grounds. The pond is not of great extent, but the scenery about it, though on a small scale, is sweet. It pleased Joseph Bonaparte so much that Mr. Barhydt told us he

would have been very glad to acquire it as a retired situation for himself on his annual visit to the Springs, but Mr. Barhydt was not inclined to sell. King Joseph got the first lesson in fishing from Mr. Barhydt, in which, however, he says, he is by no means a proficient."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Cholera Season of 1832.

"Look how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies."—SHAKSPERE.

"The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason; that passion alone, in the trouble of it, breeding all other accidents."—MONTAIGNE.

CLOUDS of dark and gloomy portent hung over Saratoga during the season of 1832—a season that was probably the worst one she has ever experienced. In that year, Providence had seen fit to afflict the nation with that awful scourge, the cholera; and it was then raging with unabated force in New York City, scattering mourning and desolation throughout the land.

On the first appearance of this epidemic in New York, the physicians prohibited the use of Congress Water; and although, influenced by the statements of the late Chancellor Walworth, they subsequently changed their opinions upon the subject, it was too late to infuse vitality into the season.

Nor was this gloom lightened by the numerous and singular atmospheric phenomena of this year. Meteors flashed across the heavens. The light of the sun and moon was admitted by astronomers to be greatly lessened in brilliancy—the shadows of objects

being proportionately less distinct and well defined. The moon, especially, was of a deep gold color, instead of the bright, silver lamp of evening; and though the sky was clear, yet it reflected but very little light—gleaming, apparently, through a mist, which mist could not be perceived. The same unwonted appearance, which was thus noted elsewhere throughout the country, was observed and commented upon at Saratoga; and, indeed, to such an extent was this felt, that many, not generally superstitious, were fain to confess that perhaps the alchemists of the Middle Ages were not far wrong in their belief that the planets exercise a malignant influence over the affairs of men.

Another further peculiarity of the present season was the fact that there *were no birds*. The wild woods were no longer vocal. One might ride for miles in the country surrounding the village, through woods and groves—the branches of which were in former years alive with the feathered songsters of nature, warbling their rich melodies in countless numbers—without starting from their resting places as many birds as one may see wrens upon the New York Battery. This total absence of the "wood notes wild" caused a depression, in the minds of many of the visitors, of a melancholy character. Some persons, it is true, charged this desertion of the forest choristers to the preceding winter, which had been a very severe one, by which, they argued, they might

have perished. But as birds are chiefly, if not all, migratory, this desertion from their wonted haunts was generally ascribed to the calamities of the year.

The epidemic first came to Whitehall from Canada. At that day the stage-route was down the Hudson River to Albany. The news of its having reached Whitehall was received at Saratoga in the evening, and at once aroused the citizens to a sense of their apparent danger. "The latter," writes the late W. L. F. Warren to the author, "immediately assembled in public meeting, and took a variety of sanitary measures to meet the enemy, which was confidently expected the next morning. All night the note of preparation was sounded; and when the sun arose the next day, it disclosed a scene of remarkable beauty —an entire village exhibiting order, cleanliness, and a uniform application of lime, and other disinfectants, on tree, house, tower, and steeple, contrasting with the green vegetation of garden, shrubs, and herbage, in the most attractive manner. All this had been effected during the night, and alleviated greatly the care and anxiety of the citizens in regard to the threatened contagion." Still, to such a condition of fear were the inhabitants reduced, that a "pest-house," for the reception of the expected cholera patients was put up on the road to Ballston, a mile south of Beekman's (Finlay's) woods. Happily, the result proved these alarms to be without foundation —only one person dying from cholera on his way

from Troy to the Springs, and another case, proving on an examination by Dr. Steel, to be only one of *drunkenness!* *

In addition, moreover, to all this, the railroad between Schenectady and Saratoga, begun in 1831, had come to a dead halt for want of funds. The prospect, indeed, seemed dark. "The hotels here," writes Colonel Stone, on the 7th of August of this year, "are large and airy, as the world knows. They never were in finer order—and yet *they are nearly empty.*" Even the presence of the Vice-President, Van Buren, and of Washington Irving and his brother the judge, together with Benjamin F. Butler, Jesse Buel, and a Democratic caucus held in the village under the auspices of Edwin Croswell, failed to revivify the season. However, "notwithstanding all of these drawbacks," adds the writer above quoted, "*Davi-*

* The fears of the people of Saratoga were by no means unjustified. In the journal of Elkanah Watson, quoted in a former chapter, he says: "The cholera appeared at Quebec, advanced to Montreal, where its ravages were appalling. Thence it proceeded south and west, and spread rapidly, even to Chicago, fastening upon Plattsburgh, Burlington, and Whitehall; in its southern course it burst upon New York, Albany, and most of the towns and villages on the Hudson, and thence to Long Island and Connecticut. It raged, an awful scourge, throughout the land. Most of the steamboats were stopped on the Lake (Champlain), commerce totally at a stand. At this moment (August 8), a universal gloom pervades the nation. All seem to feel that they are trembling upon the brink of the tomb, with uplifted hands crying to the great Jehovah for protection and relief. Fasts are held everywhere; and it seems in some places as if the judgment of Heaven was stayed suddenly, and in almost a miraculous manner; but often, after leaving a city, it would return, and again burst forth with redoubled violence. 'Amen! God's will be done!' And yet the village was never more cleanly, healthful, and enjoyable than in this year—not a single case of cholera (as mentioned in the text), epidemic, sporadic, or otherwise, appearing in Saratoga or Ballston."

son's Reading-Room in the village is as well kept and supplied as ever, and we there have the latest intelligence from New York, which, by steamboats and railroads, is now brought within sixteen to twenty hours." * On the 13th of September, the hotels were all closed; and in them a silence as profound as that within the cloisters of a deserted monastery reigned supreme.

* Gideon M. Davison, one of the best and most patriotic citizens Saratoga ever had. The reading-room was on part of the site now occupied by the Marvin House.

CHAPTER XVII.

Early Railroading.

"Ring out the bells throughout the town,
Command our citizens that they may make bonfires.
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy which God has given us."

THE season of 1833 formed an era in the prosperity of Saratoga Springs as a watering place. In that year the railroad was extended to Saratoga, and was, I believe, the second passenger railroad that was completed in the United States.* The first engine, with a train of "carriages" (as they were then called), passed up the road from Schenectady to Saratoga on the 4th of July, 1833—Warren B. B. Westcott, who was at Ballston at the time, distinctly remembering the novel spectacle. As mentioned in

* The first railway in the United States was one of two miles long, from Milton to Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1826. The cars were drawn by horses. The Baltimore and Ohio was the first passenger railway in America, fifteen miles being opened in 1830 the cars being drawn by horses till the next year, when a locomotive was put on the track, built by Davis, of York, Pennsylvania. It had an upright boiler and cylinder. The Mohawk and Hudson, sixteen miles, from Albany to Schenectady, was the next line, opened in 1831, and the cars were drawn by horses till the delivery of the locomotive 'De Witt Clinton," which was built at the West Point Foundry, New York. This was the second locomotive built in the United States; the first was made at the same shop for the South Carolina Railway. The termini both at Schenectady and Albany were upon inclined planes with stationary engines.

the preceding chapter, the railroad from Schenectady to Saratoga, begun in the summer of 1831, had been carried the succeeding year only as far as Ballston.* The trains, however, had not run regularly even up to that point, and the usual route was still from Albany to Saratoga by fine post-coaches at a dollar a fare. With the completion, however, of the railroad to Saratoga the crisis was passed. "The number of strangers now in this village," says Mr. Gideon M. Davison in his paper of July 7, 1833, "cannot be less than 1,000—at least twice as many as are ordinarily here at this season of the year." Since then each successive season, with a few exceptions—such as the cholera year of 1849 and the one succeeding the burning of Congress Hall—has been one of increasing prosperity.†

Indeed, it was mainly due to the efforts of Mr. Davison that the railroad was built. As an advocate of public improvement, he early took an interest in railroads, and immediately after the line between Albany and Schenectady was opened, he began to

* The Schenectady and Saratoga Railroad was undertaken by an incorporated company with a stock capital of $180,000. The total income was estimated at $72,000, and the net revenue at $51,000. On July 7, 1832, the road was first opened from Schenectady to Ballston. The time made that day from Ballston to Schenectady was one hour and twenty-eight minutes! and the number of passengers on the Saratoga and Schenectady Railroad during the month of April, 1833, was 1,240, "being more," as a Saratoga paper says, "than four times the travel between Saratoga and the South during any former month so early in the season."

† The difficulty experienced in "Regatta" week, 1874, in carrying the crowds to the Lake—distant only three and a half miles—shows how impossible it would be with no railroad to bring that number from Albany to Saratoga.

agitate the subject of a road from Saratoga to Schenectady, to connect with it. His acquaintance, moreover, with the leading residents at Saratoga, and the politicians who had influence at Albany, aided greatly in securing the charter of the Saratoga and Schenectady Railroad, of which he was appointed Commissioner of Construction.

There are a number of incidents connected with the early days of the railroad at Saratoga which are of an exceedingly interesting character. The speed at first was but fifteen miles an hour, and this was considered extraordinary time. Indeed, fears were expressed at the prospect even of a greater rate being attained. "Were the velocity of these to be doubled," says Colonel Stone, writing from Saratoga at this time, "there would be continued apprehensions of danger, in addition to disagreeable sensations of dizziness. But such is not the case now; and the passengers are whirled along in commodious and elegant cars, without jolting or any other annoyance, and without the remotest fears for the safety of life or of limb."

The ground for the new road was first broken in the village in the month of September, 1831, which circumstance was celebrated by a grand procession. The news had spread like wildfire through the country, and on the day of its occurrence, hundreds of the farmers for miles around drove in to witness the august event. Among these was W. B. B. Westcott,

who, a little boy at that time, came with his father into the village. The procession formed in Broadway, in front of the old Columbian Hotel, and then moved up Church Street through an opening in a thick pine wood in rear of the Presbyterian Church (now the Commercial Hotel), to about the site of the present depot. Here it halted, and, after several speeches had been made by Churchill C. Cambreling (M. C. from New York City) and other prominent citizens, six Irish laborers in the procession bearing shovels threw up a few spadefuls of earth, and the ceremony of breaking ground was pronounced complete. After the ground had been thus broken, a dinner was partaken of, when the procession was reformed and returned to the Columbian. During the march back, however, it halted to witness a grand exhibition given by Nathaniel Waterbury of pulling stumps with his new machine, which was then a great novelty.* While the procession was marching, Augustus Trim, then a dipping boy at Congress Spring, assisted in firing a cannon from the present Temple Grove, near the large pine-tree south of the present Circular Railroad—"Primus" Budd having the fuse and Dick Sprutt holding the vent. Fourteen guns in all were fired during the celebration, from signals given from the top of the old Pavilion Hotel.

* The farms of Waterbury, Samuel Hoyt (the old Beach place), and Jacob Denton (father of Myron) were all cleared with this same machine—as, indeed, the stumps comprising the fences, and yet standing, bear witness.

At first, the road was laid on blocks of stone, but these were soon found, by their not "giving," to rack the cars too much, and wooden "sleepers" were substituted. The rails used were long strips of iron, nailed to horizontal timbers. Often, however, the wheels would rip them up where they were joined—driving them through the flooring of the cars, to the great danger of the passengers' lives. These dismembered rails were called "snake-heads."

The first depot was where the Marvin House now stands, and the ticket agent was the late Daniel D. Benedict. The cars, which are described as spacious and elegant (what would then have been thought of the Pullman and Wagner Palace Cars?), had each, like the railway carriages in Europe, three compartments, curtained and cushioned and intended to contain eight passengers. Outside was a platform running the length of the car, for the convenience of the conductor, who, while the cars were in motion, would, with one arm thrown around a window-casing for support, with the other collect the fares. This, however, was not so hazardous a proceeding as might be supposed, since the cars, which the first year were drawn by horses, travelled only at the rate of nine miles an hour.* The first conductors were "Bill" Smith, "Cheese" Burtis, Horace Kelly, and George Elsworth; and the two wheel-horses were named

* Even so late as 1849, the cars during that winter were drawn to Schenectady by horses—owing to some derangement, at the time, of the locomotive.

"Turk" and "Dick"; Captain Dexter was one of the drivers, and George Long was at this period *the* "Express," said express consisting of himself and a little leather bag, with which he went daily between Albany and Saratoga.* Benjamin Eldridge (father of Thomas) was the first cartman, and his advertisement in the newspapers of that time, announcing himself and one horse as at the service of the public, is quite quaint and curious in its character.

The cars with horses were a great novelty, but when steam was substituted for horse-power the astonishment knew no bounds. Every day, on the arrival and departure of the train, one hundred to a hundred and fifty people would go up to the depot to see the new wonder of the age; and once, when the cars broke away from their couplings and ran down into Broadway, great was the scattering and consternation. The two locomotives, which were brought from England, were called the "Fire Fly" and the "David Crockett." These names were very appropriate (much more so than those given at the present day), the last one, especially, as it recalled the favorite motto of the old backwoodsman—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" Once, however, the "David Crockett" failed to live up to the motto of its illustrious name-

* George Long, who is yet at his post as chief baggage-master, is a man of an iron frame and withal of great probity of character. One day preceding Christmas, before the days of railroads, he walked from Albany to Whitehall—a distance of seventy-five miles—between 4 A.M. and 8 P.M., to spend the Christmas with his aged mother. So much for his physique!

sake; and, as the instance illustrates the *power* of the locomotives of those days, it is worthy of mention. On one occasion in the month of July, as the "Crockett" was speeding along between Saratoga and Ballston, a bull planted himself squarely in its front. On came the engine; but, marvellous to relate, the "Crockett" and three cars were thrown *off the track*, and the bull, which had been overthrown by the collision, got up, shook himself, and although somewhat demoralized, walked deliberately off! *

These two locomotives—each of which had a large hogshead, painted green, on behind to hold the water, and connected with the boiler by unprotected leathern hose—stood in the old engine-house until it was pulled down to make way for the new depot. They were then taken to Green Island, where, as I am informed, the "Fire Fly" yet remains, a circumstance that is greatly to the credit of those having the matter in charge, among whom, I believe, is Mr. John M. Davison. On the first trip down, the "Fire Fly" broke down at Beekman's Woods, and "Hat" Martin, who was on board, at first did not know but that this was the nature of the "critter," which was only carrying out the programme, and performing its expected tricks! Custom, however, soon reconciles us to unfamiliar objects; and the strangeness of the

* George Stephenson, the first one to utilize steam on railroads, evidently never could have foreseen this instance, when, on being asked in Parliament (before which he was urging an appropriation for his railroad to Edinburgh), "Suppose a cow should be on the track?" he replied, "Then, my lords, it would be very bad for the *coo!*"

appearances was quickly lost sight of in the rapidly-growing prospects of Saratoga.

The ground for the Saratoga and Whitehall Railroad was first broken in April, 1836. The initiation of this road was also due to Mr. Davison, who, being indefatigable in the collection of statistics of travel and business, could prepare and lay them before the public in a concise shape. The charter, therefore, through his instrumentality, being secured, the capital was subscribed for and the construction of the road begun, but the crash of 1837 came on before it had made much progress, and its managers were forced to suspend operations. Mr. Davison, however, never lost faith in it, and kept steadily at work until he had secured its construction to the end of the route. The first year the road was carried through the Upper Village at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, when it was stopped for want of funds. It remained in *statu quo* until ten years after, when it was completed to Whitehall. Mr. Robert Patterson (the present proprietor of the Putnam Bath-House) superintended its construction; and when in December, 1846, the first train went up the road to Lake Champlain with a load of iron, he took with him seventy laboring men, each armed with an axe with which to cut away any forest trees that might have fallen on the track. Previous to the completion of the road, fine Concord coaches ran to Whitehall—starting from Montgomery Hall, under the proprietorship of General Joshua T. Blanchard.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Fourth of July in Saratoga and Ballston in 1840.

" Long, long as the banner of freedom unfurled,
Triumphantly waves on the ocean and shore ;
While Columbia shall flourish, the pride of the world,
THIS DAY shall be lauded till time is no more."

THE Fourth of July in 1840, as I learn from the diary of a friend, was celebrated at Saratoga and Ballston by a Sunday-school pageant, which, although in these days quite common, at that time was an unusual spectacle. At ten o'clock in the morning, the schools of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopal churches assembled in the Baptist church with their teachers and superintendents, whence they marched in procession to the Presbyterian church, where appropriate exercises were performed.

The church, what with the different schools, the villagers and the visitors, was crowded to excess, and many could not find admittance. The opening prayer was by the Rev. Joshua Fletcher, the Baptist clergyman. Gideon M. Davison, Esq., read the Declaration of Independence—prefacing it—in one of his most felicitous veins, for which he was so remarkable—with a few well-adapted historical and patriotic

remarks. The Rev. Albert T. Chester (now the Rev. Dr. Chester of Buffalo) then delivered an address of about half an hour's length well suited to the occasion and the auditory. It was neither a political oration nor a sermon, but, in some respects, combined the elements of both—at once historical, moral, and patriotic, inculcating such lessons as should mark the early training of the Christian politician. Several set pieces of music were well executed by the united choirs of the village during the exercises.

These being concluded, the schools were re-formed in procession, and marched under their various banners to the beautiful grove in which the residence of the late Chancellor Walworth is embosomed. Halting before the Chancellor's gate, the procession was joined by the schools from Ballston, which, in neat and beautiful array, had arrived to the number of several hundred in the eleven o'clock train. The Saratoga schools then opened to the right and left, forming a living avenue, through which the Ballston schools passed; and entering the grove, the whole interesting collection surrounded an extended table liberally provided with refreshments consisting of cakes, fruits, ice-cream, and lemonade in great abundance.

The day is described as being intensely hot, and an hour was most agreeably passed beneath the grateful umbrage of the Chancellor's evergreens, during which time the motherly form of the late Mrs.

Chancellor Walworth was seen constantly moving in every part of the assembly seeing that each child lacked nothing. How like her! Always so unselfish and large-hearted, and ever attentive to the happiness of others. The Chancellor, too, how benignantly he looked over his spectacles at the merry youngsters before him, and how he patted each little head and kindly saw that each lemonade glass was kept full. His own little favorite Mansfield, perchance, was there also, then as innocent and joyous as any of that company. Alas! could he have but looked forward! Foolish, vain mortals that we are! who, with so many lessons constantly occurring around us, seek to pry into that futurity which an all-wise God so mercifully hides from our vision!

After the collation was ended, the schools of Saratoga and Ballston united and returned to the railroad depot, whence the entire company was conveyed rapidly to Ballston, in two long trains of cars containing altogether eight hundred souls. Arrived at Ballston, the schools proceeded to the church of the Rev. Mr. Fox, where services similar to those which had been observed at Saratoga, though necessarily curtailed for want of time, were performed. The prayer —and an excellent one it was—was by the Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Daniel Stewart. The address, which was very happy, was by Rev. Mr. Fox.* After

* Rev. Mr. Fox was formerly a lawyer of Washington County, New York State, and

these exercises the children walked to the residence of Mr. Stephen Smith, where refreshments were again served, and the Saratoga schools were conveyed back to their own village in the cars before five o'clock. The day was one of unalloyed enjoyment, not only to the schools but to those who arranged and superintended the festival. Not an accident occurred; and, says the private diary before alluded to, "The Saratoga and Troy R. R. Co. are both entitled to many thanks for the pains they took in providing extra cars, and in making all necessary arrangements for the occasion entirely *free of charge*." In view of this narrative may we not ask, Have we, in these years, improved any in our mode of celebrating the Glorious Fourth?

a member of the Legislature during the administration of Governor Clinton. At this time, however, he was an eloquent and devoted Baptist clergyman and settled in Ballston.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Great Whig Gathering of 1840.—*Speech of Daniel Webster.*

"I told ye all,
When first we put this dangerous stone a-rolling.
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Be advised:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it do singe yourself."

SHAKSPERE.

IT was a great day in Saratoga on Wednesday, August 19, 1840, for it beheld the assembling of more than ten thousand people (aside from its own population) gathered from all parts of the surrounding country. It was the year of the great Harrison campaign—"Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—a campaign, perhaps, that in excitement and intensity of feeling has only been equalled in the annals of the Republic by the one of 1800, when New York City decided the fate of John Adams.

It was not positively known until the Monday previous that Daniel Webster would address the people; and when it was so ascertained, notices to that effect were spread abroad. Accordingly, at an early hour on Wednesday an inpouring of the people and farm-

ers from the surrounding country and villages was seen; and about noon hundreds were thronging the streets of Saratoga bearing Whig banners with various emblems and devices.

In the procession, which was formed and paraded through the streets, was a very neat log-cabin, 10 by 30 feet, drawn on wheels by sixteen gray horses, driven by Captain Dexter. On the top was a gallery, to which access was had by steps at the rear, and the inside was furnished with seats. On this gallery and in front were about fifty beaux and belles of the village—now many of them staid matrons—who struck up the Harrison song, which they sung in good style. The cabin was decorated with flags and banners, bearing appropriate mottoes, and the horses each had a small flag on its back. Preceding it, and drawn by six noble bays, similarly attired, was the "ball in motion." This was a huge affair, being about thirty feet in circumference. It was made of canvas, stretched on hoops, painted, and bearing the motto, "Keep the Ball Rolling."

This was in allusion to the remark of Benton in the beginning of the campaign—"Solitary and alone, on the floor of this Senate, I set this ball rolling." And the Whigs kept it agoing, too, in a sense he did not fancy—for in the words of a doggerel at the time:

"They rolled it straight
Through Jersey State,
To Kinderhook it *went on*;

It went so quick,
And rolled so slick,
It rolled away from *Benton*."

The ball was suspended about six feet in the air above the carriage in which were deputations of Whigs.

At noon a heavy thunder-shower took place, which, however, soon passed off, and the weather became most auspicious. At three o'clock the people assembled in mass at "Temple Grove" (where the Circular Railroad now is). A stage had been erected and seats prepared, but the immense crowd pressed around to such a degree as to render the place uncomfortable, and many were compelled to leave. It is estimated, however, that at least ten thousand people remained, one-fourth of whom were of the fair sex.

Mr. Webster rose amid loud applause, and had only made a fair beginning of his speech when a crash was heard, and the whole platform, with about fifteen or twenty people, including the speaker, disappeared from view. All had fallen among the broken lumber, and great anxiety was manifested until it was announced that no bones were broken and no person seriously injured. I was then a boy of four years and had been seated on my father's lap on the stand; and I well recall the sudden transition from light to darkness, and the ludicrous appearance of the persons around me with their hats knocked over their eyes.

Mr. Webster at length made his appearance on a

wagon, and after a sportive allusion to the disaster—the caving in of the "platform," etc.—resumed his speech.

> "With grave
> Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
> A pillar of state; deep in his front engraved
> Deliberation sate, and public care—
> As when of old some orator renown'd,
> In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
> Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd
> Stood in himself collected, while each part,
> Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue.
> Sage he stood,
> With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
> Drew audience, and attention still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spoke."

"Such an audience," he said, "from every part of the Union had never gathered before." This address was justly regarded, both by friends and foes, as one of this great man's happiest efforts. It was throughout a dignified appeal to the good sense of his fellow-citizens, whom he addressed as if they were "grave senators," amply able to appreciate his efforts. He spoke with a proper courtesy of the present and former Presidents, but he nevertheless dealt with unsparing severity on their measures. The currency was the prominent theme of his remarks, and he quoted the course of all our former Presidents (and especially President Madison) as entirely adverse to

Mr. Van Buren. He spoke in all instances from the *text*, and held in his hand a paper with the precise language which he examined, compared and contrasted in a most convincing and effective manner.

The little story of Seth Peterson was happily given as an illustration of the delusions and erroneous maxims of Benton, Buchanan, and other political economists of that day. Seth was a neighbor of Mr. Webster, and a hardy Yankee of amphibious habits—half farmer and half fisherman—with plenty of the "poor man's blessings." As he and Mr. Webster were alone in a little boat returning from fishing, and while pulling at the oars, he would sometimes give his views of national policy. He had heard of the new notion among political men—that low prices were as good for the poor man as high, provided the necessaries of life were reduced in a proportionate degree. "Now," said Seth, "if everything which the poor man wants could be reduced in exact proportion to the reduction of his wages, and remain so, he would not suffer by the change. But I have only *one thing* to sell, and that is *my labor*. I have *many things* to buy, and I find the reduction does not reach all the articles which I want. My interest therefore induces me to be in favor of high wages." "This," said Mr. Webster, "is *practical* wisdom, which is far better than the theories of politicians. The reasoning of my friend Seth comprised the whole question in the best possible form." The rise and progress of the war against

the United States Banks was then given by the speaker in detail.

Toward the latter part of Mr. Webster's speech occurred this eloquent paragraph, having particular reference to Saratoga:

"Fellow-citizens of the County of Saratoga! In taking leave of you, I cannot but remind you how distinguished a place your county occupies in the history of the country. I cannot be ignorant that, in the midst of you, are many at this moment who saw in this neighborhood the triumph of republican arms in the surrender of General Burgoyne. I cannot doubt that a fervent spirit of patriotism burns in the breast of their children. They helped to save their country amidst the storms of war. *They will help to save it*, I am fully persuaded, in the present severe civil crisis. Fellow-citizens! I verily believe it is true that of all who are left of us from the Revolution, nine-tenths are with us in the approaching contest. If there be a Revolutionary officer or soldier who has joined in the attacks upon General Harrison's military character, I have not met with him. It is not, therefore, in the *County of Saratoga* that a cause sustained by such means is likely to prevail."

This speech—acknowledged to be one of the greatest, if, indeed, not *the* greatest of Webster's speeches—occupied more than three hours in its delivery, and the assembled thousands testified, in the most expressive manner, their respect for this stalwart cham-

pion of the Constitution. In one part of his speech, the most honorable to his pure and manly feelings, the tears coursed down his cheeks, and his language was scarcely audible—and at that moment some thousands of sympathetic bosoms heaved in unison with the moving spirit—a silence, meanwhile, deep and expressive, reigning throughout that vast multitude.

Such a day had never before been known in Saratoga, and was for many after years long remembered.*

* About a week subsequent to this meeting, another one of a similar character was held in the sister village of Glen's Falls—the log-cabin occupying the precise spot where the Soldier's Monument now stands. "The gathering on that occasion," writes Dr. A. W. Holden to the author, "I distinctly remember as being immense—estimated all the way from ten to twenty thousand. The delegations came in from the border and some from the interior towns of Washington and Saratoga Counties, with a huge ball rolling on to represent the cumulative and irresistible movement *Fort Ann*—a large boat, full-rigged and manned as a frigate, a live coon on the top-mast; *Whitehall*—a huge log-cabin on wheels, with the inevitable barrel of hard cider; *Argyle*—a wagon decorated with other emblems and devices, and filled with girls gaily dressed and faces beaming with enthusiasm, holding in their hands flags, mottoes, insignia, as 'terrible as an army with banners.' This large assemblage was accompanied by bands of music, a piece of artillery, etc., and all the usual adjuncts of such an occasion. So great was the gathering that in the afternoon other stands were made, when other speakers held forth to the delight and entertainment of admiring crowds. Bands of singers with the voices of Stentors, 'throats of brass and adamantine lungs,' diversified the affair with stirring campaign songs and burlesque choruses. Such, in very brief, was the great campaign gathering of 1840."

CHAPTER XX.

The Graveyards of Saratoga.

"What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead, how sacred! sacred is the dust
Of this Heaven-labored form, erect, divine;
His Heaven-assumed majestic robe of earth
He deigned to wear who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold."

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

"His ipsis legendis, redeo in memoriam mortuorum."—CICERO.

THE above words, in the immortal *De Senectute*, were intended by their author to divert the youth of Rome from the frivolities of the "Eternal City" to the contemplation of a country graveyard. Nor can we do better, perhaps, than to follow Cicero's advice, and turn away for a little while from the gay haunts of fashion and take a quiet stroll among the mansions of the dead. At any rate, I invite my readers to accompany me through the graveyards of Saratoga. Those to whom such a walk is distasteful may skip this chapter, and I shall not be offended.

The places consecrated to the repose of the dead are the "Sadler Burying-Ground," overlooking the High Rock Spring; the "Putnam Graveyard," near the railroad; "Greenridge Cemetery"; the "Whitford Graveyard," and the one bordering the "Old Beach

Farm," north-west of the house of the late Dr. Dostie. Of these, the first three may be considered as belonging to the village proper.

The Sadler Burying-Ground.

On first entering within the enclosure of the "Sadler Burying-Ground"—which, by the way, is by several years the oldest of those above mentioned—one is struck with the utter air of desolation which reigns around. Indeed, it is nothing less than disgraceful that such a scene as there meets the eye should be allowed to exist. The entire ground is literally overgrown with rank herbage—in many instances completely covering up the tombstones—and rendering it difficult even for a practised backwoodsman to make his way among them. In fact, not only weeds of a summer's growth, but tall shrubs, entangled or intertwined with each other, meet one at every step. In addition to which, graves, long since opened for the purpose of removing their occupants and never refilled, gape with open jaws to entrap the unwary. Bits of coffins and fragments of decayed shrouds lie strewn around—ghastly mementos of a former generation—so that it does not require the "witching time of night when church-yards yawn and graves give up their dead," to impress the visitor with emblems of his own mortality.

Making our way, then, with difficulty among the graves, and divesting ourselves for the nonce of the

time and place, we seem, as we read the quaint inscriptions, to be in one of those old New England burial-grounds so vividly described by Cotton Mather. On one stone appears the name of Content Jameson, 1792; on another, of Justus, who died in 1804; here, of Patience Jenkins, 1805; and again, of Increase Mathews, who was laid to rest in 1790. But how much parental love is revealed when presently we read on another stone:

"In memory of
Blumy,
Daughter of Jotham and Amy Holmes
Who died July 3, 1796,
Aged 2 years and 20 days."

This little "Blumy" was the daughter of Jotham Holmes, a first cousin of Jonathan Holmes, who, after keeping a little log-hotel near the High Rock for many years, built the old "Columbian," in 1808, near the Flat Rock Spring. Next to this little mound is an old moss-covered stone, with a willow weeping over an urn and torch, which is "Sacred to the memory of Eli Taylor (one of the Taylor brothers), who died September 14, 1797, aged sixty-four years two months and twenty days." Near by is the tomb of Richard Searing, father of Major Searing; and farther on, are the graves of Jabez and Sabrina Hyde—the grandfather of another well-known and respected citizen, Jefferson Hyde. One step farther, and we

come to the grave of Walter Blake, who, in 1815, taught school in a log-hut near the High Rock, and to whom Mr. Walter Hendrick, when a little shaver, went to school.

From some of the inscriptions, also, scattered here and there, we of the present generation may take a profitable lesson—so different are they from the fulsome and grandiloquent ones of our own day. Take, for example, the following, which, after removing the dank and noisome vegetation, reads as follows:

"In memory of
Martha,
wife of
Richard Flagler
and daughter of
John and Content Wilkinson,
of Dutchess Co.,
who died the 19th of Ap. 1792,
in the 26th year of her age.

This stone is raised by her
daughter,
and only child, as a token of respect,
for a mother whom she was too
young to know, but whose virtues
She humbly hopes to imitate."

But, perhaps, of all the graves to which interest attaches, none is more deserving of notice than the one of Fenn Wadsworth, a visitor to the Springs in 1785—four years previous to that of Mrs. Dwight—and who, dying in the village, was, so far as is known,

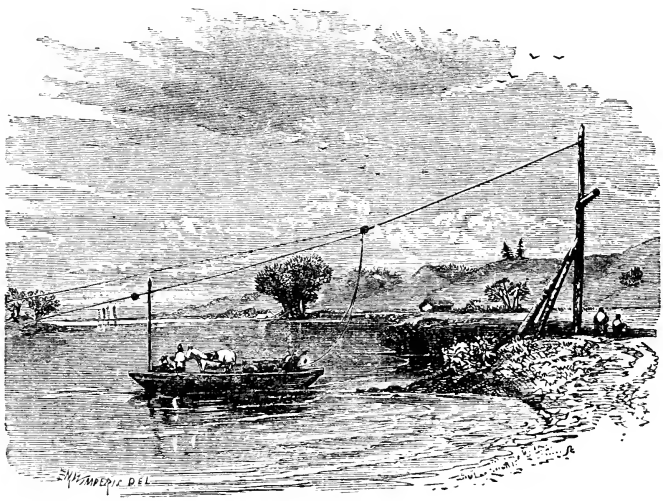
the first person who died at the Springs. The inscription is as follows:

"This monument is erected to the memory of
Fenn Wadsworth, Esq.,
Who was born in Farmington,
in the State of Connecticut,
and died on the 21st day of June, A. D. 1785.

His amiable manners and disinterested
Benevolence endeared him to his
numerous friends and acquaintances;
while his abilities, perseverance and integrity
secured to him the esteem of his fellow-citizens.
By steady attention to the duties of a
Confidential Bestowment, under the
State of Connecticut, he impaired
His health, and died in this place
In the 34th year of his age."

I have taken considerable pains to ascertain somewhat of the circumstances under which the person who lies under this tablet died. As might be supposed, the undertaking, at this distance of time, was attended with difficulty. Nevertheless, correspondence reveals the fact that he belonged to one of the original families, who, coming out either in the "Mayflower," or in another vessel shortly after, subsequently settled in Hartford, and Farmington, Conn., in the latter of which towns he was born. To this family belonged General Wadsworth, who fell in the late civil war at the battle of Chancellorsville. Early appointed to a position under the State government

of Connecticut, through the influence of his uncle Jeremiah Wadsworth, who was commissary under General Washington,* he sank into an early decline. Contrary, however, to the advice of his physician, he



Rope Ferry.

remained at his post until, when too late, he consented to go to the High Rock Spring. At that period such a journey, even from Hartford, was no ordinary undertaking. Loving hands, however, prepared him for the trip, and in the early summer of 1785 he set off on horseback. From Albany he travelled along

* Jeremiah Wadsworth was the father of Daniel Wadsworth, who built the Tower on Talcott Mountain (see *Silliman's Tour*), and the Athenæum, and other public buildings in Hartford, Conn.

the river road to what is now Wilbur's Basin (near Quaker Springs) and thence to the "Narrows" of Lake Saratoga. Here, where is now Moon's Lake House, he was ferried over in Indian canoes with boards laid across, by Levi Fish, the one who subsequently established the "Rope Ferry." At that time there was no public road from the lake to the village—that is, if the little collection of log-huts can be so called. A narrow foot-path only led from the Lake to Squire John Gilbert's,* at the cross-roads, whence it struck the North Spring Road, and, passing by the old Searing place, came out at the High Rock. Following this road, now on horseback and now on foot, Mr. Wadsworth finally reached the High Rock, or the *Round Rock*, as it was then called. Here he remained for two weeks, growing by degrees feebler, until the oil in the life-lamp gave out. At that time metallic coffins were uncommon; and his friends laid him where he now rests, and erected over his remains what at that day was a handsome memorial—a large flat slab of Connecticut sandstone.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God!"†

* Where Seymour Gilbert now (1875) resides. "Squire John" was the father of Morris, and the grandfather of Daniel Gilbert.

† Another remarkable feature which strikes one on looking over the tombstones in this burial-ground is that most of the names carved on them are entirely strange to the present generation. Who, for example, will recognize such names as Danforth, Hugh-

Putting up the rickety bars, we cross the valley to the railroad, and following its track through and beyond the depot, come, just south of Congress Street to

The Putnam Graveyard.

This piece of ground was given to the village, in 1810, by Gideon Putnam; and in it many of the "forefathers of the hamlet" slept, until in recent years they were removed by their relatives to the present Greenridge Cemetery. Still, a number of the early settlers yet remain where they were originally laid to rest. Here is Dr. Clark; and here, too, lie a part of the family of Nathan Lewis, who built the second brick house ever erected in the village.* Although this graveyard is not quite as forlorn as the one just visited, yet the neglect in the form of defaced tombstones and dilapidated fences—through which swine and fowls range at will—is only too lamentable. Amid all this confusion one solitary willow-tree grimly stands in the centre of the enclosure, like a scarred and battered sentinel faithfully guarding his post.

Connected with this burial-ground is an anecdote, the relation of which may explain a mystery that has existed in the minds of our citizens for many years.

son, Loving, Wickens, Wells, Adsit, Griggs, and Bitchard? And, indeed, this circumstance is not a little singular when it is considered that Saratoga is not so old but that descendants of these people should still be among us.

* Now (1875) occupied by George H. Fish & Son as a drug-store.

One evening, during the height of the Millerite excitement, the villagers returning from a "protracted meeting" were astonished at seeing a bright light hovering over the graveyard. For an hour or more crowds watched the apparently supernatural spectacle with feelings of mingled awe and wonder, a few not hesitating to associate it with the end of the world. Nor was the appearance, though long remembered, ever solved. The explanation is this: Just before meeting was out two waggish brothers (Daniel and John W——) sent up a kite with a lighted lantern attached; and, hiding behind a tombstone, enjoyed hugely the comments of the awe-struck people.

Greenridge Cemetery.

Leaving the "Putnam Graveyard," and again crossing the railroad, a walk by the "Clarendon" and General Batcheller's residence brings us to the entrance of "Greenridge Cemetery." Although it has not the antiquity of age, yet it is well worthy of a quiet stroll along its avenues. Without the showiness of Greenwood, or the clustering memories of Mount Auburn, or even the picturesqueness of Laurel Hill or of the Albany Cemetery, it still attracts by the quiet beauty of its surroundings.* The grounds, which, thanks to the former president of the village, Mr. James H.

* When the ground for this cemetery was first enclosed it was supposed to be ample for many years to come; but, alas! for us all, scarcely thirty years have elapsed, and it is found imperatively necessary to enlarge its domain!

Wright, and to its present one, Mr. Charles Allen, are kept singularly neat and beautiful, occupy a site on the outskirts of Saratoga toward the south, in the midst of a grove of sober-looking pines, which harmonize with the pensive character of the surrounding plain. And here, were I so inclined, I could dwell on the ludicrous, which even in this modern cemetery meets the eye;* but I am not, nor are you, gentle reader, so disposed. Rather let us tread softly above the last resting-places of the dead, and trace upon the marble the affectionate characters which proclaim the vanity of men and worldly things. It tends to profit the living to commune thoughtfully with the dead—to lay to heart, from what there was, what each living man must be. And yet, as we saunter among the graves, we recall the quaint and beautiful language of Osborne: "He that lieth under the herse of heavenne is convertible into swete herbes and flowers, that maye rest in bosoms that wolde shrink from the ugly bugs which may be found crawling in the magnificent tomb of Henry the VII." For ourselves, "much rather had we sleep where the moonbeams would convert into diamonds the dew-drops gathering on the rosebuds,

* Of such a character is the following inscription on the tombstone of an engineer who was killed by his locomotive. The engine is carved in *alto-relievo*, with a daguerreotype of the deceased inserted in the window of the tender, and under it is the following:

"My engine now lies cold and still,
No water does her boiler fill;
The wood affords its flames no more;
My days of usefulness are o'er!"

than to lie beneath the dome of St. Peter's, and rest where the soft south wind would wake the fragrance of blossoms which affectionate hands had planted, than to moulder in the undiscovered chambers of the eternal pyramids."

In "Greenridge," among the graves of sleepers unknown to fame—to whose memory, nevertheless, affection has reared the speaking tablet—lie the remains of those two talented sisters, Margaret and Lucretia Davidson, and their brother, the Lieutenant. Of the two former, especially, it may well be said, in the language of Habbington, they were among those who

"Keep something of their glory in their dust."

Near by, too, lies Coleman, the splendid musical genius, whose invention will live to perpetuate his name long after his elaborate monument shall have crumbled into dust. Here, also, are Cowen, Willard, and Walworth—three of the great legal minds of the century; and here, too, lie many whose names are household words with all who love Saratoga. Of such are the Putnams, the Waltons, the Bryans, the Beaches, the Westcotts, Dr. North, Judge Doe, Judge Warren, E. R. Stevens, Gideon M. Davison, Rev. Mr. Griswold, "Elder" Wayland, and a score of others who live in the hearts of their survivors—the best guardians of their virtues!

Here, again, lie the remains of Colonel William L. Stone, the friend of the Red Man. Associated with

this grave is an anecdote which, in this connection, the son may be pardoned for relating of the father. A close friendship existed between the late Mr. Schoolcraft and Colonel Stone, which their community of tastes rendered enduring until death. Both loved the Red Man; both used their best powers freely in his behalf, and both became the pioneers in hewing down the prejudices which had grown up around his character. In the summer of 1844, a few days after Colonel Stone's death, Mr. Schoolcraft visited Saratoga; and while standing one afternoon, in the mellow sunset, among the evergreens that hung over the grave of his friend, he composed an elegiac poem, from which I quote the following stanzas:

"They bore him up by a winding road
To a burial-ground in the wood,
Where the tall pines cast their shade around
To hallow the solitude.

"Away from the town and waters bright,
Where fashion and beauty cling,
Remote from the thoughtless multitude
And the gaieties of the spring.

"'Tis a new-made ground*—a mile away—
And stumps and trees stand round,
As monuments of the forest rule
Upon that virgin ground.

. . . . .

* Colonel Stone was the first person whose remains were laid in Greenridge Cemetery. Other tombstones, it is true, bear older dates; but these were removed thither from other grave-yards.

"The ancient wood-genii shall wake up to life,
And join with the white man to weep
O'er one who remembered the Red Sons of strife,
And scattered fresh bays where they sleep."

Before closing this chapter, I wish to say a word regarding a late rumor to the effect that it is in contemplation to remove the remains of those who sleep in the "Sadler Burying-Ground" to some other place. In the same spirit of vandalism the crumbling remains of those who—some of them for more than a century—had slept beneath the tower of the Old North Dutch Church in New York City were removed, in 1866, to Greenwood Cemetery. In the majority of cases, however, the silver plates once attached to the coffins (mingled with fine dust) were the only remains. The dust was separated as carefully as possible, placed in boxes, and removed to Greenwood. Still, in the chaotic state in which the ashes of the dead lay, complete accuracy was impossible; and perhaps the dust of persons who, while on earth, cherished bitter animosity toward each other, is destined to repose in the same casket!

The reason given for the proposed removal of the dead of the "Sadler Burying-Ground" is, I understand, that the land may be converted into building-lots! We here add our unqualified condemnation of the movement. It is a disgrace to the age and to the village that old graveyards are thus invaded by the demands of business, and the repose of the dead

violated because the village has grown. Old graveyards ought to be venerated as holy ground. Men should no more consent to such changes than they would consent to sell the bones of their own fathers and mothers for knife-handles. If it is thought best to have no more graveyards within the corporate limits, well and good; but let those which are there stand as a memorial to the old and good men who sleep beneath. But let them sleep! Our condemnation applies to all the removals of churchyards which have taken place or are now going forward in different cities of the land. There is no excuse for it, or palliation of the offence against propriety. If necessary, prohibit any further burials in these old graveyards, *but let not a spadeful of the dust of the fathers be sold for gold.* *

* "We call the Mohammedans," says a writer in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, "a pagan nation and but half civilized; yet not a single stone is removed, under any circumstances, from a Mohammedan grave. Such removal is considered the deepest sacrilege, and no amount of piastres could purchase a rood of a Mohammedan burial-place. The Orient is not yet sufficiently enlightened to see the advantage which we Americans so clearly perceive of turning old graveyards into building-sites, and using the dust of our forefathers as a basis of profitable speculation."

There is an old graveyard at Bacon Hill—a few miles only from the "Sadler Burying-Ground"—yet containing a grave of the last century, walled up with mason-work to protect it from the wild beasts. Is not that grave, in the present ago, more in danger of desecration from animals of a different species?

CHAPTER XXI.

Queer People.—Angeline Tubbs, Tom Camel, Madame Jumel, etc.

"A turban girds her brow,
Whence, all untrammelled, her dark, thin hair
Streams fitfully upon the storm-beat front;
Her eye at rest, pale fire in its black orb
Innocuous sleeps—but roused, Jove's thunder-cloud
Enkindles not so fiercely." ANON.

"It is a good thing to laugh at, at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of pleasure."—DRYDEN.

IT would be passing strange if Saratoga should not have known, during its existence, many curious characters. Nearly every hamlet in Europe and America has had, at one time or another, a few singular beings who have furnished the frame-work of various romances. The most celebrated novelists, indeed, have not hesitated to draw from these sources much of their inspiration—Scott and Dickens, Irving and Hawthorne, using this element to very great advantage, especially in the romances of "Waverley," "Barnaby Rudge," "Bracebridge Hall," and "The House of the Seven Gables."

In short sketches like these, we can but glance at a few of the most remarkable of them, and that, too, in the most cursory manner. To mention even the

numerous characters that have flitted across the scene would fill more space than is at my disposal. I can, therefore, only jot down a very few that have come under my own personal observation. Doubtless, however, this will revive in the minds of the older residents numerous anecdotes, the mere remembrance of which

The Battenkill.

will afford many pleasurable thoughts of the days of "ye olden time," and if I succeed in this, my chapter, defective as it otherwise may be, will not have been written in vain.

I pass by, then, such people as "Dick McLease"; "Primus Budd," the sexton of the old Bethesda Chapel, and his dog; "Black Sam," with his wonder-

ful span of horses; "Crazy Jimmy"; "Johnny Cox"; "Tommy Lloyd," and his rhymes; "Belcher," and his rattlesnakes; "Gingerbread Frank," and the efforts of the villagers to dig him out of the well; "Sam Hill," the old basket-maker, whose portrait, by a German artist, now adorns the Grand Union; "Crazy Susan," with her person decked out in gaudy-colored ribbons; and Welland, who was finally drowned in the Battenkill, and come to the most remarkable character of them all,

Angeline Tubbs.

Just north of the village of Saratoga Springs rises a bald promontory of rock—called "Mount Vista"—the gray masses of which impend frowningly over a deep glen beneath. Near the base of the mountain at this point, and within the ravine, in a lonely and wretched hovel, lived, a few years since, a female of mysterious and uncertain character—by name Angeline Tubbs. Surrounded by a numerous brood of cats—her sole companions—she led a solitary life at home, and was considered a vagrant abroad—subsisting in part by mendicity, and in part by laying small contributions upon those simple-hearted and prurient rustic maidens who wished to peep far enough into futurity to learn something of their future husbands. Sometimes she had been discovered by those travers ing the mountains attempting to draw a portion of her precarious living by trapping, and sometimes the

disappearance of a turkey or a fowl from the premises of a farm-house was charged to her agency instead of Sir Reynard's. Her lonely and uninviting habitation, however, was avoided by the good people in the region round about, as though it had been the seat of the plague, or the tabernacle of Azazel. Her general appearance was as peculiar as her habits of life were erratic and unusual. Indeed, her whole life and character had ever been shrouded in a dark cloud of mystery. She had been a resident of this vicinity for many, many years, and simple-minded people did not scruple to declare her little better than a sorceress, who practised incantations and held familiar converse with the spirits of darkness. At the period of which we are writing she was probably ninety years old, erect in her form, and elastic in her movements. Her features were sharp, sallow, and wrinkled; her nose high and hooked, like the beak of an eagle, while her sunken, coal-black eyes, whenever crossed in her purposes, or otherwise angered, flashed with the piercing and terrible glances of the basilisk. For more than sixty years she had lived within a short distance from Saratoga. Sometimes she was in the village, practising as a fortune-teller, by way of paying for supplies of food, which from fear would never have been denied her; but for the most part, her time was occupied in wandering about the woods, and among the hills—climbing from crag to crag over the rocks, and traversing the glens and ravines of the neighbor-

ing highlands. Many were the wild and startling tales—especially in the early settlement of the village—told of Angeline in the neighborhood which it would not be edifying to repeat. Had she been mistress of the whirlwind, she could not have been more delighted with storms. She had been seen, her form erect and with extended arms, standing upon the verge of fearful precipices, in the midst of the most awful tempests, conversing, as it were, with unseen spirits, her long, matted hair streaming in the wind, while the thunder was riving the rocks beneath her feet, and the red lightning encircling her as with a winding-sheet of flame.

In traversing the country and the village, she uniformly wore a red cloak with a hood; a handkerchief, in imitation of a turban, was bound upon her head, over which she brought the hood in foul weather. Indeed, from her appearance and occupation it was fortunate for herself that she lived more than a century after the tragedies enacted by our Puritan ancestors at Salem.

I have said that at the period of which I write she was without doubt fully ninety years of age. It was rarely that she could be persuaded to come out of her gibbering moods save to tell a fortune; but, occasionally, to the late Mrs. Washington Putnam, to whom she was always more communicative than to others—owing, doubtless, to the kindness with which that lady always treated her—she would detail

glimpses of her past history. Mrs. Putnam was always of the opinion that Angeline's statement to the effect that she was a girl of fifteen at the time of Burgoyne's surrender was true. Other circumstances, moreover, which I have not the space to mention in detail, convinced me also that her story was correct. For example, she has narrated to me anecdotes connected with that campaign which a person of her ignorance would have found it impossible to obtain otherwise than from personal observation and remembrance. Old residents of the town, likewise, who first knew her as early as 1820, inform me that she seemed as old and wrinkled at that time as when she died in 1865. The truth regarding her early history is very difficult to obtain. The late Dr. Steel, however, who knew more of it than any other, was wont to say that he had been informed by early settlers that in her youth she had been a girl of surpassing beauty. Having, however, in early life been seduced under promise of marriage, she had been cast off and thrown "like a loathsome weed away," when, becoming crazed, she had ever afterwards led a wandering life; and this, probably, is the truth.*

Connected with Angeline are a number of anec dotes, the first that occurs to me being the manner in which "Bloomerism" was "squelched" through her agency. When that mania first broke out in Saratoga,

* During the late civil war, a number of Angeline's photographs were struck off and sold for the benefit of herself to the soldiers.

some young ladies dressed her up in that costume, in which she paraded up and down the street, and in the hotels. The effect of this was that the entire Bloomer movement was brought into just ridicule; and, so far as Saratoga was concerned, was ended for ever.

I well remember, also, a scene which happened in 1850 while a "camp-meeting" was holding in the "Patrick Neighborhood." To appreciate the anecdote, it should be stated that the late Judge ——, one of Saratoga's most respected and estimable citizens—was never blessed with a child of either sex —a fact which was universally known.

During the camp-meeting, I happened into a tent where several "elders" were on their knees in prayer. As the custom was, some one would exclaim, "God bless so and so," when the "elders," without pausing, would make the person thus mentioned the subject of prayer. Within this tent were Angeline Tubbs, Mrs. Dr. Rush, and Madame Jumel. Just as I entered, some one called in a loud voice, "God bless Judge ——'s daughter!" Whereupon the elders—who being from a distance had no suspicion but that the Judge's daughter was a veritable personage—prayed for some fifteen minutes for "Judge ——'s daughter!" Nor was the fraud discovered until the same wicked wag exclaimed, "God bless Angeline Tubbs and Madame Jumel"—when, amid the laughter of the "uncircumcised," Angeline and

Madame Jumel rushed out of the tent, and the meeting broke up in confusion.

Tom Camel and Madame Jumel.

But perhaps, of the male genus, none have excited more notice of a certain kind than a colored man by the name of "Tom Camel." This person was decidedly an original genius. Like Yorick, a fellow "of infinite jest," and withal of great shrewdness in some respects, he yet, at times, was, in his simplicity, a perfect specimen of the Southern negro. It is related of a certain Canadian miller, that on being elected to the provincial legislature, he sought to better the condition of his craft by declaring that the miller's toll (one-tenth) was so small that no one could manage to live upon it. He therefore proposed a law —which remains to this day—making the toll one twelfth! Of a similar nature was Tom's idea of money; for when, on a certain occasion, he was asked to pay a bill of one dollar, he indignantly exclaimed, "A dollar I will not give, but I have no objections to pay ten shillings!"

On another occasion, also, when he was engaged by the late William B. White to saw a branch off a tree, "Tom" gravely seated himself on the limb, and sawed away on it, *between himself and the trunk*—and so continued until the limb falling, and "Tom" with it, some fifteen feet to the ground, brought the sawyer

to a more correct understanding of the theory of trimming trees!

The greatest and most historic occasion, however, in which "Tom" figured was in 1849, during one of the visits of Madame Jumel to this village. Madame Jumel, whose criminal intimacy with Aaron Burr had brought her into contempt (those were the days when free-love doctrines were estimated at their true value), was then staying at the United States, and she endeavored by a magnificent equipage to dazzle the understanding, and thus atone for her disgraceful dismissal from the ranks of Diana. It was therefore determined to administer to her a lesson.

Accordingly, one afternoon, when her carriage, with a numerous retinue of outriders, drew up in front of the United States to take her to the lake, lo! just as she drove off, another equipage appeared directly following her. This carriage was driven by Smith Brill, in full livery, and behind, in a huge clothes-basket for a seat, sat Caleb Adams, also full rigged in footman's dress—while plainly visible within the open carriage, and dressed up in woman's clothes, sat "Tom" Camel, representing the veritable mistress of Aaron Burr! It was the custom of Madame Jumel, before going out of the village, to drive slowly through Broadway, that the unsophisticated inhabitants might have a proper sense of their own insignificance; and before it was discovered, Madame's carriage, followed by her counterfeit in

"double," had paraded the entire length of the street —"Tom" Camel meanwhile fanning himself with a large fan, and bowing and courtesying to the crowds which had now gathered on every side! When the trick was at last discovered, Madame Jumel by turns threatened, and pleaded, and offered bribes. But "Brill" and "Tom" were inexorable; and the two equipages actually went to the lake and back in the same order. It is my impression that owing to this exhibition, Madame Jumel made this her last visit to the Springs, but of this I am not certain.

We cannot close this chapter without an allusion to one who, in former times, was one of Saratoga's great celebrities. We refer to

Lord Wilson.

He visits Saratoga now but seldom; but we may, in imagination, easily put ourselves back to the days of yore, and fancy that Lord Wilson, having received permission from Mr. William H. McCaffrey, the genial host of the American, is now holding forth, according to his wont, on the steps of that house to its guests. This personage—whom for the *habitués* of Saratoga not to know is to "argue themselves unknown"—is possessed of the idea that the Atlantic Ocean can be bridged, and Saratoga made the capital of the world! Armed with maps and charts, he has been for the last ten years prepared to demonstrate the feasibility of these plans to whoever will listen. His voice is good;

the bandanna which surrounds his neck unusually clean; and the brass buttons on his velvet short-clothes highly polished. His articulation is distinct, but it runs on like the unwinding of a clock; and, like it, soon comes to an abrupt, dead stop. Another great advantage he possesses is this: he talks exactly as well upon one subject as another; and, until he runs down, can discuss canals and caucuses, banks and pauperism, "reconstructions," and his own pet projects, with the greatest care imaginable, and in the most statesmanlike manner. An adventure, moreover, occurred to our "Lord" during the recent Civil War, which, as far as I have noticed, has never appeared in any newspaper or even "History of the late Rebellion." Chancing to be in Washington, just previous to the second battle of Bull Run, he somehow got into the Confederate lines, and was taken prisoner by one of their pickets. Finding the maps and charts upon his person, they thought they had obtained a great prize, and hastened with him to headquarters. Upon his beginning, however, straightway to explain to General Lee and his staff the feasibility of bridging the Atlantic they soon discovered their mistake; and telling him that the "Atlantic could wait till the end of the war," sent him safely back into the Union lines.

CHAPTER XXII.

Historical Characters—Anecdotes of Joseph Bonaparte, McDonald Clarke, Lafayette, Cooper, Putnam, Fulton, Elisha Williams, Van Buren, etc.

"There is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of wither'd, or of broken heart."

MANFRED.

THE fountains of Saratoga will ever be the resort, in summer, of wealth, intelligence, and fashion. As a political observatory, no place can be more fitly selected. Gentlemen are continually coming from and going to every section of the country; information from all quarters is received daily; and it is the best of all places for politicians to congregate. The great "combination" of opposite parties, and opposing interests, by which General Jackson, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Van Buren the "Great Magician," were brought into power, and John Quincy Adams turned out, was chiefly formed here; and it was here that the old Clintonians were sold out to "Jackson & Co." Saratoga, too, for a long series of years, was the headquarters of the "Albany Regency," under the

leadership of Edwin Croswell and John Cramer, a combination which perhaps has never been equalled in the influence which it exerted over the political destinies of New York State, and through it upon the nation.

But it is not of politicians, as such, that I would now speak. During the three-quarters of a century of its existence, Saratoga has entertained more persons distinguished in letters, human and divine, and identified with the world's history, than any other place of the kind on the globe.

Time would fail me to mention in detail the reception of Van Buren, who, in the early autumn of 1832, like the hero of a German melodrama, came clothed in a storm; the arrival of Senator Douglas, amid the thundering of cannon, and the graceful speech of welcome by Judge Willard, in the summer of 1860; the flight of the rebel Papineau from Montreal, with a price set upon his head, and his stay while here at the residences of Chancellor Walworth and Judge Cowen; the visit, as the guest of the former distinguished citizen, of Mar Yohanna, the Nestorian bishop, in 1845; the marvellous exhibition of skill between M. Phelan and J. B. Gale, before Major-General Scott, as a spectator; the tributes paid to Madison, De Witt Clinton, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Tyler, Fillmore, and Seward; the genial and familiar countenance of Washington Irving, who for many seasons occupied a cottage at the "United States"; and

lastly, the individual traits of Wayland, Fuller, Murray (Kirwan), Cheever, Kent, Hill, and a host of others equally distinguished in their several walks of life. All I may hope to do is to photograph, and thus put into permanent form, a few characters as they flit across the camera of memory.

Joseph Bonaparte.

In 1825, Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, who, with a numerous retinue, was then stopping at the "United States," was present at a dinner party given in his honor by Mr. Henry Walton. He was accompanied by his sister, Caroline Murat, and two young ladies, his daughters. Though a crowned king, he looked very much like other mortals. His manners, dress, and equipage were wholly unassuming, quiet and unpretentious, as was likewise the case with the ladies of his family. The *rank* was there, and needed no demonstration. In the course of the dinner, Bonaparte all at once turned deadly pale, and, with the perspiration standing in great beads on his forehead, turned imploringly to Mr. Walton, gasping out, "*Un chat! un chat!*"

"John," said Mr. Walton to his waiter, "take away the cat; it disturbs this gentleman."

"Cat, sir," echoed John, "I can see no cat!"

The other members of the family now joined in the search; and, at last, sure enough, under the sideboard, crouched away in a dark corner, was discov-

ered a poor little frightened kitten. But it was not until Bonaparte had lain down for some hours that he fully recovered from the nervous prostration into which the presence of the little feline had thrown him.

McDonald Clarke.

The dinner was followed in the evening by a brilliant party. The entertainment was rich and served in excellent style. There was much beauty among the ladies, and the circle of gentlemen embraced learning and intellect. Among other literary gentlemen present, were Theodore S. Fay, Paulding, Irving, Verplanck, and Joseph R. Chandler. McDonald Clarke, the "Mad Poet," was also among the guests. Clarke did not remain long, nor, while present, did he circulate among the company. Most of the time he stood by the door, his pose and style the familiar attitude of the classic Napoleon, with arms folded. His head, however, rested not upon his breast, but looked up to the ceiling; while on one foot was a jack-boot and on the other a large, clumsy shoe. After he had gone, Colonel Stone related to the company the history of the stanza by Clarke that had lately appeared in the *Commercial*. It seems that Lang, in his New York *Gazette*, alluded to "McDonald Clarke, that fellow with zigzag brains." The insulted poet rushed into the sanctum of the *Commercial*, blazing with fury.

"Do you see, Colonel," said he, "what Johnny Lang says of me? He calls me a fellow with zigzag brains!"

"Well, and so you are," said the Colonel. "I think it is a very happy description of you."

"Oh! that's very well for you to say," retorted McDonald. "I'll take a joke from you; but Johnny Lang shall not destroy my well-earned reputation. Zigzag brains, forsooth! Zigzag brains—think of it, Colonel! I must have a chance to reply to him in your paper."

"How much space would you want?" enquired the Colonel.

"I think I could use him up in a column and a half," said McDonald.

"A column and a half!" said the Colonel. "Stuff! you shall have no such space. I'll give you just four lines, and if that will answer, fire away; but not a line more."

The poet, thus driven into a narrow corner, sat down, and instantly wrote off the following neat epigram:

"I can tell Johnny Lang, in the way of a laugh,
In reply to his rude and unmannerly scrawl,
That in my humble sense it is better by half
To have brains that are zigzag than no brains at all."

"There, Colonel," said he, "let Johnny Lang put that in his pipe and smoke it." *

* The remains of poor Clarke were first buried in the Greenwood Cemetery some

Lafayette, Colonel Stone, and Thurlow Weed.

In the course of this same summer, 1825, General Lafayette, who, as the guest of the nation, was then making his memorable tour of the country, chanced to make one of a group in the parterre of the "United States Hotel." Mrs. Dr. Rush was also present,

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distance beyond Mount Washington; but the trustees of the property having generously given a resting-place to his mouldering body, with permission to select the spot, it was afterwards exhumed and removed to a lovely little knoll, just on the margin of the Sylvan Lake, and not far from the "stranger's vault." Here Clarke now lies, in the midst of rural beauty such as would have called forth the most rapturous strains of his distempered muse. The monument, which was erected by a few kind-hearted friends, is simple, chaste, and elegant. It consists of a single block, square, resting upon a slab, and supporting a truncated pyramid—the whole in white marble, and having for its foundation a square platform of granite. On the side of the block which meets the approaching spectator is a profile medallion of "the mad poet," in high relief—not a perfect likeness, but yet a very good one. Beneath it are inscribed the dates of his birth and death—June 18, 1798, and March 5, 1842.

On the next side is this inscription:

(Epitaph written by himself.)
Sacred
To the Memory
of
POOR McDONALD CLARKE.
Let silence gaze—but curse not his grave.
McD. C.

On the third side, facing the Sylvan Lake, are four lines selected from his own poetry:

"But what are human plaudits now?
He never deemed them worth his care:
Yet death has twined around his brow
The wreath he was too proud too wear."

On the fourth side are also four lines, written by a friend:

"By friendship's willing hand erected—
By genius, taste, and skill adorned—
For one too long in life neglected,
But now in death sincerely mourned."

as was also Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, and Madame Jumel, the wife—or, as many supposed, only the mistress—of Aaron Burr. There was a question raised at the time whether Madame Jumel should be admitted into the circle; but as Lafayette had known Burr intimately during the Revolution, and as she claimed to be his wife, it was thought best to waive all scruples and accept her as one of the party. Lafayette was unusually animated, and gave an account of his call upon Red-Jacket, the week previous, in Buffalo. In the course of his visit, Red-Jacket enquired of the General whether he remembered being at the treaty of peace with the Six Nations, at Fort Stanwix, in 1784? Lafayette answered that he had not forgotten that great council, and asked his interrogator if he knew what had become of the young chief who, on that occasion, opposed, with so much eloquence, "the burying of the tomahawk?"

"He is before you," was the instant reply.

"In fact," added Lafayette, "this extraordinary man, although much worn down by time and intemperance, possesses yet, in a surprising degree, the exercise of all his faculties."

By this time the company were about to separate, when Lafayette, shaking hands with Colonel Stone and Mr. Weed (both of whom had accompanied him on his trip through the State), asked if he could be of service to them in return for their service and attention?

"All that Mr. Weed and myself desire," replied the Colonel, "is a lock of your hair."

"You shall have it, gentlemen," replied the General; "but as I have made a vow that man shall never cut my hair more, I surrender myself, my dear madam, into your hands."

As he said this, he took the scissors from Mr. Weed and gracefully tendered them to Mrs. Rush.

He then raised his wig; and Mrs. Rush, cutting off three locks of the snowy white hair, kept one herself, and handed the other two to Mr. Stone and Mr. Weed. The scene made a lasting impression on all who witnessed it.*

After Lafayette had left, the conversation of those who remained naturally turned upon him. There was a gentleman present who gave the company an account of some incidents connected with the General's coming to the United States, and especially about his landing at New York, not generally known.

From what the gentleman said, it appeared that Lafayette had no idea, nor even a suspicion, of the cordial welcome that awaited him on this side of the Atlantic. He had left France, after nearly half a century's absence from this country, without any intimation that he was to have any public reception in America. The gentleman, who gave the relation to

* The lock of hair thus given to my father I still have, and I treasure it as a most precious heirloom.

the company, chanced to be a fellow-passenger on the voyage, which was made in a Havre packet-ship. While crossing the Atlantic, this gentleman had many opportunities of conversing with the French Marquis and his son Washington, who accompanied him. All on board knew that our old ally, though a nobleman, was not rich; and in his conversations with his fellow-passengers he showed himself very solicitous as to his pecuniary means, making many enquiries about the prices of living and travelling in America, and seemed very anxious, on this account, as if fearing that his purse might not be sufficient for a very extended tour of travel through the United States. Indeed, the Americans who were aboard the packet, having been long absent from their country, had themselves no idea of the grand honors in store for their distinguished fellow-passenger. The gentleman who gave the narration, a rich Boston merchant, admitted that he himself had no conception of what was to happen and did occur on this side. Feeling an interest in Lafayette, he had invited him and his son, in the event of their visiting Boston, to make his house their home.

In due time the French packet came in sight of the American coast, and lay-to off Sandy Hook, waiting for a favorable wind to enter the bay of New York. Near the Narrows, she was boarded by a rowboat, in which were two gentlemen, in plain civilian dress; who, after holding a private conference with the cap-

tain, again re-entered their boat, and put off. No one aboard the packet, except the captain himself, knew what the conference was about.

After passing through the Narrows, and coming alongside Staten Island, the French ship came to anchor. This was a surprise to the passengers, who supposed they were going on up to the city. It was also some chagrin to them, to be thus delayed after their long sea-voyage, and many were heard to murmur at it. While in this mood they observed a long line of vessels coming down the bay. There were steamboats and sailing craft of all kinds, forming a considerable fleet. They were following one another, with manned yards and flags flying, and bands of music, as if upon some gala procession. The passengers on board the French packet were surprised—Lafayette not the least so.

"What does it mean?" asked the Marquis.

No one could make answer.

"Some grand anniversary of your Republic, *Messieurs*," was the conjecture of Lafayette.

Gradually the gaily-bedecked vessels approached; and it was seen that they were all making for the French ship, around which they soon clustered. Then one of the steamboats came close alongside, and a number of gentlemen, dressed in official costume, stepped aboard of her. Among them was the Governor of the State of New York, the Mayor of the City, and a staff of lesser dignitaries. Not until they had

been some time on the deck of the packet, and the captain introduced them to the General Marquis de Lafayette, did the modest old soldier know that all this grand ceremonial had been gotten up for himself. The tears fell fast from his eyes as he received their congratulations; and, on shaking hands with his fellow-passenger, the Boston merchant, at parting from him, he said: "*Monsieur*, I shall love New York so well I may never be able to get away from it to pay you a visit in Boston. *Par dieu!* dis grand république—von great people!" *

* In connection with Lafayette's *arrival* in America, it seems peculiarly appropriate to give the circumstances of his *departure*, which we take from the Boston *American Traveller*, September 13, 1825. I am indebted for a copy of this old paper to Mr. Walter S. Weed, of Auburn, N. Y.:

"*Departure of the Nation's Guest.*—The brave and worthy General, our distinguished and beloved guest, the good Lafayette, left Washington on Wednesday last [September 7], to embark on board the frigate *Brandywine* for his native country. The last, the parting scene at the President's House, was truly touching, and will doubtless long be remembered by the feeling and sympathetic hearts present.

"The corporations of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, with the members of their several Common Councils, and the Mayor of each city, met at the President's house a little before noon. After a short time the General, the President, the officers of state, and others, joined the company. The President, in the address, spoke in his happiest manner. Every tone, every look, every word, seemed to be the spontaneous expression of an excited and powerful mind, and to come direct from the heart. The General listened with silent emotion, and when it was concluded, threw his arms round Mr. Adams and kissed him. Pausing for a few moments, while all was silence, he retired a few paces, and delivered his reply. The beloved sounds, marked as they were by the strong French accent, fell with electric power upon the ears of all who heard it. Each man whispered to himself, 'It is the last time I shall hear his voice.' As the General concluded his reply, he renewed the embrace, which was cordially returned, his face the while streaming with tears. Turning to Mr. Adams, he cried with emphasis, 'God bless you!' 'God bless you!' said Mr. Adams, and again they fell into each other's arms. He embraced and kissed him a third time, and then recovering himself, turned to receive the outstretched

Cooper.

In August, 1828, Judge Cowen gave a farewell reception to James Fenimore Cooper, who was to sail in a few days for Europe, intending to be gone some years. From the "Diary" of a gentleman who was present on this occasion, I quote the following just reflections brought out by seeing Cooper at this time:

"To Mr. Cooper the loss of his property has probably been of more real advantage than the money ten times over would have been. It has called forth the slumbering energies of his mind, and given vigor and richness to his imagination, by the exertion of which he has acquired a proud name among the distinguished writers of the age, and added to the literary reputation of his country. And yet one cannot read his writings without feeling regret, almost pity, for a man who seems to possess so little sympathy with and respect for his countrymen. His world—to judge from the carping tone apparent through his works—must be a desolate country indeed. He seems to hate everything American, and to be destitute of Cowper's patriotism when he exclaimed: 'England! with all thy faults, I love thee still. Thou art *my country*.'

"Mr. Cooper does not seem to consider that every country may possess excellences peculiar to itself and

hands which met him in all directions. The greetings were long and repeated, and continued till every individual man had shared in his last pledge of kindness. What a scene this for a Michael Angelo or a West!"

its institutions, and that things dissimilar may yet have value and beauty. But why should the American nation be brought into comparison with older and richer ones? While it cannot be supposed to have the maturity which age alone gives, still there is much in it to admire and love. I fear its errors and incongruities will not be mended by being presented in so bitter and caustic a spirit.

"Indeed, I almost regret having visited Judge Cowen's party, since I have returned from it with my estimates of one of my favorite heroes considerably lessened. Can it indeed be true that many characters in our own history, whom we have considered almost godlike, are after all but frail mortals like ourselves? Yet so it appears; and, one by one, those whom we have been accustomed to venerate are knocked from the pedestal on which our fancy had elevated them."

Putnam.

"This time it is General Putnam and Robert Fulton who have fallen.

"The manner in which the subject came up was as follows: Some one present alluded to the picture of Putnam and the wolf, which formerly swung as a sign in front of the Union Hall. A young man from Connecticut thereupon remarked that the adventure had been greatly exaggerated, as the 'den,' which he had visited, was not more than three feet in depth.

"'And I guess,' here spoke up General Morgan Lewis, an aged Revolutionary soldier, but whose mind is as clear as a bell, 'that Putnam's military reputation is equally exaggerated. But, I beg pardon,' he added, addressing his apology to the proprietor of the Union Hall, whose name is also Putnam.

"'Not on my account,' rejoined Mr. Putnam; '*our* family are not nearly as *deep* in relationship with "Old Put" as is his wolf's den, which, according to this gentleman's story, is not of extraordinary depth.'

"'As I was saying,' resumed General Lewis, 'not to speak of the suspicions of treason which, in the minds of his brother officers, rest upon Putnam on account of his conduct at Bunker Hill, Long Island, and Peekskill, he seems to have been distinguished chiefly for retreating. Indeed, if you but reflect a moment, you will see that all of "Old Put's" exploits, which have rendered him so famous, are of this character. His flight down the steep rocks near Norwalk, his escape over the rapids of Fort Miller in a crazy canoe, and his retreat from the Indians at Lake George, are the principal feats on which his reputation rests. Yet he is in a fair way to descend to posterity as one of the bravest of American generals!'

"At this point the Rev. Mr. Potter,* a young

* Since Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania.

Episcopal divine, who is married to a daughter of the late Robert R. Livingston, and is consequently a nephew by marriage of General Lewis, joined in the conversation.

Fulton.

"'I am not surprised, General, at your remarks,' said he; 'my own observation leading me to believe that many descend into history as successful claimants for public honors, who, if the facts were known, would stand in a very different light. Probably no person has received so much praise and deserved it so little as Robert Fulton. A man of no practical ingenuity, of no power of conceiving, much less of executing an original mechanical idea, his friend Colden has succeeded in persuading the public that to him alone is due the successful navigation of our rivers by steam. The facts, however, as I gathered them from my father-in-law, and which I believe to be substantially correct, are as follows: For thirteen years before the first steamboat was placed upon the Collect in New York, John Fitch had run a little steamer on the Delaware with great success. During that period he had experimented with various kinds of propelling power—the screw, the side-wheel, and sweeps or long-oars. The most primitive thing about his vessel was the boiler, which consisted simply of two potash kettles, riveted together. Mr. Livingston, who was greatly interested in the success of Fitch's

experiments, seized the opportunity, when Minister to France, to visit the workshops of Watt & Bolton, in England; where, for the first time, he saw a properly constructed steam-boiler. But how was he to introduce it into the United States, unless (which was then impossible) he went there himself? At this crisis he thought of Robert Fulton, who, originally an artist in Philadelphia, was then exhibiting a panorama in Paris. His panorama, however, failing to pay, was attached, and he himself arrested for debt and thrown into prison. Livingston, falling into the error so common to many, of believing that because an artist can draw cleverly, he must necessarily succeed equally well in mechanical conception and execution, paid off Fulton's debts, and sent him over to New York with one of Watt's boilers. Fulton, however, failed to rise to the occasion; and when Livingston returned, a year after, he found his pet project precisely where he had left it several years before. He therefore at once took hold of it himself, and by his energy and perseverance finally brought his idea to a successful issue—Fulton, whom he could not entirely shake off, acting as a kind of general superintendent.'" *

* These statements, moreover, are confirmed, not only by the late President William A. Duer, in his *New Yorker* (Letter 7th), but by Mr. Ransom Cook, now (1875) living at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Mr. Cook informs me that, in the summer of 1837) he was engaged upon his electro-magnetic machinery. Among his workmen were two who had been employed by Livingston and Fulton, while those gentlemen were perfecting their steamboat. They surprised him greatly by stating that Fulton was a

Elisha Williams.

In 1830, Elisha Williams spent the summer at Saratoga, occupying rooms at Congress Hall. Mr. Williams was, perhaps, one of the most remarkable men of the last generation; nor was his reputation unmerited, which, during his lifetime, placed him at the head of American orators. But alas! he afforded one of the many examples of talent which could only benefit his contemporaries. I have often heard my father say, that, when he was publishing the Hudson *Whig*, and Mr. Williams had requested him to write an article for the paper, he would answer:

"You write it, and I will gladly publish it."

"No," Mr. Williams would reply. "I cannot write an article; it is out of the question; but I can talk one off fast enough."

Indeed, there was something in his tone and articulation that is often observed in public speakers, and which finds its way to the heart, sending an electric thrill through the system. Dr. Nott had it. So, too, Dr. Stoughton of Philadelphia. Robert Newton and J. J. Gurney possessed it; as also Somerfield, Whitefield, Christmas, and Kirk. Is it because they held the key that opens the secret chambers of the soul, and makes

capital draughtsman, and that was all. They added that he was so deficient in a knowledge of the laws of mechanics as to furnish daily mirth for the workmen; and that it was a long time before Livingston could convince him that the "starting-bar" of an engine should be made larger at the fulcrum end than at the handle!

us ever hallow the voice that called forth those sacred feelings, and has the power to unseal their fountains?

"If every word," says the diary of a gentleman who was with Mr. Williams at this time, "were correctly reported, it would be utterly impossible to convey the manner of his delivery, which forms the chief fascinations of his oratory. The play of his intelligent features, so plastic as to assume every variety of expression, which could illustrate or give force to the thought uttered—so grand and imposing in rebuke—so withering in satire, when speaking of the oppressor or the unjust, yet so full of tender sweetness when pleading the cause of the oppressed, and drawing forth pity and compassion toward the innocent and suffering victim; so radiant with brightness, as the scintillations of wit fly forth to dazzle the auditors; so overwhelming in pathos as to sway the variety of minds before him as by one mighty impulse, and give him entire control over every will, and take every heart captive—these are points which the reporter cannot give. In short," adds the writer of this elegant eulogy, "unless these qualities could be transferred, together with the ease, simplicity, and gracefulness of Mr. Williams' elocution—which might be compared to the graceful motions of infancy—his entire abandon to the cause of his client, producing a corresponding emotion on his hearers; unless all this could be portrayed, it would be impossible for a re-

porter to afford his readers that elysium of feeling to which this orator introduces his delighted auditory."

In appearance, Mr. Williams was a most perfect specimen of manly beauty. His form was erect, his shoulders square as those of an Indian; while he was over six feet in height, and symmetrically formed, even to the hands and feet. The ladies of Alexander Hamilton's day would have said, perhaps, that he was rather deficient in calf, and therefore would not appear to good advantage in small-clothes. His head was imposing, and so set on his shoulders as to confer a striking dignity to his bearing. He reminded one of the Olympian Jove. His eyes were dark and sparkling, his forehead high, straight, and smooth, a nose finely chiselled, a florid complexion, and one of the sweetest mouths in the world, from which flowed smoothly all it uttered. So that, with the harmonious cadences of his voice, it was truly said of him that his listeners "hung upon his lips." The play of his features in conversation was singularly beautiful, and at short intervals his face was lighted up by sallies of good-natured wit, which spontaneously emanated from a mind of singular sprightliness. Added to which, his manners were courteous, bland, and gracious, and reminded one of those of some noble lord, or even of royalty itself. "I never," says the diary before quoted, "saw manners so impressive and suggestive of

having their development in the genial atmosphere of kindness." *

John Van Buren.

In the summer of 1833, two visitors, in a drunken frolic, broke some windows in the north wing of old "Congress Hall," and pitched a waiter over the balustrade. Fortunately, the waiter saved his life by catching hold of and clinging to the banisters, otherwise the crime of murder might have been added to that of debauch. For this they were brought before Justice Ransom Cook on a warrant for assault and battery. Their defence was conducted by John Van Buren, at that time a young man of twenty-two years of age. He managed the case with much ingenuity, and contrived to clear his clients, who, after the suit, settled with the waiter—thereby tacitly confessing their guilt. Mr. Justice Cook, however, while feeling compelled by the evidence to discharge the culprits, nevertheless administered to them a severe and doubtless well-merited reproof. This occurrence was while the elder Van Buren was Vice-President, during Jackson's second term, and also before "Prince John," as he was called, had made his famous tour in Europe.

* Mr. Williams' wife was a sister of the distinguished Thomas P. Grosvenor, the eloquent speaker, who at one time produced such a sensation in Congress.

Mrs. De Witt Clinton and Van Buren.

For several years before Gov. Clinton died, Mr. Van Buren was the leader in this State of the party opposed to him. A few months previous to Clinton's decease, both of these rival chieftains had come out for Jackson as the Presidential successor of Adams, and consequently their long-standing hostility had mellowed into something akin to frigid cordiality When the news of Gov. Clinton's sudden death reached Washington, the New York delegation in Congress held a memorial meeting. The leading speech was made by Mr. Van Buren, then a Senator. It was a chaste eulogium of Clinton, and the closing paragraphs were eloquent and touching.

Eleven years later, when Mr. Van Buren was President, and his Administration was severely pressed by the Whigs, he made a tour through this State, during which he visited Saratoga Springs. It was at the very height of the season, and the town was filled with politicians, and ablaze with beauty and fashion, from every part of the Union. Mrs. Clinton, a woman of commanding presence, was the most distinguished lady at the Springs. On the afternoon of his arrival, as Mr. Van Buren was moving through the throng which crowded the drawing-room of the United States hotel, he happened to meet Mrs. Clinton. The urbane President lifted his hat, bowed politely, and advanced to greet her. She turned sharp on her heel,

and, with a frown clouding her countenance, gave him the cut direct. Mr. Van Buren took the rebuff with characteristic equanimity. This circumstance made a great noise at the time, affording sensations for newspapers and subjects for caricaturists.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Schools of Saratoga.

"I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors."—*Spectator.*

"Education is to the mind what cultivation is to the soil. If fruit and flowers are not produced, weeds and nettles will spring up. Bishop Taylor once said to a lady, 'Madam, if *you* don't fill your child's head with something, the *devil* will.'"

DIOGENES once ridiculed the laziness and inattention of the Megarensians, who instructed their children in nothing, but paid chief care to their flocks, for he said that he "would rather be the ram of any Megarensian than his son." The people of Saratoga certainly never erred in this respect to the extent thus mentioned by the old cynic. Still, it must be admitted that the pioneers in the settlement of this village seem to have lacked appreciation for learning and sound culture; hence the early schools were of small account.

The most prominent, if not the only teacher of those days, was "Lawyer Blake," as he was called. He was a man of liberal education; and was the first to establish himself as a lawyer in the village. His success in his profession appears not to have been great, and he afterwards opened a school in the Upper Village. He died many years since at

the Osborn House. Mr. Smith, commonly known as "Deacon Smith," was a graduate of an Eastern College, and taught, off and on, for a number of years. He was a man of great peculiarities and of great excellences. Then came Mr. Marshall, a Quaker—the author of *Marshall's Spelling Book*, a work much used in its day. After that, from year to year, school was taught in the "Old School-house" in Church Street, just north of the old Presbyterian Meeting-house—since known as the Commercial Hotel. This school-house was burned down long since, but there are many yet who have not forgotten it. Students from Union and other colleges would here try their skill as pedagogues till a wider field was opened to them. Neither would we fail to mention Miss Dolly Abel, who taught their "A, B, C's" to generation after generation. She was emphatically the "Village School-Mistress"—a woman of substantial excellence. Miss Pearce, too, was a veteran teacher, who began and finished her course in her own house in Federal Street. Time would fail us to name the multitude of worthy persons who have begun and remained a longer or shorter time in this vocation—Rev. Mr. Duncan, Miss Day, Mrs. Streeter, Miss Ashman, and, latterly, Miss Carrie Carpenter and Mrs. Frederick Root, both of whom have conducted a popular school successfully for many years.

The first boarding and day school for young ladies was opened by the Misses Wayland, on the south

corner of Broadway and Washington Streets. The school-house on Washington Street, having undergone various transformations, has at last (1875) been removed to Putnam Street, in the rear of Congress Hall. It was a very simple and unpretending structure, but it was the scene of many pleasant memories, and was, and is, dear to many hearts on account of cherished associations there formed. There are matrons now presiding over households in all parts of the Union who look back with glad happiness to their school-days passed there. Nor was the WAYLAND SEMINARY without advantage to the town itself. During its continuance it was the custom for weekly "conversations" to be held in the parlors of the school, to which the young gentlemen of the village were admitted. On these occasions, the characters of a play of Shakspere, for example, would be taken by different individuals, and after it had been read, criticism, analysis, and discussion would follow. To the pupils, but especially to the young men, these reunions were of the highest benefit. Nothing is better adapted to give the last polish to the education of a young man than conversation with virtuous and accomplished women. Their society serves to smooth the rough edges of his character and to mellow his temper. In short, the man who has never been acquainted with females of the better class is not only deprived of many of the purest pleasures, but will have very little success

in social life. Nor should I like to be connected in the bonds of friendship with the man who has a bad opinion and speaks ill of the female sex. Thus it happened that the Wayland Seminary left an impress on the society of that day which has never been effaced.

Miss Williams afterward opened a school for young ladies in the north part of the village, and she was followed by Miss Martha Thompson. Mr. Carter, in 1854, opened a school for young ladies, which was the beginning of the Temple Grove Seminary—long time in charge of Rev. Luther F. Beecher and now (1875) pre sided over by Rev. C. F. Dowd.

The first prominent school for boys was opened, in 1836, by Mr. Elijah K. Bangs in the old Methodist Meeting-House—now the "Broadway House"—which he purchased and transformed into a building suitable for his purpose. He resided in the village until 1838, when he removed to Hempstead, L. I., but returned in 1839, and continued to teach in Saratoga until the spring of 1845.*

In the spring of 1849 Mr. Paoli Durkee opened a classical school for boys, and continued to teach until the summer of 1858. On first coming to the village

* Mr. Bangs' first wife was a sister of Mrs William L. Griswold, and a daughter of James G. Watts, for seven years editor and proprietor of the *United States Gazette* of Philadelphia. She died at Saratoga Springs, June 11, 1843, at the early age of twenty-three. One of her brothers, James C. Watts, edited the *Saratoga Whig* in 1839. He also died at an early age. Mr. Bangs is still living in New York City, the senior member of the firm of Bangs, Merwin & Co.

he taught in Washington Hall, since occupied by Mrs. Charles Mason and others, but at that time owned by the late Joel Root.* Afterward he purchased the lot adjoining the Hall on the north, and erected on it a dwelling and school-house, into the latter of which he removed his school in 1851. This school has turned out many persons eminent in their several walks of life, having worthy representatives in the mechanical, mercantile, legal, medical, and military professions. Among the latter may be mentioned the late Lieutenant Gouverneur Morris, whose early death, after he had made a brilliant record in the late civil war, excited poignant sorrow throughout a wide circle of friends.† One great cause, undoubtedly, of the high

* Joel Root died in New Haven, Conn., April 7, aged eighty-four years. He early settled in Galway, but, about thirty years since, purchased Washington Hall, and kept it for a series of years. He then removed to Hartford, where he resided until his decease. Mr. Root retained his vigor of mind and body to the close of a long life, studded with many charitable acts. He was strictly temperate in every sense of the word, and to this is owing the hardiness of his later years.

† Gouverneur Morris was never a robust boy, but, when the Rebellion broke out, his patriotic spirit could not be restrained, and reluctantly his father, General Morris, consented to his entering the volunteer army. Here his health gave way, and he all but lost his life by the hardships of the Shenandoah Valley campaign; after which he was transferred and commissioned a First Lieutenant in the U. S Marine Corps, still continuing very delicate. He accompanied his father's remains from Fort McHenry to one of the family vaults at Morrisania, N. Y., in the bitter weather of December; came back to Baltimore with a heavy cold, which terminated in inflammation of the brain, and died in that city on Christmas day, 1865, in his twenty-fourth year He lies beside his beloved and honored father at his own request. The great-grandmother of Lieutenant Morris was the wife of Lewis Morris, signer of the Declaration of Independence, who is known in history as the beautiful Mary Walton. Lieut. Morris, or "Govy" as he was called by his playfellows, was a favorite with the entire school. He was a boy of the most amiable and winning manners, gentle and kind, yet firm as adamant in maintaining the right. I, as one of his mates, take a mournful pleasure in paying this feeble tribute to his memory.

character and success of this school was, that Mr. Durkee aimed to render study attractive by cheerful surroundings rather than by stern and harsh discipline. Many a delightful summer day has witnessed his entire school reclining on the mossy carpet of the woods at the back of the school-house diligently conning their lessons. Thus invigorated by fresh, wholesome air, the mind was able frequently to grasp problems that, in the vitiated air of the recitation-room, would have been given up in despair. Often, moreover, this kind preceptor, believing that book-learning alone was not all of education, would accompany his pupils in many a pleasant ramble, where they would find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Rev. Mr. Proudfit succeeded Mr. Durkee; then Mr. Robb, now of Oswego. Within a few years Rev. Mr. Crocker has opened a private school, which still (1875) continues under his charge.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Early Debating Clubs of Saratoga.

". . . . The grand debate, the popular haranguc, the tart reply. The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit."

ALTHOUGH Saratoga Springs has been the nursing mother of many men eminent in the legal profession, she seems to have been somewhat tardy in developing the forensic powers of her youth. It was not until 1836 that she awoke to her duty in this regard, in which year the first debating club was organized. The meetings of this society, which was called the "Slawkenbergian Dialectic Club," were held at the Columbian Hotel, and at the "Old Bell Schoolhouse," on Federal Street. It was composed of a number of rising men, among whom were O. L. Barbour, President; John H. Beach, Secretary; Wm. A. Beach, Sidney J. Cowen, Stephen P. Nash, Nicholas Hill, Thomas Rogers, Richard L. Allen, Clarence Walworth, John A. Corey,* Charles A. Davison, Perry G.

* The "Reminiscences of Saratoga" would not be complete without a tribute paid to Mr. John A. Corey. The manner of Mr. Corey—who disliked "shams" and was often too outspoken for his own good—did him great injustice. Yet I am free to say that Saratoga never had a more loyal son—one who was more devoted to her interests—and that Saratoga is more indebted to Mr. Corey than she is aware, for much of her present prosperity. Mr. Corey and Mr. G. M. Davison also gave the village two of the best early newspapers she ever had.

Ellsworth, and Patrick H. Cowen. "There were," writes Hon. O. L. Barbour to the author, "many fine debates in that old club. Some of Rogers', Hill's, and S. J. Cowen's highest flights of eloquence were there attained. Rogers, I remember, with his strong voice, in a slender frame, used to wake the echoes and astound the 'groundlings.' He often reminded his hearers of their privileges in being residents of a county which contained the battle-fields of Saratoga and the bones of the patriots there interred. He rattled those bones in the ears of his audience so often (but not by any means *too* often), that they finally took to joking him about them. One day, a wagon-load of bones from some slaughter-house was passing through the street. A member of the club called out to Rogers: 'Here, Tom, come quick; here is some of your property.' He afterwards emigrated to Dubuque, Iowa, and was elected to the State legislature, where he distinguished himself by many an able and eloquent speech. A person from the country, who had read his speeches as reported in the newspapers, had formed so high an opinion of Rogers' oratorical powers, that on coming to Dubuque he sought and obtained an introduction. On learning his name he said, 'What! Are you the great Tom Rogers, who makes such splendid speeches in the House? I don't believe a word of it! Why, I expected to see a man at least six feet high, with a voice like thunder!' Rogers told me this himself Hill

and S. J. Cowen were fine debaters, as were several others. Dr. Allen was a very fair speaker and a good logician. Nash was as clear as a crystal. Alas! most of the members are gone." The departure of many of the members for wider fields of usefulness—Rogers going to the West, Hill settling in Albany, and Walworth called to the priesthood—broke up the club, which in its day had proved so useful, and several years passed before a similar one was inaugurated.

During this interregnum, however, efforts had not been wanting to draw out the literary talent of the place. A Histrionic Company was formed in 1842, composed of those youths of the village who were ambitious to wear the sock and buskin, among whom were A. A. Patterson (the life and soul of it), George W. Andrews, Henry Hay, Henry P. Andrews, James M. Andrews, Benjamin and Jesse Frazer, and J. R. Plunkett. During the existence of this association, which lasted two years, very creditable performances were given weekly in the Pavilion Hall.* Many of Shakspere's plays, as well as those of others, such as "The Rivals," "The Mistletoe Bough," "The Irish Tutor," and "Bombastes Furioso," were performed both for the amusement of the village and for deserving objects.† To show that this Histrionic Association,

* Situated in the Pavilion Spring grounds on Lake Avenue, opposite the "Flat Rock." The Flat Rock Spring still exists, covered by the tanneries.

† As an illustration of this remark, we quote the following from the *Saratoga Sentinel* of 1843—at that time ably edited by Mr. Charles F Paul:

also, was not mere child's-play, but was really of great merit, it may be stated that Miss Cora Mowatt was glad to avail herself of the talent of Mr. A. A. Patterson and others belonging to the association to aid her in a dramatic performance given in the village.

Others of the young men occasionally satisfied their literary aspirations by going over once a fortnight either to the "Stafford School-house" on Fish Creek, or the one near the "Eddy Four Corners," and measuring swords with the young farmers of those neighborhoods. During one of these winters, John Scofield—now settled over a church in New Jersey—was the teacher of the district-school. Many were the passages-at-arms between the young men of the village and the farmers' sons; and many were the flights of eloquence that rang through the smoky rafters of the Stafford School-house. At these meetings, moreover, the school-master was sometimes "abroad"; for once, when one of the speakers had quoted that stanza from Gray beginning, "Perhaps in this neglected spot," etc., one of the members, at the close of the speech, came up and congratulated him, saying: "J——, those lines of yours were splendid! *Were they*

"HISTRIONIC ASSOCIATION—BENEFIT OF WILLIAM C. OWEN.—We understand that this association have, with commendable liberality, resolved to give the receipts of next Thursday evening's performance to our unfortunate townsman, William C. Owen, who, it will be recollected, some two months since received an injury by a fall from a building, by which he was and still is incapable of pursuing his profession, upon the emoluments of which his family depend for support. We trust that this fact need only be made known to our citizens to ensure a crowded house. "Pizarro" and "The Day after the Wedding" are the plays to be brought out on the occasion."

original?" Occasionally, also, Rev. Dr. Woodbridge would kindly come over from the village and act as arbitrator—his attention at these times being equally divided between listening to the arguments and snuffing the tallow candles which, stuck in potatoes for candlesticks, cast weird and ghostly shadows upon the whitewashed walls. Sometimes, too, if the sleighing was fine, Rev. Dr. Woodbridge or Rev. Mr. Stowell would vary the exercises by delivering a lecture to audiences made up of the farmers and their families dwelling in the vicinity.

At length, about 1850—encouraged by Judge William Hay, who at that time had quite a number of students in his office—a debating club was successfully organized in the village itself, under the name of "The Young Men's Association."

This Association, composed of two branches—the "Senior" and the "Junior"—and numbering among its members that prince of humorists the late Henry Hay, Frederick Root, John Knickerbacker, Charles S. Lester, Paoli Durkee, John Putnam, B. C. Thayer, J. A. Shoudy, and others, held its meetings sometimes in the dining-room of the "Columbian," and again in the basement of the old Methodist church. The "Juniors" were John L. Barbour, Cornelius Durkee, Lewis P. and George Close, Robert Patterson, John Lamb, James McDonald, Hamilton Peters, Walter Putnam, William N. Sturges (now of Chicago), Harvey Stafford, and the author, all but three of whom

have passed away. The "Junior" Club frequently met in the "Wayland School-house" on Washington Street, to debate questions among themselves by way of practice, before taking part in the discussions of the association proper.

Some really able debates were held at these meetings; and it being just previous to the formation of the Republican party, when anti-slavery feeling ran high, the discussions were often exceedingly acrimonious. Nevertheless, they were frequently interspersed with humor. A certain member, one William Lane, a good speaker and possessed of fair abilities, was a fiery abolitionist, and for ever on his feet. The poet and wit of the association, *par excellence*, was John R. McGregor, who, continually "tilting" with Lane, would frequently take the "wind out of his opponent's sails," and that, too, in a very summary manner. Once I remember, in particular, when Mr. Lane had been indulging in one of his most grandiloquent flights, and it came McGregor's turn to reply, the latter simply rose, and, in the demurest possible manner, improvised the following:

> "I'd rather meet a railroad train
> Than to encounter Billy Lane!"

and sat down. "Only this and nothing more," yet it was enough; for, amid shouts of laughter, Mr. Lane retired from the field utterly discomfited—for that night at least.

On another occasion, the question up for discussion was, "Which exercises the most influence on mankind—moral or physical force?" Now, it so chanced that the night before the debate Mr. Paoli Durkee had captured in Washington Hall two burglars, and by the strength of his powerful arms had compelled them to cry for quarter. Mr. Durkee was the one on the *moral* side of the question, and had got on splendidly with his speech till Mr. Lester, who was opposed, when it came his turn to reply, quietly asked him how amenable to moral suasion those burglars would have been without his (Mr. Durkee's) strong arms! It is, perhaps, needless to add that Mr. Lester won the debate. Sometimes the late Franklin Hoag, or, as he was familiarly called, "Squire" Hoag, would take part in the debates, and by his infinite fund of humor contribute not a little to the evening's entertainment.*

* Franklin Hoag was born in the year 1800, near Dimmick's Corners, in the town of Wilton. His father was a prominent Methodist clergyman. Early in life he turned his attention to the law, and his fame as a successful pleader in justices' courts soon became so great that through the northern towns Frank Hoag was always upon one side or the other, and frequently the successful one. About 1835, he removed to Saratoga Springs, and pursued a regular course of studies in the office of William A. Beach, now of New York City, and was admitted to the bar. As an advocate his practice was mostly confined to the Common Pleas and Justices' Courts, and, after the Constitution of 1846 was adopted, in the County court. He was peculiarly at home in cases arising from breach of warranty in horse trades, and he was acknowledged by his brethren of the bar to be the best read in that branch of the profession of any lawyer in the county. For many years he held the office of Justice of the Peace in Saratoga, and in 1855 he was elected Supervisor. In 1870, he removed to Oil City, Pa., where he died, on the 3d of May, 1875, leaving five children, viz., Mrs. George C. Alger, Samuel F. and Hiram W. Hoag, of Oil City; Franklin S. Hoag, of Meadville, Pa., and Mrs. George Weller, of Schenectady.

This Association was also, I believe, the first to introduce the custom of having a regular course of lectures through the winter months.

Very often, however, the funds of the Association would come so short that, with an empty exchequer, it was puzzled to know how to manage. On one occasion when, as a great *coup*, Mr. Greeley was invited to lecture, and had accepted, it was found that, after paying for the lighting of the church, we would be able to give that lecturer the magnificent sum of $10. The morning after the lecture, which was delivered in the old Presbyterian Church, I, as the youngest of the lecture committee, was made the scapegoat, and deputed to hand Mr. Greeley the $10, John Putnam, J. D. Briggs, and Henry Hay standing behind a corner of the depot, laughing in their sleeves. I therefore accompanied him into the train, and, taking a seat in the cars, awaited the time of departure. When it was fairly under motion, I thrust the $10 (carefully enclosed in an envelope) into the lecturer's hand, and jumped from the train, leaving the recipient to examine by himself the contents. The following year, Horace Greeley was again invited to lecture before the Y. M. A. of Saratoga Springs; but a "singed cat dreads the fire," and the following answer was returned:

"NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1852.

"MY DEAR STONE: Many thanks for your note

of the 17th. I rather guess I won't come to Saratoga to lecture. Reason: It is some distance to travel, and I can't afford to go for nothing, and (if I remember rightly) your society don't pay. Now, I was willing to go once, just for the sake of exhibiting myself and meeting my friends, but I don't want to make a practice of the like. I should want $25 for going to S. and lecturing, and I can't in conscience assure your society that the lecture would be worth the money. So let it stand over for this season.

* * * * * * *

"Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

"W. L. Stone, Esq., S. Springs."

$25 for a lecture from Horace Greeley! Truly, *tempora mutantur;* for exactly ten years afterward, I paid Henry Ward Beecher $100 for a lecture on behalf of the same association, leaving a surplus in the treasury of $300.

Such, in brief, is the history of the humble beginning and many trials of the present "Young Men's Christian Association" of Saratoga Springs.

CHAPTER XXV.

Early History of the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches—Rev. D. O. Griswold and Rev. S. W. Whelpley.

"Virtue may be assail'd but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea, even that which *mischief meant most harm*,
Shall, in the happy trial, prove most *glory*,
And evil on itself shall back record!"

THE Baptist Church of Saratoga Springs was organized in October, 1793. It was then composed of only twenty members—ten males and ten females—and united, at its next session, with the Shaftsbury Association. At this period of its existence it was located four miles south of the present village, on the direct road to Waterford. In 1796 they built a log meeting-house, near the original place of their first organization, which stood on that which is now "Shipman's Hill." Shortly after the erection of this structure, they called to the pastorate the Rev. E. P. Langworthy, who remained with them eighteen years.* In 1804, this church, with thirteen

* Rev. Elias P. Langworthy was afterwards settled over the church in Ballston Spa, where he resided during the war of 1812. He was an ardent patriot, and raised a subscription to buy a cannon to celebrate Hull's naval victory. He went to Albany and purchased the gun and drew it home with his well-remembered horse, "Mike." Whenever a victory was announced, the "Elder," as he was familiarly called, and the late Sanbun Ford, would make the "welkin ring" with

others, met on the second Wednesday of August, with the first church in Milton, and organized the "Saratoga Baptist Association." In 1809, they built their second house of worship in what was then (and still is) called the "Ellis neighborhood," two miles south of the village. This house was afterward sold to Elias Benedict, the owner of the United States Hotel, who moved it to his premises, and in later years turned it into a club-house and billiard-room. Some beautiful trees, standing about eighty rods east of Carrigan's Mills, on the south road which leads to the residence of the late Isaac Patrick, mark the place which this building once occupied. In 1819, the late Francis Wayland, of Troy, N. Y., was called to the pastorate; and shortly after the latter's settlement, the late Rev. Francis Wayland, Jr. (President of Brown University) was licensed by the church to preach the Gospel.

The society continued to meet at the building in the "Ellis Neighborhood" until 1821, in which year, through the exertions of Rev. Francis Wayland, they erected a third house of worship on a lot presented to the society by the heirs of Gideon Putnam, in accordance with the will of that person.

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the reports of their gun. The old gun is yet preserved at Ballston, and is used on the Fourth of July and other festive occasions. He was the father of Hon. Lyman B. Langworthy, once sheriff of the county, but for many years a resident of Rochester. Elder Langworthy died at Ballston, and is buried in the village cemetery a few rods east of the monument to Hon. James M. Cook.

The present Baptist church edifice in Washington Street, completed in 1856, stands on the same spot. Rev. Mr. Wayland served as pastor for four years, when he was succeeded by the Rev. John Lamb, who remained settled over the society for two years. From 1825 to 1828 the society had no regular minister. In the latter year Joshua Fletcher—at that time a student in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution (now Madison University)—was engaged as a supply, and shortly afterward established as permanent pastor. He continued with them for nineteen years; and, it is speaking within bounds, to say that a more worthy, faithful, and conscientious man than he has never been settled over this church. He, in fact, devoted the best years of his life to the society; he was with them in "good and evil report," worked for them in the cause of Christ at a small salary, and only left when he found that he must go into some other more remunerative employment. Indeed, the Baptist church of Saratoga Springs never can be sufficiently grateful to FRANCIS WAYLAND and JOSHUA FLETCHER for their self-sacrificing labors in its behalf.

In 1847, Rev. Joshua Fletcher was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Kingsbury, who, in turn, was followed by the Revs. Stowell, Sawyer, Beecher, Woodruff, Cheetham, and the Rev. Mr. Woods, the present (1875) courteous and able incumbent.

The Presbyterian Church.

The early history of the Presbyterian Church of Saratoga Springs is so identified with its organizer and first pastor, Rev. Mr. Griswold, that a sketch of one is really the history of the other.

Darius Oliver Griswold was born in 1787, in Goshen, Conn. At the age of seventeen he entered Yale, and began his course of study preparatory to the ministry. After remaining two years at Yale, he went to Williams College, whence he graduated in 1808, at the age of twenty-one, taking the valedictory. This was remarkable when it is remembered that part of his education was obtained by teaching in a neighboring academy in the day-time and a singing-school in the evening—keeping up with his class, meanwhile, by severe night study. That he was highly regarded as a scholar is evident from the fact, that he was afterward invited to deliver before one of the literary societies of his *Alma Mater* an oration, which he performed very much to the acceptance of his friends. After leaving college he taught an academy at Ballston one year; then pursued a regular course of theological study at Andover Seminary for three years. Upon the expiration of this course of study, being licensed to preach, he began his labors in Bloomfield, Ontario County, N. Y., in 1812, where he spent three years. To this field he took with him his bride—having married Miss

Abigail Wakeman, of Ballston, N. Y., on September, 17, 1811—who throughout all the trials and labors of his ministry proved herself, by self-denying and devotional conduct, worthy of his choice. He then came to Saratoga Springs, and began preaching in a dilapidated old school-house near the present Baptist church. For one year he preached on alternate Sabbaths in Saratoga and Glen's Falls, and made himself so useful in winning souls to Christ, that the Presbyterian society—then a very feeble one and scarcely deserving that name—sent him out to collect funds for building a house of worship.

His efforts were so successful that, in 1817, the church, composed of nine members, was organized in his study. This study was in the south end of Washington Hall, and is room No. 30. In 1822 he was dismissed from the pastorate at his own request, and settled at Watertown, Conn., where he remained ten years. He did not leave Saratoga, however, without great remonstrance. The Presbytery showed their appreciation of his peculiar fitness for the place by refusing to dismiss him until his third request, made on the ground that he absolutely could not live on his salary. It was soon found, however, that it was necessary to the prosperity of the church that he should return. A subscription paper was accordingly started, and every dollar thus raised, was on the express condition that he should come back. With this paper, a letter was sent to him, stating that many were so dis-

couraged as to propose letting the church—for the erection of which he had labored so assiduously—to the Episcopal Society. This determined him, and in 1833 he returned to Saratoga, where, after laboring zealously and actively for six years, he was laid aside by the paralysis which, on the 28th of December, 1841, terminated his existence. A funeral sermon was delivered on the Sabbath after his death by Rev. A. T. Chester, from 2 Tim. iv. 6–8, to the united congregations of the place. Rev. Mr. Griswold left three children, all of whom yet survive, viz., Burr W., a lawyer of New York City; William L., a well-known former citizen of Saratoga, but now also of New York; and Helen, the wife of Mr. S. E. Bushnell. His widow survived until February 8, 1856, when she also, following her beloved consort, was enabled to unite with him in the praise of the Lamb whom on earth they had both together so glorified.

Mr. Griswold had many remarkable traits of character. Dr. Chester—his successor, but now residing in Buffalo, N. Y.—in his memorial address says: "As a man he commanded the love and respect of all who knew him. He was affable and social, had a sensitive heart and generous spirit. To the cry of distress he ever lent a listening ear, offering cheerful assistance. His was a spirit with which it was impossible to associate any thing ungenerous or mean or base, a pure-minded Christian, whose character may be truly expressed in the term Christian gentleman.

"As a scholar, his standing and attainments were elevated. His success as a teacher and as a writer proves this. His sermons are of a high order, exhibiting great purity of language with great classical elegance of expression, and much energy and vivacity. He was held very high as a preacher by many of those who hear sermons with the greatest interest and intelligence. His simple and yet elegant statements of gospel truth, his solemn manner and powerful voice, have made impressions upon many minds which can never be lost.

"As a spiritual teacher and guide he was faithful and sincere in his efforts to lead sinners to Christ, and to keep those who professed attachment to him in the performance of their covenant obligations; a firm believer in the plain doctrines of the Bible he ever sought to make others acquainted with these truths, and to win them to the love and acceptance of the truth. '*He fought the good fight*,' for he used the weapons which God furnished, and continually carried on the contest with the enemies of the Cross of Christ. '*He finished his course*,' for though it seemed to be abruptly terminated, yet so had infinite wisdom before appointed. His course was not extended like that of many others. The goal seemed to be in the middle of the race-ground; yet did he reach that. '*He has kept the faith*.'"

Mr. Griswold's musical talent was also of the highest order. He had a voice alike remarkable for its

power and sweetness, and led the choir from the pulpit for several years. Mrs. Daniel Wayland (daughter-in-law of Rev. Francis Wayland and daughter of Nathan Lewis, who built the Pavilion hotel) was one of the two sopranos on whom he depended. Many people yet living have often spoken to me about the *rapture* with which they have listened to the blending of their voices. It was his custom to meet his choir weekly for the purpose of practising, and to this is to be attributed the fact that during his ministry the choir of the Presbyterian Church at Saratoga was noted for its fine singing—many of the visitors often remarking "that they heard no such music at home."

Another characteristic of Rev. Mr. Griswold was his great *moral* courage. Although naturally of a retiring, shrinking disposition, and withal of a modesty which continually put self in the background, yet, when *principle* was involved, he was as firm as the everlasting hills. An instance of this is in point. Mr. Griswold had never thought it best for clergymen to meddle with politics; but at an election held a few months before his retirement from the ministry, the issues were such that, on the night previous to the election, he stated in his family his intention of voting. His wife thereupon suggested her fears that he would repent it, to which he replied, "I shall do it if I have to follow my good brother Wayland's example—call for a Bible and *swear in my vote;* for I have made up my mind, deliberately

and prayerfully, that it is my duty; and if it has come to this, that office-bearers in the church of Christ will put into office an openly irreligious man in preference to a man who helps to support the preaching of the Gospel and religious instructions, *it is time for ministers to take a stand. I would vote if I knew that I should be turned out of house and home to-morrow night in consequence.*" The day following he deposited his vote quietly, and the Whigs' and Griswold's candidate was elected.

Rev. Mr. Whelpley.

Rev. Samuel W. Whelpley, who was the regularly installed pastor of the Presbyterian church at Saratoga during a part of the interregnum of Rev. Mr. Griswold, was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in the year 1795. When two years of age, his father, Rev. Samuel Whelpley, removed to New Jersey to take charge of the Academy at Morristown. Here he remained, until, after fourteen years of successful teaching, he accepted an invitation to take charge of the Newark Academy. In 1813, his eldest brother, Philip (subsequently settled over the Wall Street Church, New York), and himself were fitted for college, and were on the point of entering, when their father's health failing, the support of the family devolved upon them, and they were obliged to take charge of the Academy and continue in the business of teaching until they entered the ministry. In 1815, he moved to New York

and took charge of a classical school; at the same time entering upon the study of divinity, under the charge of Dr. Gardiner Spring and his father.

In 1817, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the New York Presbytery, Dr. John B. Romeyn, Moderator. The same year he was ordained and installed pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Plattsburgh, N. Y. Here his efforts were very greatly blessed, especially in the year 1824, when, during a great revival, upwards of one hundred joined his church.

In 1825, he was invited to take charge of the Church at Saratoga Springs—then left without a pastor by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Griswold; and on the 11th of August of that year he was duly installed as its pastor. To this step he was led chiefly by the persuasions of Chancellor Walworth and his wife, who had formerly both been members of his church at Plattsburg, and also by the hope that his labors might be lightened, for Plattsburgh was at this time a missionary station, and the parochial labors were immense. While at Saratoga his labors were blessed, some were added to the church; and there are yet a few old residents who remember the pastorate of Mr. Whelpley with feelings of deep gratitude. At length Mr. Whelpley felt obliged to ask for his dismission from the church where he had labored with so much usefulness. Chancellor Walworth and the other elders regretted exceedingly to part with him, but seeing his determination, bade him an affec-

tionate farewell. The causes which led to this step on the part of Mr. Whelpley are partly shadowed forth in the following extract from his private manuscript diary. He writes: "I labored hard in Saratoga Springs for nearly three years, but with very little success. The town was even at this date the resort of men of pleasure, and its attractions drew together a motley crowd from all parts of the world. Every other store, almost, was a dram-shop, and intemperance was universal." Accordingly, by the advice of Rev. Dr. Payson, in 1829, he removed to East Windsor, Conn. Here his strong position on the temperance question (which, by the way, had embroiled him not a little at Saratoga) divided the church; and at the end of two years, 1832, he preached acceptably for Dr. Kirk, of Albany, who was at this time in poor health. From 1832 to 1843, he was constantly preaching in Palmyra, Rochester, and Waterville, until ill health compelled him to discontinue and devote the powers of his mind to writing for the press.

Accordingly, that he might be near his circle of relatives and friends, he removed to New York City, with his wife and infant son, and became one of the editors of the *North American Protestant Magazine*. Here, through his literary associates, he opened a path for himself, and made his mark on the newspaper and periodical literature of the day. In every way a truly Christian gentleman, he gave his influence to the furtherance of every moral aim, and interested himself

in intellectual progress. Stories, travels, criticism, imaginative sketches, biography—each received the treatment best adapted to it. All topics were treated with originality of view and in a broad, catholic spirit. But the year 1847 was to end his struggles and labors, and bring him the rest which earth generally yields her sons. He had for several years been in a decline, and in September he gained his release.

Of a nervous, ardent, and highly sympathetic nature, he may have laid himself open to attack from the very impetuosities of his temper; and, like all men of his temperament, he was in constant danger of falling a prey to designing men. Indeed, at times, while at Saratoga, he came into collision with some of his brother ministers, but he was prompt to forgive and forget; and the differences of to-day were covered with the garment of charity to-morrow.

Mr. Whelpley's manners (such is the testimony of Chancellor Walworth) were as polished and scholarly as his conversation and his writings, and to these he may, in a considerable degree, have owed the good fortune which gave him for wives the two women who shared his affection. His first wife was Miss Susan Angus, of Perth Amboy, a lady of refinement of character and of considerable talent. She was an authoress when women seldom touched the pen. His second wife was Miss Abigail Belden, the eldest daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Belden, well known to old New Yorkers from his long and prominent connection with

the public-school system. Notwithstanding, also, that this marriage was a love-match, and a runaway one at that, Mrs. Whelpley made her husband a devoted wife. She possessed great dignity of character and sweetness of disposition, and the communion of mind and heart were happily blended between them. After her marriage, Mrs. Whelpley turned her attention to literature, and wrote for many of the periodicals with which her husband was connected.

By his first wife, Rev. Mr. Whelpley left seven children, most of whom are living. By his second wife he had but one child, Henry B. Whelpley, who still lives to hold in affectionate remembrance the father of his childhood.

Upon Mr. Griswold's retirement, Rev. A. T. Chester was called to the church. Rev. John Woodbridge (now of New Brunswick, N. J.) succeeded him; and he in turn was followed by the Rev. Mr. Newman.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Rev. Francis Wayland.

"Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. . . .
Behold him in the evening tide of life;
A life well spent, whose only care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green,
By unperceived degrees he wears away,
Yet, like the setting sun, seems larger at his setting."

"There rests a man of God, for heaven was his on earth;
A friend of man, for all the world he loved;
A hero, for he smiled at death,
And died to live for ever."

REV. FRANCIS WAYLAND was born in Frome, in the County of Somerset, England, in June, 1772—the family of his father being old inhabitants of that town. His mother died suddenly, while her children, three in number, were quite young. He ever retained a vivid recollection of the scene—the grief of his father, and personal appearance of his mother, whose memory was ever cherished with fond endearment. His father was also removed from them before Francis, the youngest child, had attained his eleventh year.

Both parents were members of the Baptist church in Frome. Thus left early an orphan, he has often

been heard to say that he made the Bible his companion, and resolved that the God of his fathers should be his God; and henceforth, in any circumstances of care, perplexity, or discouragement, would lift up his eyes to Heaven, crying, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth." The early deprivation of his parents, and the bent of his young mind to serious things, were probably the cause of his entering with very little interest into the sports of boyhood and giving what, to his youthful associates, seemed great gravity of character. But there was awakened a sympathy and tenderness to orphanage which were ever manifest through the whole period of his life, and probably tended to that nice appreciation and exquisite relish of all the endearments and kind urbanities of domestic life, which few perhaps had enjoyed in so high a degree. All who ever knew him must be aware of the high appreciation in which he held family religion, the responsibilities of the parental relation, and the influence Christian households should exert in the church and in the world.

Soon after leaving school, Francis made a public profession of religion, but whether he joined the church to which his parents belonged, the author is not sure.

Having married early in life, Mr. and Mrs. Wayland sailed for the United States, 1793; and shortly after their arrival at New York, united themselves with the Fayette Street Baptist church, then under the

pastoral care of Rev. J. Williams. The institutions of this country they both highly prized, and taught their children ever to respect and cherish. Her childhood's recollection of the "Lollard's Pit" probably awakened in Mrs. Wayland—herself a native of Norwich—a strong aversion to religious intolerance and persecution. This feeling was also confirmed by an intimate acquaintance with sacred and profane history; and this sentiment, which she felt so strongly, she inculcated in her children. She was of exemplary piety and uncommon vigor of mind, blended with great gentleness and polished manners. She left an impression on her children that was intellectually and morally a good one; and it is but just to say that her mental and most refined tastes were in harmony, nay, they were indulged in subordination to a practical knowledge and minute attention to those domestic avocations which under any circumstances could properly claim the attention of her sex. With manners and acquisitions fitting her to adorn any station, she was equally at home with the poor and illiterate, and was ever ready to join her husband in his visits to the sorrowing and afflicted.

Nor was her husband on his part less ready to help any younger brother to whom counsel and assistance might be of service. When the late Dr. Sharpe—so long the revered pastor of the Charles Street Baptist Church, Boston—arrived in New York City in 1805, Mr. Wayland extended to him, in the first month of

his arrival, the courtesies of a senior friend and the kindest invitations to his home. Of this Dr. Sharpe always cherished a grateful remembrance. "From this period," writes Dr. Sharpe, "a friendship commenced, which was never for a moment marred or interrupted until the hour of his decease. When I commenced my studies for the Christian ministry, he being some twelve years older than myself, and having seen more of the world, and being perhaps more grave and staid in his habits, his care followed me to the city of Philadelphia. He voluntarily opened a correspondence with me. It need not be said to those who knew him that his letters were filled with expressions of friendship, with incentives to piety, and with maxims of prudence, as well as with those cautions and warnings which a young man in my position might seem to need. I have no doubt of their salutary influence over me. I see their utility and necessity now more clearly than I did then. I mention these facts to suggest how useful persons of mature age may be, by kind attentions, wise hints, and words of encouragement offered to those who are younger than themselves."

At first Mr. Wayland, like Dr. Sharpe, was a "lay preacher"—a class of ministers now almost extinct in this country. He was devoted to business pursuits, but he preached to destitute neighborhoods, supplied vacant pulpits, and was at the call of poor churches not blessed with the means of sustaining a settled

pastor. In this gratuitous but truly Christian vocation he labored for several years, until his first assumption of the pastoral relation at Poughkeepsie. Here his ministry was much blessed, and he was the means of building up the church, between which and himself a strong attachment ever existed.

But he had the impression that he might be more useful elsewhere. He therefore removed to Albany, where he remained, perhaps, not more than a year; after this he took the pastoral charge of what is now designated the First Baptist church, in Troy. He continued to reside with his family in the latter city for some years after resigning the charge of the church, where his Sabbaths were employed in ministering to destitute churches, and he was specially instrumental in raising up a church in Albia, a manufacturing village east of Troy.

His first visits to Saratoga Springs were of a missionary character. He found the Baptist church there, though it had been some time in existence, in a feeble and scattered condition; and ultimately resolved to remove his family to that place, and assume the pastoral charge of the church. It was a field of labor at this period difficult of cultivation; and there were many disadvantages from the place of worship being two miles from the village, where now is the "Patrick Neighborhood," and at that time remote from the centre of population. But by strenuous exertions he induced the society to make an effort to erect a place

of worship in the village, which was accomplished, perhaps, chiefly through his instrumentality.

Some years afterwards he resigned the charge of the church to the Rev. John Lamb, a young brother in the ministry who gave promise of filling the place usefully. But he never, even in advancing years, drew back from the services of the ministry. Destitute and feeble churches he encouraged by his gratuitous ministrations. He was ready to serve the church in any position. She was dear to him as the "apple of his eye"—engraven, as it were, on his hands; for her prosperity he labored, and for her he offered his constant prayers.

"No one," writes Dr. Sharpe, "was ever more willing to take the lowest or the highest place (preferring the lowest), if by so doing he could supply any lack of service. His house was the scene of an intelligent, dignified, but cordial hospitality for the friends of Christ of every name. Many have left the gay throngs which fill the halls of Saratoga, and have hastened away from the midst of music and the mazes of the dance, to participate in the free and edifying interchange of religious sentiments, and in the utterances of personal experiences and Christian hopes; and there the song of praise and the humble and earnest prayer have terminated interviews in which those who were present felt they were on the verge of heaven. Evenings passed in such favored circles are among the

'Joys departed, ne'er to be recalled.'

But if there was one prominent trait of character for which the deceased was distinguished it was the love and practice of righteousness. He shunned the very appearance of evil. His righteousness was of the broad, comprehensive character. He endeavored to understand all the duties growing out of all his relations, and then he labored most conscientiously and untiringly to fulfil them. I do not believe that for more than forty years he had knowingly or intentionally done an unfair or unjust action to any human being. I do not believe there had been a day in all those years in which he had not rather have suffered wrong than done wrong. There was an integrity that was inflexible. There never was a man who knew him that doubted this. He never wore a mask. He was above all disguises. His countenance, his words, and his offered or withheld hand were true indexes of his thoughts and feelings. No person could possibly mistake how the deceased stood and felt toward him. And yet, with inflexibility of principle, there was a gentleness of disposition and manners which won for him the love and confidence both of the young and the old who came within the sphere of his acquaintance. Nor was he less observant of the claims of his Maker. He was eminently pious. His habitual contemplations were religious. God's law, man's sinfulness, Christ's mediation, grace reigning through righteousness, and the eternal states of the dead, were the themes of his meditation and of his daily dis-

course. Many a pleasant hour, and in many a long and pleasant walk, as well as in the family circle, have I spent with him in the elucidation and illustration and familiar conversation on these and on kindred topics. I need not say that in him the work of righteousness was peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever. The evening of his life was calm and beautiful. His soul had heaven and peace within. It is not saying too much to apply to him the words of Watts:

> 'Quick as his thoughts his joys came on,
> But fled not half so fast away.'

And when he met with severe bereavements that passage was fulfilled in his experience, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.' Nor was he less tranquil when suddenly the footfall of death was heard."

For two or three weeks previous to the attack which proved fatal on the 9th of March, 1849, after an illness of only three days, a more than usual heavenly serenity seemed to pervade his mind. He was better in health than he had been since an attack of influenza with which he was afflicted the February previous. He had resumed his usual walks and visitations among the bereaved, the sick, and the aged, his last call being upon the late Mrs. Washington Putnam, who was then in deep affliction from the sudden loss

of her husband; saw many young persons who called to converse with him on the subject of religion (it was a revival season of deep interest); magnified the grace of God, which had been manifested in the conversion of some of the members of his family, for whom he had felt a special interest; and encouraged the excellent pastor of the church to faithfulness and dependence on the Holy Spirit, from the seals that God had recently granted to his ministry; and in the meetings for prayer, which his health never again permitted him to attend, he seemed to have peculiar nearness to the throne of grace, and to enter into the fruition of the glorified state.

The grace of God in Christ was the theme upon which he dwelt. That the summons "to come up hither" should have been welcome to one who was not only *spiritually* but *heavenly* minded, may be supposed. To one of his granddaughters who saw him soon after his attack, he said, "My child, I am going home." *Home* was a word ever endeared to him. Though he suffered at times much bodily pain, he was ever patient and tranquil. A cheerful serenity characterized the temper of his mind. No promise of God, he said, had ever failed him, and he was sure he would be with him to the end. Though desirous of seeing his absent children, he quietly submitted to his heavenly Father, and left them his blessing and his testimony to the faithfulness of God and the happiness of walking under the shadow of his cross.

There were several of his favorite hymns which he requested one of his daughters to read to him. The last portion of Scripture which she read to him was the sixteenth Psalm. He repeated: "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." Two of his ministering brethren, Rev. Dr. Chester, of the Presbyterian church, and the Rev. Mr. Kingsbury, of the Baptist, were one or the other constantly with him; and had they been his sons they could not have manifested a more filial or affectionately tender regard. To Dr. Chester he repeated the lines of a favorite hymn:

> "Soon shall I see and hear and know
> All I desired or hoped below,
> And every power find sweet employ
> In that eternal world of joy."

Entirely relieved from pain for an hour or two before his dissolution, he was disposed to speak; but complying with the request of his kind medical attendant, of which he was reminded in tones of filial love by those who watched around him, he was silent. But his countenance beaming with love and peace and joy and hope, while he affectionately and lingeringly gazed on what was so soon to pass from his sight, his breath suddenly changed, he closed his eyes, but it was to open them on the clear visions of heavenly glory. Earth was changed for heaven. The sting of death was removed; the victory was

through Christ, whose grace he magnified, and on whom he lived.

> "Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,
> Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft."

The funeral services, which took place in the church, were appropriate and impressive; the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers taking a prominent part. The sermon was preached by the pastor of the Baptist church, before a numerous attendance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Miles Beach.

"Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good man?—treasures—love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."

COLERIDGE.

MILES BEACH, one of the early and most prominent citizens of Saratoga, was born in Salisbury, Conn., May 19, 1775—one month after the battle of Lexington. His mother's name was Lucy Stevens—his grandmother being Lucy Thompson, a sister of Smith Thompson, a former Chief-Justice of the State of New York, afterwards a United States Judge. His ancestors repose in the old Puritan burying-ground in Hartford—a moss-covered gravestone still bearing the names of "Colonel Miles Beach and Sally Beach." Zerah Beach, the father of the subject of the present sketch, removed with his family to the town of Ballston, in 1786; and in 1807 his son Miles was married to Cynthia Warren, daughter of Captain John Warren of the Revolution, and granddaughter of Major Isaac Belknap of Newburgh.

The latter officer was an intimate and confidential

friend of Washington, who was a frequent guest at his house, and also entrusted him with many commissions demanding for their successful execution superior judgment and bravery. It was with Major Belknap's daughter, Elizabeth (the mother of the present Mrs. Miles Beach and the late Hon. W. L. F. Warren), that Washington opened the ball given at the Temple, in April, 1783, on the announcement of the exchange of the preliminary articles of peace.*

In 1809, the family removed to Saratoga, where Mr. Beach, who had early manifested a taste for mercantile pursuits immediately opened two stores—one just north of Congress Hall and one near the High Rock Spring in what was then, as it is now, called the "Upper Village." Subsequently, in 1814, he consolidated the two at the corner of Church Street and Broadway. He died in 1837, leaving two sons—one of whom, William A. Beach, of New York City, is an eminent lawyer—and two daughters.

Mr. Beach was a man of influence, both on account of his mercantile abilities and sterling good sense. For many years he was the leading business man and one of the successful merchants of the town, and for a long period postmaster of the village. Prominent also, as he was, in the politics of the day, he was on terms of intimate friendship with such men as Martin Van Buren, Flagg, and Croswell, who in the summer

* See Eager's *History of Orange County*, and Ruttenber's *History of the Town of Newburgh.*

season were frequent visitors at his house. Cowen and Walworth were also familiar guests around his hearthstone—attracted there by his comprehensive mind, his sound judgment, and his extensive knowledge. Among the many admirable traits in the character of Mr. Beach was his readiness to assist those who needed help in the start for life. No one, if worthy, no matter how indigent, appealed to him in vain; and several persons, now occupying influential positions, have told me of his kindly aid extended to them when they were on the point of giving up the race in despair.

Mr. Beach was also a man of great integrity of character, possessing, moreover, warm affections and the most tender sensibilities. This latter trait was shown especially in his treatment of the aged. It is said that even when he was a little boy he was always affected to tears by one bowed down by the infirmities of age; and throughout his entire life this peculiar tenderness of his heart was exhibited. He was a firm believer in the religion of Christ, and died in the hope of a blessed immortality.

The widow of Miles Beach still survives at an advanced age—she having completed her eighty-sixth birth-day on the 2d of August, 1874. She still occupies the old homestead on the corner of Church Street and Broadway which was erected in 1814. Mrs. Beach was educated at the Moravian School in Bethlehem, Penn., a school which, to this

day, ranks among the best in the country,* and she still cherishes the sacred and tender memories that cluster around the spot where, more than seventy years ago, under the benign and hallowed influences of Christian nurture, some of her happiest years were spent. Among other anecdotes, illustrative of the principles upon which this truly model school is carried on, Mrs. Beach relates with great tenderness of feeling the kind and gentle admonition she received from Brother Van Vleck. On one occasion one of the larger girls had lifted her over the fence separating the school garden from the widows' grounds that she might pick up apples for them. One of the widows saw the proceeding, and as she alighted on the ground picked her up and carried her to Brother Van Vleck, from whom she received the tenderest reproof—in fact, the spirit of love and gentleness seemed to pervade the entire school. Mrs. Beach is remarkable for the clearness and fine preservation of her faculties, shown both by her wonderful conversational powers and the polished grace of her "old-school" manners.

* For a more particular account of this school, its principles, and the peculiar customs of the Moravians, the reader is referred to Stone's "*Memoirs of Mrs. Gen. Riedesel.*" Mrs. Gen. Riedesel, after her capture by General Gates, was quartered there by the Continental Congress, until her husband's exchange. Also a *History of the Rise, Progress, and Present Condition of the Bethlehem Female Seminary.* 1858. By William C. Reichel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Henry Walton and John Clarke.

"*First Officer of the Watch.*—'But know you them? Are they good men and true?'

"*Second Officer of the Watch.*—'Marry, sir, as well as my old grandmother. I do certify that they be good men and true.'"

—*Old Play*, 1670.

HENRY WALTON, the father of William Walton and of the late Cruger Walton, was descended from one of the oldest, most influential and distinguished families in the colonial history of New York State; and it is not a little singular that near the spot where Great Britain's power over her American colonies was broken, there should have settled a nephew of one to whom more than to any other individual was due the severing of those colonies from the mother country. Yet such is the fact.

William Walton, the granduncle of Henry Walton, built in 1754 what is now known in New York City as the "Old Walton House," on Franklin Square (opposite the publishing house of Harper & Brothers), then the continuation of Queen Street. It was the most costly private residence which at that time had been attempted. It was English in design, and, as far as practicable, an improvement upon all previous

architecture. Its bricks, brown-stone water-tables, lintels, jambs, and decorations were imported. Its broad portico was upheld by fluted columns, surmounted with armorial bearings. The heads of lions (as they do to this day), cut from the free-stone, looked down upon the street from between the windows. The furniture was in keeping with the style of the structure. William Walton was genial, full of brilliancy, and master of the arts of politeness. Dinners were his hobby, and he gathered around his table such of the famous men of the Old World as officially, or in pursuit of pleasure, visited the New. Nor was his person less strongly marked. Dress *then* (and should be *now*, despite our democratic notions) was one of the signs and symbols of a gentleman. William Walton walked the streets in black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, shoes fastened with glittering silver buckles, and over a vest of embroidered satin, with ruffled shirt peeping forth, he wore a velvet coat of any color of the rainbow which best pleased his fancy. A powdered wig and a cocked hat completed his toilet.*

When the house came into possession of William Walton †—the nephew and heir of the William Walton who erected it—there was no less princely

* For this account of the "Old Walton House," I am indebted to Miss Martha J. Lamb, in *Appleton's Journal*, October 10, 1874.

† His wife was Marie, daughter of Lieutenant Governor De Lancy (father of the ate Bishop De Lancy), a lady whose fortune was equal to his own.

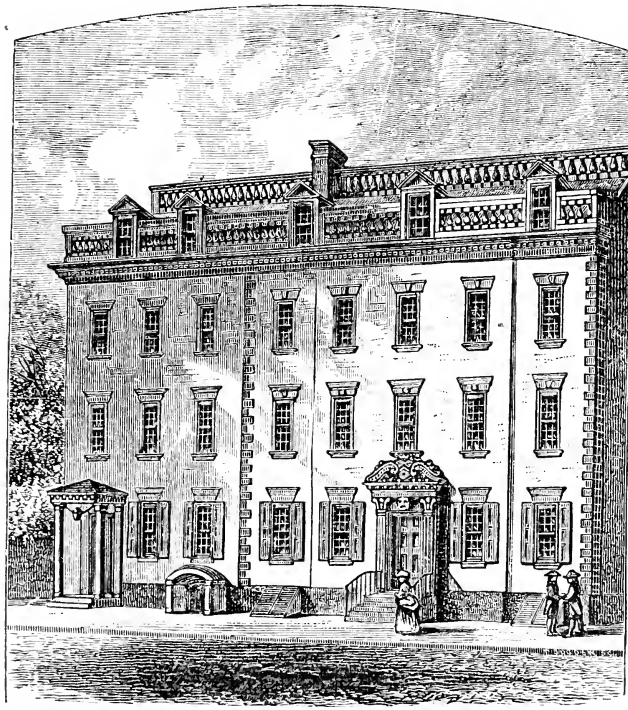
style of life within its walls. His lavish entertainments, the dazzling display of massive silver upon his table, the forest of decanters which graced his sideboard, and the costly wines that flowed free and fast, were prolific subjects for criticism in England. They were carried into Parliament, discussed in the House of Lords, and at the king's table, and became a pet argument in favor of calling upon the colonists to help pay the debt of England, since they were wasting their substance in mad extravagance. Hence taxation and its long train of circumstances.

Henry Walton, the nephew of the preceding, and the subject of the present sketch, was born in the city of New York, on the 8th of October, 1768. At the age of twelve years he was sent to England, under the especial guardianship of Peter Van Schaick (the intimate friend of Sir Wm. Johnson), to be educated. In his twentieth year he returned to the city of New York, and began the study of law under the direction of Aaron Burr. After the conclusion of his legal studies, in 1790, he removed to the town of Ballston, where he purchased a tract of land and built a house. This place is now known as the "Delavan Farm." While residing at Ballston he was the surrogate of the county during the years 1794–1808, and was succeeded in that office by Hon. Beriah Palmer. Here he remained until 1816, when he came to the village of Saratoga Springs, and took possession of the real estate which he inherited from his father

and Uncle Gerard, who had died without issue. During his residence in Albany, in 1815, he built "Pine Grove," and occupied it for a few years, when he returned to New York. After an absence of five years, he returned to Saratoga Springs, and became one of the largest landholders of the place. Immediately on his arrival, he built a beautiful country seat on that part of his real estate lying north of the village, to which he gave the name of "Wood Lawn." His possessions in this place were bounded by what is now Congress Street on the south, John Denton's on the north, and lands of Jacob Barhydt and others on the east, including all of the present village of Saratoga Springs, except that portion which lies south of Congress Street and the mineral fountains. He also inherited many other tracts of land in different parts of the county. During the early years of his residence at Saratoga he was the law partner of Mr. Leavitt.

In person, Henry Walton was a tall, fine-looking man. Like his ancestor, William Walton, he was truly gentlemanlike in his manners and feelings, and possessed the faculty of binding to himself in close social ties the educated and the refined. Though warmly attached to the Church of England, and one of the principal men whose early efforts were brought to bear in behalf of the Episcopalians at the Springs, he was singularly free from bigotry. To him belongs the honor of presenting the site for the first Presby-

terian church edifice built in this place, and also the site occupied for several years by the Universalist church on Church Street. The grounds formerly



The Old Walton House.

occupied by the "Broadway Hotel" were also presented by him to the Methodists. Nor was this the extent of his public spirit. He excavated and tubed

the old "Flat Rock Spring," and built over it a chaste little Chinese pagoda, which remained over that spring many years after his death, and must still be remembered by many of the citizens of Saratoga. He likewise excavated and tubed the "President," called, since 1845, respectively the "Iodine" and the "Saratoga Star Spring." Mr. Walton also inherited the architectural tastes of his uncle; his skill in this branch of art being illustrated in his several residences at Ballston, Saratoga, Greenfield, "Wood Lawn," and in the Pavilion Hotel, built by Mr. Nathan Lewis in the years 1818-19.

Mr. Walton, or, as he was usually called, Judge Walton, was a man of high culture and polished manners. Especially was he skilled in the elegant arts and adornments of life, which, by travel and observation, had in him been wrought up to a marvellous degree of perfection. His chief characteristics were high bred courtesy, peculiarly refined tastes, and a general public spirit. He interested himself greatly in the general and material well-being of the place, and his death was a public misfortune. He died in the city of New York, on the 15th of September, 1844, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and was buried in the family vault in Trinity church-yard, by the side of a long line of illustrious ancestry

Doctor John Clarke.

In 1826, John Clarke (called Doctor Clarke by

courtesy), a native of Yorkshire, England, purchased from the Livingstons the farm on which the Congress Spring is situated. Mr. Clarke was well calculated, by education and experience, to take charge of the Spring, being acquainted with the properties of acidulated drinks, and having, in 1819, opened the first soda-fountain in the city of New York. Soon after his purchase of the Spring he began bottling the water for exportation, and so well did he do this that he very soon realized a handsome income from this source alone. Mr. Clarke extended his purchases of real estate from time to time, so that at the period of his decease he owned, in lands contiguous to the Spring, about one thousand acres. His improvements were always of the best kind, as illustrated by the beautiful Crescent lawn, which he reclaimed from the deep mud swamp which lay south and east of the Spring. The classic Doric structure, as it originally stood in its simple beauty on Congress Spring, and the pretty Grecian temple on the "Columbian," are but incidental specimens of the many improvements which his large means, generous spirit, and good taste bestowed upon the village.

I have grouped Judge Walton and Doctor Clarke together, for the reason that to these two contemporaneous citizens the village owes a deep debt of gratitude. Yet no two men could have been more dissimilar. Though both were of English descent, yet their habits and pursuits had been widely different.

Mr. Walton was more the "English gentleman," Dr. Clarke the "English squire" (see Irving). In one point, however, they both were alike. Dr. Clarke, like Judge Walton, was remarkably public-spirited and liberal in his views. He took great pride in the village and in its prosperity, and where any really good project was on hand, he spared neither time, pains, nor labor in forwarding it. He was far-seeing and clever (in the English sense), and laid early the plans which have been of most practical importance to the physical prosperity of the town. An instance of this far-sightedness is found in the fact that he early secured the enactment of the by-law which remits a certain portion of the road-tax to any landholder for every tree which he causes to be set out in front of his premises. The result of this is seen in the beautiful shade-trees which adorn the dwellings, and are the constant admiration of the strangers who sojourn at Saratoga.

He was liberal, too, in the best and most sensible way. Few men were at so much pains to keep laborers in employment during the dull months of the year; and many devices, which were of no profit to him—often, indeed, a positive pecuniary loss—he had recourse to, that the families of the poor might be supported without the feeling of dependence which eats out the self-respect and self-reliance that lie at the foundation of all sound and healthy character. We need scarcely add the uniform testimony

of his employées—"Prompt, steady, regular pay when you work for the Doctor, but you must do it *well*."

Dr. Clarke had an odd habit of attending all kinds of auctions, and bidding off all sorts of things that were of any possible use. These purchases were regularly deposited in one of his empty houses, much to the wonder of the many; but those *poor bodies* who chanced to be burned out during the winter, or the poor woman whose husband was hurt or killed, or those who had had a hard time with sickness and lost their household goods for rent, none of these came to Dr. Clarke in vain; for out of this heterogeneous and constantly replenished collection they were always helped to something comfortable.

Dr. Clarke had two very important and very decided theories or ideas concerning the mineral waters. One was, that whatever spring a person drank of most freely, *that* he liked the best, was sure he needed most, and recommended most earnestly. Hence his own interest and the general beauty of the place were equally enhanced by making the surroundings of his springs peculiarly agreeable and attractive, with as free access to them as possible. Acting on this idea, he engaged, at an early day, Johnson's band, which he employed for many seasons to discourse music, morning and evening,* in the Congress Spring grounds.

* The first music furnished at the hotels was in 1822. The band, composed of colored men and led by Frank Johnson, first played at "Congress Hall," until the completion of the "United States," when they played at each hotel on alternate evenings.

This, like every other liberal policy, in the long run proved most successful. The other idea which he held concerning the mineral waters in their reference to the well-being of the town, was that the water should never be taken from the village except regularly in bottles. He was utterly opposed to its being sent away in barrels, because, as he said, the seaboard had its own attractions, and he was not disposed to add to them the peculiar advantages of this place—"*Spring water on draught.*"

It was Dr. Clarke's often expressed opinion, even when there was scarcely a house built or a street laid out there, that the village would increase most rapidly to the south-east. Acting on this belief, he offered to the Episcopal society, as a gift, the beautiful building-lot on the brow of the hill at the south-east corner of Circular and East Congress Street—now Union Avenue. The gift was at first accepted, the foundations were laid, and several clergymen from abroad, together with a general attendance of citizens, participated in and witnessed the religious services of laying the corner-stone. But a difference of opinion soon after arose, and other counsels prevailed, all of which resulted in building the Bethesda church, in Washington Street. This was a matter of regret to many citizens both within and outside of the Episcopal Church, who would have rejoiced greatly to see a fine church edifice crowning the hill on that most appro-

priate site. It has been called since, and for this reason, "Temple Grove."

Dr. Clarke, also, had much to do in laying out the streets in the south part of the village; and it was he who planned and named Circular Street—carrying out in part his idea of having a wide street surrounding the town. The original design was a true semicircle—but some owners of land opposing the project, the complete carrying out of the plan was prevented. We shall also always feel grateful that Dr. Clarke *loved trees*, and knew the value of the beautiful pines which he saved, but which have since his death been most shamefully and ruthlessly slaughtered in and around the town.

Dr. Clarke at one time resided in Washington Street in the house afterward occupied by the family of Dr. Oliver Davidson, the father of the talented young poets, Lucretia and Margaret—and more recently by George H. Fish. The Methodist Church now occupies the ground. Afterward, he built and resided in the elegant mansion now owned by Mr. Cornelius Sheehan, whose wife is the only daughter of Dr. Clarke.

Dr. Clarke married Mrs. Eliza Bryer, widow of the late Charles White, of the firm of Emmett & Co., Attorneys and Counsellors-at-law, New York City. He died on the 6th of May, 1846, aged seventy-three years.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Dr. John H. Steel.

"Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be. *Hypocrisy* is the reverse of all this. A sincere man ought to be respected—a hypocrite despised."—Phillips' *Aphorisms*, 1790.

JOHN HONEYWOOD STEEL was born at Leicester, Mass., in 1780. He was the son of Samuel Steel and Anne Garfield. His grandfather, Samuel Steel, of the same place, married a daughter of Rev. Ebenezer Pembleton and was Judge of the County Court. His great-grandfather, Thomas Steel, of that town, married Mary Cushing; was there taxed, in 1757, for 337 acres of land; died July 18, 1776; and concerning whom mention is thus made in Washburn's *Judicial History of Massachusetts*: "Thomas Steel, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, from 1756 to 1776, in Worcester County, Mass., was a native of Boston, from which place he removed to Leicester, where he spent the remainder of his days. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1730. He was bred a merchant and pursued that business before and after leaving Boston. He was a Loyalist in his politics, and a man of influence, until

the period of the Revolution. He frequently represented the town of Leicester in the General Court, and was much respected by his fellow-citizens as a man of integrity." The father of the latter was also named Thomas; came from England to reside in Boston, and was a descendant of the family of William and John Steel, Esquires. William Steel, Esq., was magistrate, counsellor, and, not long after, Recorder of London; and then was created Baron, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. John Steel, Esq., was purchaser of the Leicestershire estates, and married the daughter of Edward Nicol, Esq., of Henderson, County of Middlesex, whose daughter married Sir Charles Bromfield, Bart., of Barton-under-Needwood, County of Stafford.

The subject of the present chapter, whose career began with such an illustrious lineage, exemplified in his own life the virtues of his ancestry.

Dr. Steel was named for his great-uncle by marriage, Dr. John Honeywood, of England, who removed to Leicester, Mass. He left home when he was quite young; and, as his father and mother died soon after, he never returned. The neighborhood of the home of his boyhood was disturbed by Indians, who still remained in considerable numbers, and were not yet brought into subjection. His parents lived at quite a distance from neighbors, in the traditional temporary log-cabin of the early settler, the only openings to which were a door and a single

window near the latter. He would sometimes refer with pleasure to that humble dwelling, and speak of the perils of those days. Once, when his mother was alone with her children, boiling soap, a distant whoop in the forest announced a visitation, and not a friendly one. Immediately, drawing some article of furniture against the door, undaunted, she stood ready, dipper in hand. Trying the door without success, the Indians attempted to enter by the small window. But each, in turn, being vigorously met by a dipperful of the scalding compound, the enemy was fain to beat a retreat, utterly discomfited. These early scenes and trials gave him nerve and enterprise, and started him on his career with an indomitable spirit.

He read medicine with Dr. Daniel Bull of Saratoga, who lived east of the Lake, at "Dean's Corners."

In March, 1829, the Regents of the University of the State of New York conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine. He received his diploma to practise physic and surgery in the State of New York, on January 19, 1800; was made a member of the County Medical Society on June 10, 1808; was chosen Censor of it in 1808, 1809, 1810, 1820, 1827, 1828, 1831, and 1832; Secretary in 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814; Vice-President in 1816, 1817; President in 1818 and 1819; was almost a constant attendant at its meetings, and took an active and prominent part during all the thirty years that he was a member; was President of the State Medical Soci-

ety in 1820, 1824; was appointed by Governor Tompkins Surgeon of the Fourth Regiment of Cavalry of the State of New York, on May 6, 1811, which was mustered into service for the "War of 1812"; was Assistant Surgeon on board a man-of-war—*The President*—and was at the bombardment of Algiers by the United States Navy. On August 29th, 1814, he was commissioned as Surgeon in a detachment of Militia of the State of New York. He was a prominent Freemason. He was elected Corresponding Member of the Albany Lyceum of Natural History, on March 19, 1823; and Honorary Member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, Canada, on February 28, 1828; and Corresponding Member of the Society of Natural History of Montreal, Canada, on October 27, 1828; and was either an honorary or corresponding member of nearly every historical or scientific society of any note in the United States, Canada, and of many throughout Europe. Among the papers he left are a large number of diplomas conferring honorary degrees by institutions of learning at home and abroad, besides autograph letters from several crowned heads and distinguished *savants* who have left undying names in the annals of scientific literature. To enlarge upon these, which were more dearly earned and much more highly estimated then than now, would extend this sketch beyond the limits assigned, and crowd out matter more immediately interesting to the general reader.

Dr. Steel married Mary Taylor, daughter of Ziba Taylor, and sister of Hon. Miles Taylor, December 23, 1817, at Saratoga Springs, where he died in 1838, after a long and successful practice of medicine and surgery. He left a widow, who died June 27, 1872, and six children (three sons and three daughters), four of whom are still living. Here he was respected and beloved by the entire community, nearly all the members of which considered themselves his patients. Summer visitants also consulted him in large numbers, many of them continuing to consult him after returning to their homes. He endeared himself to all classes by his suavity of manner, genial ways, goodness of heart, and intelligent painstaking in the treat ment of their real sicknesses as well as their imaginary ailings; the latter requiring that tact and good sense which, more than mere skill in the art, render the physician great. With these traits he combined those other essentials of learning, erudition, and sagacity which inspired confidence and gave him the influence of a wise and good man. He was devoted to his profession, from pure love of the work; treated his patients as neighbors; never prospered at the expense of the poor, nor levied heavy tribute upon the rich. He spurned deceptions and shams in every form, carrying, indeed, this aversion so far as to be decidedly impatient of disguises in any person. This gave him, at times, a seeming roughness of manner which did not belong to his character. He

was just and discriminating in all his dealings; encouraged local enterprises for advancing the prosperity of the town; was public-spirited, and fulfilled his duty as a citizen by giving proper attention to politics, although he never held any political office except as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Saratoga County and as Postmaster of the Village of Saratoga Springs. He accepted these offices more as an accommodation to the community than for honor or profit to himself. After discharging the duties of judge very acceptably for several years, he resigned in favor of Hon. Thomas J. Marvin, who succeeded him in that office.

In person, he was of large proportions, heavy frame, united with a cheery, bright manner. He was quick and apt of speech, with a droll humor which would make the patient forget himself when the doctor came into his presence; and he possessed the tenderest of natures. He found nothing too much to do to relieve real suffering, and was so observant of the little ways of doing kindness, that the author believes that there was never a man more thoroughly loved or trusted by his patients. During his last illness, which he knew must be fatal, he had his account-books brought to his bedside, and, looking over his accounts, threw bills for hundreds of dollars into the fire, saying to his wife: "These are poor people, Mary; it is best not to trouble them." There was, moreover, a keen observation, a straightforward look into the causes of

things—a comprehensive view, and a steady, fearless search for truth running through his whole character.

He was not only noted as a distinguished physician and surgeon, but was widely known as a chemist, geologist, and scientist. His correspondence with learned men was extensive, and his letters displayed a culture in general literature seldom attained by one so pressed with engagements in an exacting profession.

His treatise upon the mineral waters of Saratoga—*Steel's Analysis*—was the first *thorough* work of the kind, and has formed the basis of all that has since been published upon the subject. His work, also, on the *Geology of the County* is clear, comprehensive, and fully abreast of the period in which he wrote. Many of his views, though then new, have, in the advance of science, fully proved his sagacity. He had a very extensive and valuable cabinet of minerals, among which was a fine collection he received in exchange from the King of Denmark. These, together with a writing-desk given to him by Commodore Decatur, and other interesting relics and mementos were surreptitiously carried off by some evil-disposed person shortly after his death.

Dr. Steel built, and lived, and died in the house which, until recent years, stood on the west side of Broadway opposite Caroline Street, a few doors south of the late Judge Warren's residence. He was the "consulting physician" of this and the adjoining counties as

long as he lived. Having come here at so early a period, he was, so to speak, *mosaiced* into the community. Sorrowful, indeed, was it to many hearts to watch his gradual decline—taking shorter and shorter drives behind that noble white horse of his, leaning more heavily day by day on his cane, and ascending the stairs from house to house with more and more difficulty—while now and then sinking into a chair, he would say, "Well, well; I am going." And at last, confined to his sick-room, he waited and watched his symptoms, and told of himself as he, in turn, had told of so many others, "The end is near."

His death fell like a pall upon the village. Every one, rich and poor, felt that they had lost a *friend*, whose like they did not expect to find again. Medical and other societies passed resolutions of regret and esteem, and the citizens erected a stone to his memory which bears this inscription: "Erected by the Inhabitants of Saratoga Springs to the Memory of John H. Steel, M.D., who died April 23, 1838, aged 57 years." But these public honors were cold and formal compared with the deeper sorrow experienced and expressed by private individuals, in every station, throughout the community at large.

His surviving contemporaries—of whom there are but few left—retain the liveliest recollections of this "Model Doctor," and relate many amusing anecdotes and instructive incidents in his life; some of which, for pith and sententiousness, rival the best of those

related of Dr. Abernethy. He had some eccentricities, which may be said to have been "peculiar to genius," rather than attributable to acerbity. He was reticent concerning himself and he shrank from publicity; and, judging from the disinclination of his children to furnish the requisite materials for such a sketch, there is little doubt that they have inherited his modesty, which was doubtless his chief eccentricity. They possess a trunk of papers, stored away, to which they deny access; but this book would have been incomplete if so distinguished a character had been left out of it; and the author would have been derelict if he had not availed himself of such meagre sources of information as were open to him, to preserve the memory, although imperfectly, of this honored citizen of Saratoga.

CHAPTER XXX.

Dr. Richard L. Allen.

"How sweet the task, to lighten human woes,
And soothe the troubled heart to soft repose!
How sweet the task, the poor man's heart to cheer,
And wipe from sorrow's eye the falling tear!
To clothe the naked, give the hungry bread,
And calm the tumults of the dying bed."

RICHARD L. ALLEN was born in Greenfield, Saratoga County, N. Y., of Quaker parents, in February, 1808. His parents came from New Bedford, Mass., his father being a retired sea-captain. He studied medicine at Skaneateles, and afterwards graduated at Fairfield, Herkimer County, N. Y. After a brief period spent in teaching, he came to Saratoga in 1832, and entered into partnership with the late Dr. John H. Steel—a connection which was dissolved by the death of the latter in 1838. In 1836, he married Miss Aurelia Putnam, daughter of the late Benjamin R. Putnam, and a granddaughter of Gideon Putnam, one of the pioneers of Saratoga. He filled the office of postmaster under President Van Buren; was quite prominent in politics, and, being a pleasant, logical, and effective speaker, took the "stump" in several campaigns. He was for many years a member of the National Medical Association of the United States,

as well as of the New York Medical Society. He was several times President of the Medical Association, comprising the counties of Saratoga, Washington, and Warren; filling, indeed, that office at the time of his decease. In addition to his large practice, he was in the habit of reading valuable papers before the different medical associations, besides devoting a considerable portion of his time to scientific pursuits, especially that of geology, in which he was recognized as an authority in regard to the mineralogy of this section of the State. He was also a frequent contributor to scientific and medical journals, and great value was always placed upon his productions. He ever took great pleasure in literary pursuits; and no matter what amount of daily duties devolved upon him in his extensive practice as a physician, he always found several hours daily in which to apply himself to those studies in the seclusion of his library.

Coming to Saratoga when it was yet in its infancy, Dr. Allen settled in the town with a determination to identify himself with its interests, to become a part of its growth, and to make its welfare his own. After practising here, first as a pupil, and then as the partner of the late Dr. Steel, it was his good fortune to become intimate with Nicholas Hill and Sidney J. Cowen—a circumstance which proved of great benefit to the young student, not only in cultivating his taste for "book" learning, but in giving him a more ex-

tensive knowledge of men and things. To Sidney J. Cowen, especially, he was in this regard greatly indebted; nor was it long before an opportunity was presented of reciprocating his kind offices. Mr. Cowen was about to go abroad for his health, and, although a lucrative practice was just beginning to open upon him, young Allen at once laid aside all personal considerations, and offered himself to the former as a friend and companion.

Returning from abroad with a mind well stored by travel and observation, and refusing an advantageous offer of settlement in a large city, he came back to Saratoga and resumed the practice of his profession. In the year 1852 he formed a partnership with Dr. M. N. Babcock, under the firm name of Allen & Babcock, and continued in the same business relation until a few days before his decease, which occurred on the 13th of May, 1873.

The memory of Richard L. Allen should always be honored by the inhabitants of Saratoga Springs. For a number of years before his death his attention, outside of his large practice, was exclusively devoted to a study of the county and the springs of the village in which his lot was cast. In this he labored unceasingly; and numberless are the times when, after returning home from a drive, spent since the dawn in professional visits, he has consumed the entire night in writing down the result of some particular historical observation made during the day. Indeed, it was

only shortly before his death that, ill as he was and totally unfitted for either mental or physical labor, he went to Quebec and penetrated into the wilderness near the head-waters of the Ottawa to obtain a fact which he thought might be of use in elucidating a point in connection with the history of Saratoga. Many have been the times when he and myself have ridden day and night through driving storms of sleet and snow, merely to see some octogenarian whose life might be terminated at any moment, and with it any chance of gaining possession of some fact relating to the early settlement of Saratoga known only to that person. "Time is short," he would say, "and life is uncertain. We must be up and doing." With one or two exceptions, he was probably better acquainted with the history of Burgoyne's campaign than any one now living. In the prosecution of these designs his energy was most marvellous. Nor with all these outside duties was he neglectful of his profession. A large practice, constantly calling for the exercise of every faculty, and the demands upon his time as one of the chief officers of the County Medical Society, would naturally have taxed the powers of an ordinary man; yet, with all this, he found leisure to do his work, and to do it *well*. His "Guide to the Springs" will, up to the period of its date, always remain an authority. At his death he left unfinished an exhaustive work upon the "History of Saratoga County" and an "Historical Guide to the Battle-

Ground." These last works will, it is hoped, be completed by competent hands and remain a monument to their author, which, among the people with whom his life was spent, shall be more enduring than those of brass or iron

From the above sketch an idea may be gleaned of the character of the man. It was his aim to make himself of use to his *species*. As a friend he was staunch, as a physician he was faithful and conscientious, equally learned in theory and skilful in practice. Naturally of a shrewd, original cast of mind, he united to large native endowments high cultivation. An extensive library, whose stores were carefully enriched with the latest publications, both American and foreign, kept him fully abreast of the ripest thought and the best achievements in medical science. He possessed also a keen taste for general literature; and, besides being a successful physician, was a gentleman of genial culture, the lack of an early classical education being in a large measure supplied by a varied acquaintance with the best models of English composition. His heart was large; his benevolence to the poor great. Indeed, these qualities were, in him, faults, as they frequently led him to open his purse to those who abused his generosity for their own interests. With a nature as simple as a child's, and as easily worked upon, he dissipated large sums for the benefit of others, and thus impoverished himself.

With a natural perception of the beautiful, rare

spiritual insight, and a tenderness mingled alike with sweetness and strength, he gave a freshness and a glow to all with whom he came in contact. His deeds will be remembered as the overflowing of his love for his fellow-men. In his death, Saratoga Springs lost one of her best and most highly-esteemed citizens, and literature and science an earnest student, contributor, and worker.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Gideon M. Davison.

"Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that chequer life,
Resolving all events with their effects
Into the will and arbitration wise
Of the Supreme."

GIDEON MINER DAVISON, to whom frequent reference has been made in the preceding pages, was born in Middletown, Vt. His parents were from Connecticut, and his father a farmer. His father died in early life, but his mother will be well remembered by the older residents of Saratoga. She was a woman of uncommon intellect, whose life was devoted to labors of charity among the poor and neglected. Her maiden name was *Miner*. Mr. Davison occupied much of the leisure of his later years in genealogical studies, and, in the course of these, succeeded in tracing back the history of his mother's family for a period of five hundred years, to the time of Edward III., of England, in whose reign the family name of Miner had its origin. The circumstances are these: A man named Bulman, who was a *miner* by occupation, enlisted under the banner of his monarch, who was then at war with France, together with

one hundred of his workmen, and armed them with weapons. He rendered such gallant and effective service that he was rewarded by the king with a crest and coat of arms, and from that time assumed the name derived from his occupation, *i.e.*, *Miner*. This crest can now be seen upon a tombstone of one of the *Miner* family in the graveyard at Stonington, Conn. The tombstone is over two hundred years old. Mrs. Davison seems to have inherited very much of the spirit which characterized the founder of the family; and while her temper and life were singularly amiable and lovely, she was also noted for her decision of character and firmness to do that which her conscience and judgment approved. Indeed, the subject of this sketch attributed his success in life very largely to the teachings and example of his excellent mother.

Mr. Davison received a common school education, and at an early age entered the printing-office of William Fay, in Rutland, Vt., to learn the "art preservative of all arts." After his apprenticeship was completed, he went to New York, and worked at his trade a few years. Among those with whom he was there associated as a workman were the Brothers Harper, and others who have since risen to fame and fortune. After a few years he returned to Rutland and became a partner of Mr. Fay, and there married Sarah, daughter of Hon. John Mason, of Castleton. During his residence in Rutland the

firm of Fay & Davison issued a History of the War of 1812—a compilation of the leading facts of that contest. They also commenced the publication of the Rutland *Herald*, which, under their management, became a journal of established reputation, and is still in existence.

In 1817–18 Mr. Davison came to Saratoga, then rising into notice as a fashionable watering-place, and called upon the leading citizens to consult about establishing a paper there. Graudus Van Schoonhoven, proprietor of Congress Hall; Rockwell Putnam, proprietor of Union Hall; Nathan Lewis, assistant in Congress Hall; Esek Cowen, then a rising young lawyer; Dr. John H. Steel, and Miles Beach, were the principal men consulted, and through their advice and influence he decided to settle and establish *The Saratoga Sentinel*, the first number of which was issued some time in April, 1818. It was at first a neutral sheet, but in the course of a year or two Mr. Davison identified himself with the party of which Reuben H. Walworth, Esek Cowen, and John H. Steel were the leaders, and made the *Sentinel* its organ, in opposition to the Ballston Spa *Gazette*. During the publication of the *Sentinel* he was not unfrequently aided by contributions to its editorial columns from some of the most eminent writers of the day. Among these may be mentioned Col. William L. Stone and Nicholas Hill, the famous lawyer, both of whom were

his warm personal friends. Upon the organization of the courts under the Constitution of 1824, Reuben H. Walworth was appointed one of the circuit judges, and in 1823 he removed to Saratoga Springs. He appointed Mr. Davison the clerk of the Equity or Chancery branch of his court, a position which he held until the court was abolished under the constitution of 1846. When Esek Cowen was appointed reporter of the new Supreme Court Mr. Davison made arrangements to print his reports, and enlarged his office for that purpose. In 1840, he transferred his interest in the *Sentinel* newspaper to others, and increased the capacity of his office for book-work, adding a stereotype foundry in 1841, having already a power-press in use. In addition to these court reports, Mr. Davison edited and published an edition of Stevens' *Arithmetic;* a quarto family Bible, from stereotype plates; Smith's *Lectures to the Unconverted*, an original work by a clergyman of Ballston; several editions of Dr. Steel's *Analysis of the Mineral Waters;* Goodrich's *Spelling Book;* and in 1838, he and the late Judge Warren compiled a guide book, which appeared under the titles of *The Fashionable Tour* and *The Northern Tourist.*

As an advocate of public improvements Mr. Davison, as alluded to in a former chapter, took an early interest in railroads. His success with the Saratoga and Schenectady Railroad encouraged him to go forward with the project for the Utica and Schenectady

Railroad, of which he became the Commissioner of Construction, succeeding in that office the late ex-Governor Bouck.

The next railroad that he initiated was the Saratoga and Whitehall. Mr. Davison was indefatigable in the collection of statistics of travel and business, and could prepare and lay them before the public in a concise shape. This aided materially in helping forward the lines he was interested in. The charter for the Saratoga and Whitehall road being secured, the capital was subscribed and its construction began, but the crash of 1837 came on before it had made much progress, and its managers were forced to suspend operations; but Mr. Davison never lost faith in it, and kept steadily at work until he had secured its construction, not, however, until many years had elapsed. The Sackett's Harbor and Saratoga Railroad was another avenue that he had to do with from its inception, the first meeting on the subject having been held in his office, at his invitation, some time in 1847 or 1848. He was a commissioner, in connection with Rockwell Putnam and N. B. Doe, of the village water-works in 1846, and had the principal charge of the work of construction.

Mr. Davison's first wife died in April, 1861, and his second marriage, to Anna Miner, who survives him, took place in January, 1863. He leaves four children surviving, viz.: John M. Davison, for many years Register in Chancery, and afterwards President of the

Saratoga and Whitehall Railroad, residing in Saratoga; Clement M. Davison, a banker in Detroit: Charles Augustus Davison, the well-known lawyer, of New York City; and Sarah M. Davison, his only daughter. He was a member of the Presbyterian church from an early date, was for many years the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and, since 1827—a period of more than forty years—one of its ruling elders. He died on Thursday, October 1, 1869, at the ripe age of seventy-eight. The following day a meeting of the prominent citizens of Saratoga was held, at which addresses were made by the late Judge Warren, Judge Bockes, Judge Lester, Patrick H. Cowen, and others, and resolutions adopted eulogizing the public achievements and private virtues of the deceased. At the funeral, which took place the following Tuesday, Rev. Dr. Woodbridge delivered a feeling address; and while the *cortége* was moving to the grave, all the places of business on Broadway were closed, the bells of the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Roman Catholic churches being tolled.

Mr. Davison was a man of plain and unassuming manners, and extremely courteous and gentlemanly in his intercourse with others, of whatever position in life. Always ready to listen to suggestions, he formed his opinions with care and then urged them with force. He was, moreover, a man of spotless purity and integrity of character. No stain, professional or personal, ever attached to his fair name, and whatever

interests were devolved upon him were discharged with scrupulous fidelity. He was ever liberal and generous to the deserving and unfortunate, and not unfrequently disbursed charity by the hands of others that the source of the favor might remain unknown. To young men, also, his wise counsel and ready assistance were of material benefit. He was, especially, eminently conscientious in the administration of the public trusts which were from time to time committed to him; and while his official position afforded him abundant opportunities for accumulating a fortune, had he been disposed to take advantage of it, it can be safely said that never in a single instance did he avail himself of any position of trust to improve or better himself. Mr. Davison was very just also in all his dealings with his fellow-men. It was a noticeable trait of his life that he was very careful to meet his obligations with promptitude, and this was especially marked in the little matters which belong to domestic life. No workman or *employé* was ever asked to call a second time for payment of his bill. Mr. Davison understood and appreciated fully the value of *time* to such men, and he felt that it was doing a wrong to men who had rendered him a service of any sort to subject them to loss of time in endeavoring to collect what was their just due. We mention this as a trait in Mr. Davison's character, marking his sense of justice and his thoughtful consideration for others. As illustrative of Mr. Davison's

accuracy in business matters, as well as his perfect integrity, it may be stated that, on the conclusion of his connection with the Utica and Schenectady Railroad Company, after having received and disbursed the large sums involved in the construction of the road, upon an adjustment of his accounts with the treasurer of the company, it was found that they were in perfect accord, with the exception of a trifling sum, less, we believe, than six cents! In view of these traits of character, and his long and useful life, it is certain that his memory will be long and reverently cherished.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Rev. John D. Moriarty.

"A plain good man, without guile or pride,
Goodness his aim, and honesty his guide,
Could all the pomps of this vain world despise,
And only after death desired to rise."

REV. JOHN D. MORIARTY—or, as he was familiarly called, "Father Moriarty"—the father of Mrs. Henry H. Hathorn and of Mrs. Crawford—himself a Methodist minister, and the son of a Methodist minister—occupied for a long series of years so prominent a position both as a citizen of Saratoga Springs and as a member of the Methodist denomination, that a sketch of his life in this volume seems peculiarly appropriate.

Rev. Mr. Moriarty came to Saratoga in 1831. Previous, however, to this period, he had been forced by chronic rheumatism to abandon the active duties of the ministry, and, on this account, had been made a "superannuate." Indeed, to such a state was he reduced by this physical infirmity, that on first coming to the Springs, he was carried to and from church in a chair, and was accustomed to preach in a sitting posture. Yet, notwithstanding this disability, the universal testimony is that no one ever exercised a

better or a more enduring influence in the Methodist denomination than himself.

Mr. Moriarty came to the village from the "Stillwater Circuit," which then embraced Stillwater, Old Saratoga, Wilton, Greenfield, Malta, and Saratoga Springs, all of which towns belonged to the New York Conference, then extending to the Canada line. On his first arrival he opened a boarding-house, as being at that time the likeliest means of affording himself and family a support. This "boarding-house," however, soon grew into a large hotel; for the Methodist interest being large and influential, and Mr. Moriarty the most accommodating of hosts, every visitor of that persuasion flocked to it. Thus it happened that for many years Mr. Moriarty's was the headquarters of the Methodists, as "Union Hall," under the proprietorship of the brothers Rockwell and Washington Putnam, was that of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists.

The gentleman who furnishes these facts—an old and highly-respected resident of Saratoga and one, moreover, who is thoroughly competent to judge, viz., J. B. Fellshaw—estimates his preaching talent as greatly above the average. "I sat under his preaching for many years," writes Mr. Fellshaw to the author, "and during that time I never heard him preach a poor sermon." He possessed, also, strong common sense and good administrative ability, and it was entirely owing to his provident efforts that the

site where stood the late Methodist church was secured to that society. Indeed, it may be safely said that whatever increase of strength accrued at that time to the Methodist church at Saratoga Springs—a strength which is to this day felt in the vitality and power of that body—was due solely, under God, to the shrewd and successful management of "Father Moriarty."

Nor was it long before his sterling qualities and helpful care of the interests of the society were recognized. Two years subsequent to his making Saratoga his home, he was given the "appointment" for a support, and this, too, in addition to his allowance as a "superannuate" or disabled preacher. His broad, catholic views, and enlarged and comprehensive ideas, so utterly opposed to sectarianism, made him very acceptable to other congregations in the village; and accordingly he frequently exchanged with Revs. Mr. Griswold and Mr. Fletcher, the pastors, respectively, of the Presbyterian and Baptist denominations. Indeed, having recovered from his rheumatism, he served the former church one entire winter in their temporary quarters in "Walton Row."

Mr. Moriarty was wonderfully methodical in business; constant in his religious duties—always at church service when he could possibly be there, and extremely regular in family worship. He had few, if any, enemies; and was ever considered reliable in business transactions, simply because he never de-

viated from his word. His wife, also, was a devoted Christian, and possessed of decided executive ability. Therefore, while, like Martha, "she loved her Lord," she was not like her in being "careful and troubled about many things." A zealous worker in her "Master's vineyard," she labored effectively in strengthening the secular affairs of her husband—enduring much and protracted labor—often, during the busy season, rising at four and retiring at eleven o'clock. They, together, reared a large family (six daughters and two sons), and are among those who have left their imprint for good and sound morality on the community. "Being dead, they yet live."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Captain Stephen Dexter.

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Where be your jibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

. . . . . .

"*Jaq.*—Is not this a rare fellow? he's good at anything.

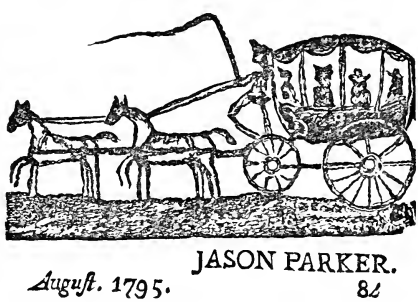
"*Duke S.*—He uses his fun like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit."—SHAKSPERE.

ALLUSION has been made in several of the preceding chapters to Captain Stephen Dexter, who died in 1869, at the ripe age of seventy-five years. Captain Dexter, however, was for so many years a resident of Saratoga, and his early associations of so peculiar and interesting a character, that a more minute sketch of him may possess interest to those, at least, who from youth have come to regard Captain Dexter as identified with the village of Saratoga Springs.

Captain Dexter began life as a stage-driver, in or near the village of Herkimer, and was accustomed to relate many curious incidents of the old times when stage-coaches were the only public conveyance. It was in the days of the Great Turnpike from Albany to Buffalo; and the same kind of vehicles which Jason Parker started in 1794, and continued to use as late as

1820 A specimen of these coaches—similar to those that Dexter drove at this time—is here presented for the benefit of the curious reader.

The driver seen in the illustration evidently is not intended for the portly form of the Captain; at least, if it is so designed, he must when young have been an extremely attenuated lad!



Captain Dexter was from the first distinguished by energy as well as shrewdness, and an enterprising spirit was the first element of his prosperity. In fact, it would almost seem as if S. C. Goodrich (Peter Parley) had the "Captain" in his mind when he wrote the following: "There was no corner, no secluded settlement, no out-of-the-way place where he was not seen. Bad roads never deterred him. He could drive his horses and coach where a four-wheeled vehicle never went before. He understood bearings and distances as well as a topographical engineer, and would go whistling contentedly through a forest where he had not even a 'trail' to guide him. He could find fords and crossings where none were pre-

viously known to exist; and his pair of horses, by the skilful management of their driver, would carry him and his passengers across sloughs and swamps where a steam-engine would have been brought to a stand by the weight of a baby-wagon. If he broke his harness or his wagon in the wilderness, he could repair it without assistance, for his mechanical skill extended from the shoeing of a horse to the repair of a watch. He was never taken by surprise; accidents never came unexpected, and strange events never disconcerted him. He would whistle 'Yankee Doodle' while his horses were floundering in a quagmire, and sing 'Hail Columbia' while plunging into an unknown river. He never met a stranger, for he was intimately acquainted with a man as soon as he saw him. Introductions were useless ceremonies to him, for he cared nothing about names. He called a woman 'ma'am' and a man 'mister,' and if they were good company he would never trouble himself or them with impertinent enquiries. When he had passed through a settlement once, he had a complete knowledge of all its circumstances, history, and inhabitants; and the next trip, if he met a child in the road, he could tell you whom it most resembled, and to what family it belonged. He recollected all who were sick on his last visit; what peculiar difficulties each was laboring under, and was always glad to hear of their convalescence. He gathered medicinal herbs along the road, and generously presented them to the house-

wives when he halted, and he understood perfectly the special properties of each. He possessed also a great store of good advice, and distributed it with the disinterested benevolence of a philanthropist.

"Those were the days, moreover, of no 'expresses' and no general mails. The stage-driver was consequently not only called upon to execute commissions for the farmers' wives at the stores in Albany, but he was also the universal news-carrier, and was supposed to be able, and expected to tell all about the movements of the whole world. He knew of every death, marriage, and birth within a hundred miles. He recollected the precise piece of calico from which Mrs. Jones bought her last new dress, and the veritable bit of lace with which Mrs. Smith trimmed her 'Sunday-go-to-meeting' bonnet. He knew, also, whose children went to meeting in 'store-clothes,' whose daughter was just putting on long dresses, and whose wife wore cotton stockings. He would laugh the husband into half a dozen shirts, flatter the wife into calico and gingham, and praise the children till both parents joined in dressing them anew from top to toe. What wonder is it, then, if he was a prime favorite with all the women, or that the appearance of himself and stage was a day of jubilee to both parents and children?"

But the stage-driver, like every other human institution, had his day, and the time soon came when he was forced to give way to the march of improvement.

The country in Central New York grew densely populated, till shortly the smoke of one man's chimney could be seen from another's front door. People's wants began to be paramount—they were no longer content with transient supplies—they demanded something more constant and regular. Hence arose the little neighborhood stores, established at a central point, usually at a "cross-road," and these gradually superseded the stage-driver's function.

Such was the state of things when, about 1824, Captain Dexter left his old route and took a position under General Blanchard,* as driver on the old "Red-Bird" line of stages then running between Saratoga and Schenectady; and it was with no little pride that he was wont to tell how he drove the first coach-load of passengers up to the "United States Hotel," when it was opened, and how he always retained the friendship of Mr. LeRoy, of New York, who was one of the passengers in that coach. On the opening of the

* General Joshua T. Blanchard was born in 1801, at Alexander, New Hampshire. He was named after his maternal grandfather, Joshua Tolford, one of the largest landholders in the States. His father was Dr. Ahimaz Blanchard, of Brisilica, Mass. He came to Saratoga in 1820, and has resided here ever since. He was here in the days of Graudus Schronhoven and Samuel Drake, of Congress Hall. General Blanchard has, in his lifetime, been on terms of intimate acquaintance with many of our most distinguished men He is still in a green old age, and is wont to relate the following anecdote of General Scott. The year before Scott's nomination, he was at Saratoga, and in the course of conversation General Blanchard said: "General, you had best injure your right arm in some way and hang it in a sling so you cannot *write* any letters." Scott, however, disregarding the advice of his old friend, wrote the "Hasty Plate of Soup Letter," and was defeated. The next year, meeting General Blanchard, he said: "General, it would have been well for me to have taken your advice."

Saratoga and Schenectady Railroad, and the consequent withdrawal of the stage line in 1832, he took a situation on the Utica and Schenectady Railroad. After a few years' service he returned to Saratoga and settled down in the livery business, which he continued successfully for nearly forty years. His son, William E., now walks in his father's steps—a repu table and respected citizen.*

Captain Dexter's youth, as has been stated, was passed in the County of Herkimer, in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk. His early playmates and school-fellows were Thurlow Weed, the venerable Theodore Faxon of Utica, the late James R. Westcott of Saratoga, Col. John H. Prentiss of the Cooperstown *Freeman's Journal*, and Col. William L. Stone, of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. With all of these persons—although circumstances threw him into a different sphere of life—his relations were ever of a very pleasant nature; and most fortunate was that visitor who, having secured the services of the Captain for a drive, listened to the reminiscences of personal adventure and frolic with these distinguished men in boyhood. Many a time has Captain Dexter overthrown the late John H. Prentiss in a wrestling match; frequently, under

* Thurlow Weed, writing in 1875, says: "I remember when a lumbering stage wagon, with canvas covering, running between Albany and Utica every other day, accommodated all the passengers between Albany and the far West. At that time there was no Syracuse, no Rochester.'

General Morell, and side by side with Jason Parker, has he performed militia duty (hence his title) with

> "Those gallant sons who shoulder guns,
> And twice a year go out a training—"

armed with sticks, or, in default of those, with corn-stalks. Once Col. Prentiss and himself, returning from a husking-bee, fell through a hole in the decayed flooring of an old bridge across the Mohawk, and narrowly escaped with their lives; Thurlow Weed and Col. Stone, who were behind, guiding them with rails torn off the bridge to the shore. It was also Captain Dexter's custom often to run into the office of the Herkimer *American* (then edited by Col. Stone) and assist Mr. Weed (who was employed as apprentice) in pulling the presses and setting type. One incident is worthy of note.

Mr. Weed was at this time a Democrat. It happened that just before an election—there being no Democratic printing-press within several miles—Mr. Weed asked of his employer, Col. Stone, the privilege of using his press to strike off the Democratic tickets. This was good-humoredly granted by the Federalist editor, and the entire night was spent by the Democratic journeyman, assisted by Captain Dexter, in striking off tickets and hand-bills. Mr. Weed was paid for his night's work five dollars, which, as he often remarks with pardonable pride, was the first five dollars he had ever earned.

Whether he shared that sum with the Captain I have never enquired, but the probability is that some of the fruits were reaped by his assistant.

Captain Dexter possessed an extremely genial disposition, and, as I have stated, retained in a remarkable degree the affections of those who had outrun him in the race for worldly emolument and fame. The writer, who chanced to be present, well remembers the parting at the old depot between Captain Dexter and Mr. Weed on the occasion of the latter's departure from Saratoga in the summer of 1868. Mr. Weed is, as is well known, strong in his friendships, particularly those of his early youth; and as the Captain accompanied the old playfellow of his boyhood to the steps of the car, and shook his hand in farewell, tears stood in the eyes of each. Both seemed to feel that their parting was the last. Nor was it Mr. Weed alone who, on his return to Saratoga, missed the outstretched hand, and friendly grasp, and merry twinkle of the old Captain. Many of the old visitors, as they emerged from the cars on their return to Saratoga, have instinctly felt that the Saratoga of the present was not the Saratoga of the past; and, although they might not be able for the nonce to account for the feeling, yet if they chanced to learn of the Captain's death they at once traced in that fact the cause.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Chancellor Walworth and Pine Grove.

"Whom do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the case?"

—*Milton's translation of Horace.*

ON the corner of Broadway and Van Dam Street, fronting on the former and facing east, stands the old homestead of the Walworth family, embosomed in a grove of stately pines. In giving a sketch of this place, and of the distinguished man who was its owner and occupant for more than half a century, I shall aim at neither a biography nor a panegyric, but such a description of the man and the mansion as belongs naturally to the reminiscences and traditions of Saratoga.

Reuben Hyde Walworth was born on the 26th of October, 1788, in Bozrah, Ct. He was the third son of Benjamin Walworth, of the town of Hoosick, Rensselaer County, N. Y. His father removed to Hoosick during the Chancellor's early childhood, and resided there until his death. The family was originally of London, England, the American branch deriving from William Walworth, who emigrated

from that city in 1671, and settled on Fisher's Island, and afterwards in New London. In the early part of the Revolutionary war, Benjamin Walworth was quartermaster of Colonel Nicholl's New York regiment in the service of the United States, and acted as adjutant of the regiment at the battle of White Plains. It is related as an interesting fact, showing the rapid growth of cities in America, that, at one time, when seeking for an eligible site to erect a mill, the entire tract of land now occupied by the City of Troy was offered to the father of the Chancellor, and to his business partner, Philip Hart, for the sum of $2,000, which was not accepted.

Reuben H. Walworth settled at Plattsburg, Clinton County, in January, 1810. Here he married his first wife, and here he practised law for many years, holding various offices in the county, and representing his district in Congress from 1821 to 1823. Mrs. Walworth used to relate that while at Washington it happened on one occasion, when her husband was visited at his boarding-house by Henry Clay, that the two gentlemen remained for a long time closeted in private conversation. She and her aunt, who were left in an adjoining apartment, had formed their own opinion of the great men about the capital, and were no admirers of that distinguished Senator. They indulged themselves therefore in expressing their unfavorable opinion of him, saying that they were sure he came there for no good purpose, and hoping

that Mr. Walworth would not allow himself to be taken in by his witty tongue, etc., etc. To their confusion, the latter soon opened the door, and said: "Ladies, your conversation is no doubt very interesting to yourselves, but it is well for you to know that the partition is very thin, and that Mr. Clay hears every word you say."

By this first wife the Chancellor had six children, of which the oldest four are still living. His three surviving daughters all married young, and have large families; and of his two sons the younger, now deceased, has five surviving children, including two boys, the only grandsons left that bear the grandfather's name.

At the invasion of Plattsburg by the British army in September, 1814, Mr. Walworth was aid to Major-General Mooers in the United States service; and it was his good fortune to witness McDonough's battle and victory on the lake, being deputed to watch the contest from the shore, and report the issue to his chief. The house in which he resided for many years was occupied by the British during their short stay in Plattsburg, as an hospital, and bears the marks of bullets to this day. In April, 1823, he was appointed Circuit Judge of the Fourth Judicial District, which office he held for five years. In October of the same year he removed to Saratoga Springs. He was received there with great hospitality by his life-long friend, Gideon M. Davison,

who gave lodging and entertainment to him and his family until his own residence was put in order to receive him.

The old Walworth place was purchased at that time of Judge Walton, its first occupant and builder, for the small sum of $2,000. In those early days it was a much more secluded place, and exceedingly beautiful. The railroad then had not divided it, and a delightful wood that bounded it on the rear extended far back beyond Matilda Street to the Waterbury farm and orchard. Almost the entire block opposite the Chancellor's was used as a public ground, and was a favorite resort both for guests and villagers, It was called the "Pine Grove," and was traversed by fine walks. One very spacious walk was the usual means of transit by foot from the "Upper Village," or north end of Van Dam Street to lower Broadway. Broadway itself extended no farther back than Rock Street, the woods heading it off at that point. The aforesaid "Grove" enclosed a tenpin alley, which was, if memory serves me right, the only alley of the village, and was much resorted to. Swings hung down between the tall pines, which in warm and fair weather were in almost constant motion. Here sometimes the Indians encamped, sold their bows, canes, and baskets, and shot at pennies to show their skill; and here, too, the militia often met for drill on "training days," "armed and equipped as the law directs," with muskets, rifles, fowling-pieces

or in lieu of these with umbrellas, canes, or broomsticks.

Opposite the Chancellor's on Broadway, and just outside the wooden fence which enclosed the Grove, the Fourth-of-July gun was sometimes placed, dividing this honor with Congress Hall. On such occasions Primus Budd, a princely mulatto, presided over this battery of one gun. A planet of the first class was he on Independence Day, and, like Saturn, carried his rings with him. The boys considered "Prime" as something superior to the Chancellor, or to any of the dignitaries of the village. It so happened that the authorities conceived it possible to manage this gun without Primus. The consequence was that three human arms were blown off by a premature discharge, and the ramrod passing Grove Street, alighted near the corner of Church. "Next time," said Primus, "I guess dey'll know enough to give public business to 'sponsible persons."

At the north west corner of this same grove resided also Mr. Peterson, occupying a small wooden house with a smaller candy-shop adjoining. He was a notable man, and, like Primus, had his days of glory. Whenever the masons turned out, his portly person was sure to be seen in full regalia, with a *cozam nobis* so prominent that the little apron stood out in front horizontally. At Masonic funerals he carried a large Bible, and it rested on the said prominence as easily as on a pulpit cushion. Alas! how fortunes vary!

With its grove and visitors, that supported the old man's modest merchandise, the house and the shop have both disappeared, and the ground whereon they stood has been absorbed into the Willoughby estate. What became of poor Peterson no one knows—whether expanded indefinitely or become absorbed also; probably the former, for his tendency was that way.

The entire space occupied by these pleasure grounds has long since given place to private residences, and the name of "Pine Grove" remains attached to the Walworth homestead opposite, being indeed originally a patch of the same ground.

Judge Walworth presided in his circuit until 1828, when he was appointed Chancellor of the State of New York. This office he held for twenty years, when the new constitution of 1848 abolished the Court of Chancery. In 1828 he removed to Albany, occupying first a house in Park Place, near the Academy, and afterwards a house in Washington Avenue above Dove Street, the present residence of Amasa J. Parker, Esq. In the spring of 1833 he returned to Saratoga Springs, and to Pine Grove, where he continued to reside until his death.

Mrs. Walworth, his first wife, whose maiden name was Maria Ketchum Averill, was a lady of singular sweetness and benevolence of character. Together with her husband she united herself with the Presbyterian church at the time of their marriage, to which

communion she always remained attached. Of a truly devoted and unaffected piety, she was gentle and pliable in everything except where conscience was concerned—there she was immovable as a rock. She delighted to be among the poor and sick, and her love for little children was unbounded. Not an urchin in the village, however ragged, whether white or black, but "knew her like a book," and felt thoroughly at home with her. Indeed, she was greatly beloved by all classes, old or young.

Every one in Saratoga knows, or knew, Dexter, the livery-stable man, whose large frame and venerable white head were to be seen for so many years in front of the United States Hotel. There, in the summer season, from morning until sunset, he kept under one of the trees a chair for his own exclusive use. Never any one was known to sit in that chair but himself. Napoleon could cross the Alps with his artillery, but he never would have attempted to sit in Dexter's chair. No one ever suspected him of being soft or sentimental. But I particularly remember that the good old man idolized the memory of Mrs. Walworth, and never could speak of her without the tears coming to his eyes.

Gentle and amiable as this lady was, she had, when occasion called for it, a courage and resolution that amounted to heroism. On one occasion, in the early days of her residence at the Springs, a drunken aboriginal from the Indian encampment opposite

entered the kitchen and demanded cider. This was before the total abstinence days, and the Chancellor's cellar was well stocked both with wine and cider. The cook, thinking he had already enough, refused to give him any, whereupon he drew his knife and threatened to kill her. Mrs. Walworth chanced to enter the kitchen at this moment, and comprehending the whole situation at a glance, seized the tongs, which she laid about his head vigorously, and drove him out of the house. Mrs. Walworth died at Pine Grove, on the 24th of April, 1847, surrounded by the devoted members of her family. As Christian, wife, mother, friend, and neighbor, a model in every relation of life, her memory is still tenderly cherished in the locality where she lived so long, loved and was beloved.

Pine Grove: Its Distinguished Visitors.

The "Pine Grove" was for a long period of years a much-frequented place. Few residences in the land have seen more of the great celebrities of the country, especially of her distinguished jurists and statesmen. It has known Daniel D. Tompkins, De Witt Clinton, Martin Van Buren, Enos T. Throop, Silas Wright, Churchill C. Cambreling, William L. Marcy, Albert H. Tracy, Francis Granger, William H. Seward, Stephen A. Douglas, Millard Fillmore, James Buchanan, Chancellor Kent, Judge Story, Judge Grier,

Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, William L. Stone, Catharine Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Edward C. Delavan, Gerrit Smith, Generals Scott, Wool, Worth, Gottschalk the pianist, and a host of others, Governors, Senators, and Congressmen, celebrated authors and soldiers, who have chatted in its parlors, dined at its table, and walked about under the shade of its pines. The Chancellor never forgot an acquaintance, and was fond of bringing every one to his house. Every morning during the summer season he looked carefully over the list of arrivals at the hotels, and hastened to call on every one he knew. The Grove has known the portly form of Joseph Bonaparte in tights, and the squat figure of Mar Yohannan in multitudinous folds of cloth.

Clergymen always found a welcome there, whatever their type of faith or form of worship. Its traditions array such names as Eliphalet Nott, Lyman Beecher, William B. Sprague, George W. Bethune, Samuel H. Cox, Francis Wayland, James Milner, Archbishops Hughes, McCloskey, Purcell, Kenrick, and Spalding, Cardinal Bedini, and Bishop Alonzo Potter. Methodist Bishops have visited there whose names I do not know, and at a very early date a Catholic bishop from Canada, in quaint knee-breeches and large buckled shoes, whose zeal in the cause of temperance brought him in connection with the Chancellor. Thither also came, at various times, innumerable missionaries from foreign parts, and now and

then a russet-coated elder from the Shaker settlements.

Lewis J. Papineau, Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, and Marshall S. Bidwell, exiled from Canada by the unsuccessful rebellion of 1837, found here a hearty welcome, and always remained on terms of the most intimate friendship with the Chancellor. It is said that the first named of these illustrious exiles, after his precipitate escape from Canada, was found friendless and unknown in the city of Albany, by James Porter, Esq., at that time Register in Chancery, who took him to his house. Here the Chancellor made his acquaintance, and carried him to Saratoga. Mrs. Papineau and her children were entertained for some time at Pine Grove, and a son, L. J. A. Papineau, was an inmate there for two years.

The front room in the north wing was the Chancellor's office for forty-three years. Any one passing the house, or entering by the north piazza, might see him hard at work throughout the day, and his lamp was burning there still until two, three, and often four o'clock in the morning. His constitution was of iron, and his capacity for labor was enormous, and yet he loved recreation, and no man could enjoy society better. He loved to spend the hours of evening with his family at games of chess, backgammon, or whist, or in lively conversation, until all the rest had retired to bed, when he returned to his office, and to his solitary labors of the night. From these habits it may

easily be inferred that he was not an early riser. And yet he often rose early in the summer-time, when the Congress Spring was crowded with visitors, and the desire to meet his friends would bring him there among the rest.

He was a great talker and a most lively one, and when a good story was told by himself or others, would throw his head forward, rub his hands together, and laugh until the walls rang again. He never stood upon his dignity, but was always ready for any fun, even to the latest years of his life. He had been a notable jumper in his youthful days, and once even as late as 1835, when Judge Nelson (late of the United States bench), John A. Collyer, the late Attorney-General, Benj. F. Butler, of New York, and other like grave gentlemen of the Bar and Legislature were enjoying themselves together, he challenged them to show their agility by leaping over the parlor chairs, and set the example himself. They were all wild enough at the time, but wisely declined this challenge. Less discretion was manifested on another occasion by a young Presbyterian divine, who was preaching on trial in the village at the time, and was seduced into a trial of his legs at the Grove. A clothes-line was stretched at a good height between two trees, which the Chancellor easily cleared with a running leap. Divinity was not so successful. He landed astride of the line, and after an extremely awkward gyration went most ignominiously to grass.

The piety of the bystanders was no great check upon their merriment, some laughing in hearty bass and some in high soprano.

In the same "office" aforesaid the Chancellor held his "motion courts." This was not only a convenience for himself, but generally agreeable to the members of the bar. By going there, instead of to Albany, they were able to combine a little business with a trip to the Springs. A wood-box being covered with a carpet, an arm-chair was placed upon it, and a high, light, long-legged desk before it, and the little office was thus converted into a court-room. Here, during a long course of years, distinguished counsel came to make, defend, and argue motions in chancery. Hither came Ambrose Spencer, Chief-Justice of New York; John C. Spencer, Joshua Spencer, Charles O'Conor, Samuel Stevens, Mark Reynolds, Benj. F. Butler of New York; Daniel Lord, Wm. H. Seward, David Graham, and many other men of equal mark, though of a later generation. Here once William Kent and George Griffin were pitted against Daniel Webster, in some case involving the Illinois State bonds, which crowded the room, piazza, and sidewalk with anxious listeners, until out of consideration for these the Chancellor adjourned to the Universalist church.* "This cause does not end here,"

* Now a private residence, owned and occupied by a daughter of the late Daniel T Reed. Mr. Reed, who died on May 6, 1875, was, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs Jewell, the oldest resident of Saratoga. He was a native of Washington County, and

said Griffin, in a tragic tone of voice; "we shall meet again at Philippi." "Ay!" replied Webster, with a grim humor that convulsed the audience; "the learned counsel will meet us again at Philippi, but will they pay us when we get there?"

Here the celebrated Spike case dragged its slow length along for many years, in which nearly all the great lawyers of the land had a finger. It was a reference case, which the Chancellor undertook after the abolition of his office. The original suit was brought in the United States Court for the infringement of a patented right to give a peculiar rap to the head of a railroad spike in the process of its formation; and the question before the referee was to ascertain the increased profits of a party of manufacturers (Winslow, Corning & Co.) so rapping as aforesaid, and the consequent damages to the other party (Burden & Co.) having the exclusive right so to rap as aforesaid. Mrs. Walworth once in conversation with Governor Seward said: "I wish you would explain what this everlasting Spike suit is about. I don't understand

was born in the year 1785. About the year 1824 he removed to this village and purchased the lot on which the late Judge W. L. F. Warren's house now stands, on the corner of Broadway and Church Street, on which he erected a hotel. Two years later it was burned, and he purchased the Franklin House on Church Street, and enlarged and repaired it. He kept this house for about thirty years, and then sold it to Deacon Brintnall. He then built the house on Matilda Street standing on the corner of the railroad, and resided there a few years. He next purchased the Universalist church building, on the corner of Church and Matilda Streets, and converted it into the boarding-house which was kept by him, in connection with his daughter, until his death.

it." "Indeed, madam," he replied, "I should be very much ashamed if you did. I have been engaged in it for several years and I don't understand it yet."

To this same office came the new aspirants to chancery practice, and signed their names to the roll of counsellors. This was a veritable roll made of strong parchment, piece added to piece as the list increased. It holds the names of almost all the distinguished lawyers of New York now living. It is at present in the possession of William A. Beach, a resident of New York City, but a native of Saratoga, and one of the honored names on the roll.

Peculiar Professional Traits.

Chancellor Walworth may justly be regarded as the great artisan of our equity laws. In some sense he was the Bentham of America, without the bold speculations and fantastical theories which, to a certain extent, characterized the great British jurist. What Bentham did in removing defects in English jurisprudence, Walworth did in renovating and simplifying the equity laws of the United States.

Before his day, the Court of Chancery in this State was a tribunal of illy-defined powers—of uncertain jurisdiction, in a measure subservient to the English Court of Chancery in its procedure. Chancellor Walworth abolished much of that subtlety—many of those prolix and bewildering formalities which had

their origin in the recesses of the mediæval ages. He reduced the practice of his court to certain standing rules, which he prepared with great industry. These rules greatly improved the old system of equity practice, and though he has been charged with thus complicating the Court of Chancery with expensive machinery, it cannot be gainsaid that with Chancellor Walworth equity was the soul and spirit of law, "creating positive and defining rational law, flexible in its nature, and suited to the fortunes, cases, and reciprocal obligations of men." *

It scarcely, however, belongs to a sketch of this kind to dwell upon the legal acquirements, the judicial character, or the public reputation of Chancellor Walworth. But certain peculiarities which he had when presiding in court were as well known to his fellow-villagers as they were familiar to the lawyers who frequented his little forum at the Grove, and may be considered as local reminiscences.

In endeavoring to master the points of a case he had a method of his own, and it was necessary for counsel to conform to it in their arguments. Those who frequented his court soon learned to humor him in this respect; but strangers were often annoyed by his interruptions and contradictions. He wanted to make up a sort of brief for his own use at the very

* The contents of fourteen volumes of Paige's *Chancery Reports*, and a large part of the matter comprising the contents of the thirty-six volumes of *Wendell and Denio's Reports*, attest his vast judicial labors.

beginning, and in making this he put the counsel to his catechism. He required, not only the names of the parties and the general nature of the cause or motion, but the peculiar character of each one's interest, and the main points at issue, clearly stated, before he would listen to any argument, or to any rhetorical preambles. These preliminaries being arranged to his satisfaction, he would lay up his pen over his ear, push back his chair, put his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, and then, and not before then, the counsel might proceed without interruption. But woe to the unlucky man who accepted papers for a motion, however simple, without taking time to read and prepare for it, trusting to be allowed to begin by reading the affidavits! And woe to any one who, having no legal ground to stand upon, looked fondly for time and grace to make the mere show of a good fight! Time, indeed, he sometimes got, but only the time in which to be fearfully and wonderfully badgered.

A noted lawyer of Brooklyn once, after reading his affidavits, was endeavoring to enter upon his argument in support of a motion. But the Chancellor was not satisfied. "I think," he said, "that Widow Van Bummel ought to be heard from in this matter." "Indeed, your Honor," replied the counsel, "I do not see how the Widow Van Bummel can have any possible interest in the motion." He endeavored to proceed, but was soon interrupted again, "I should

like to know what the Widow Van Bummel has to say." After a hard contest for liberty to proceed, despairing at last of success, the counsel began tying up his papers again, and said testily: "Well, your Honor, I will hunt up this Widow Van Bummel, and see if she has anything to say; and if there is any other old woman in the United States, or elsewhere, that your Honor would like to see, I will bring her into court."

All widows and orphans in the State were wards of the Court of Chancery. The Chancellor construed this tutelage in the most simple sense, and acted accordingly. His wards had easy access to him without any formalities of red tape. He listened to their stories patiently, instituted enquiries after his own fashion, and often made some prompt order in their favor upon such informal application. The trustee of a young Albanian refused to let him travel in Europe, on the ground of its being a useless expense. The young man made complaint to the Chancellor in person, alleging that there was plenty of money, and that the desire was reasonable under the circumstances. The Chancellor thought so too, and gave an order to that effect. A person of weak intellect, and who passed for *non compos mentis*, had not been allowed to manage a large estate which he inherited from his father. This was represented to be a hardship. The Chancellor sent for him privately, conversed with him on business matters, and deem-

ing that he had sufficient capacity to keep things together, put him promptly in possession of his property. No Barnacles of the Circumlocution Office stood on guard at "Pine Grove." *

The Chancellor was a great water-drinker. He always kept a pitcher of water and a glass on his desk, and the frequent passage of the glass back and forth from the desk to his lips was something wonderful. Governor Seward once astonished a party of gentlemen who were sitting at table after dinner, by asserting that Chancellor Walworth and ——— (naming a celebrated statesman of New York) drank more brandy and water than any other two men in the State. It seemed a most unwarrantable attack on the former, who was well known as a total abstinence man and President of the American Temperance Union. The Governor soon explained that the Chancellor drank the water, and the other party the brandy. Zealous advocate of temperance as he was, his efforts in the cause were not always prosperous, as the following anecdote will show.

* One is reminded by this trait of Chancellor Walworth of a well-authenticated anecdote related of Alexander Hamilton. On one occasion a client came to him stating that he had discovered a flaw in a will which left certain property to his wards. He accordingly hoped, by securing the services of Hamilton, to substantiate this defect, and thus secure the property for himself. Hamilton took the papers and told him to call the following day. Punctually the client was on hand. Hamilton then said he had examined the papers left with him. "You are now," also added Hamilton, "completely in my power, and if you do not at once deal justly by your orphan wards, I shall immediately take up this case and see that they are righted." His client, seeing himself thus caught in his own trap, made complete restitution.

Riding once in the railway cars, when his *vis-a-vis* was a very corpulent and red-faced Assemblyman, he grew enthusiastic in praise of his own favorite drink. "To my mind," said he, "there is nothing in the world equal to pure cold water. Don't you think so?" "No," growled the other, "I don't care a —— for your pure cold water. It's poor stuff." "Why," insisted the Chancellor in surprise, "what objection can you have to cold water—pure cold water, understand me, sir?" "D——! that's just what I object to," roared the uncompromising Assemblyman; "it don't make good beer." This for a time silenced our water-drinker; but presently he remarked that most men were given to too much eating. "If he only knew it, a man requires to eat very little, in order to sustain life and to be healthy." "Well, yes," the other reluctantly admitted, "perhaps so; but by George! he wants a great deal of drink." His guns being now all spiked, the Chancellor gave it up.

He was very fond of riding. He enjoyed a mettlesome animal, and loved to bring such a one up to face a band of music, or the puffing of a locomotive. The oldest villagers will remember well a sorrel horse named "Araby," which he bestrode for many years and was, at the time he purchased him in 1834, or thereabouts, a perfect model of life and beauty. They will also remember a riding suit of homespun, not differing much from the horse

in color. Both horse and homespun grew old in service, and gave him finally the appearance of a country farmer on a plough-horse. Mounted on the animal once of a summer morning, and waiting at the Congress Spring for a "dipper boy" to bring him his glass of water, he attracted the attention of a wealthy and dashing gentleman who was standing by with a party of friends. "Wait a moment," said the gentleman with a wink, "while I quiz this old farmer"; and then, advancing with much gravity, he began to question the Chancellor in regard to his horse, asking what he would take for his "colt," what speed was in him, whether his sight was good, etc. All of which questions were answered with great good humor. On returning to his own party, one of them said: "Well, Colonel, what do you think of the Chancellor and his horse?" "Chancellor!" he said in amazement; "Chancellor who?" "Why, Chancellor Walworth; didn't you know him?" "O my God!" said he; "I'm in the devil's own luck this morning. Confound my impudence! I've a suit in that man's court for a hundred thousand dollars."

No village has suffered more from fires than Saratoga Springs, beginning with a great fire about forty-six years ago on the south-west corner of Broadway and Church Street. Then came the burning of the old two-story wooden school-house, near the Universalist Church, on the site afterwards occupied by a school-house of stone. (Small buildings these, but

memorable to those of us who have been whipped there.) The fine old Pavilion Hotel, once the favorite resort of Cubans and Southerners generally, was destroyed by an early fire, and so was the Columbian. Scarcely a hotel in the town and of the village that has not been burned down at least once. At most of these fires, particularly at the first mentioned, and at the two burnings of the United States Hotel, the Chancellor was an active and intelligent fireman. When no regularly authorized person presented himself, he very readily assumed authority, and no one thought of disputing his orders. He supplied the want of engines and horse-trucks, ranging the citizens in lines to pass buckets of water, changing and directing these lines as the exigencies of the time required. When the last fire occurred at the United States Hotel, he was on the roof of the building, although nearly eighty years old, moving about amid the flames with great hardihood and presence of mind

On the 16th of April, 1851, Chancellor Walworth married again. His second wife was Sarah Ellen, daughter of Horace Smith, of Locust Grove, Mercer County, Ky., and widow of Col. John J. Hardin, who was killed in the Mexican war at Buena Vista. She brought with her to Saratoga the three young children of her first marriage, two manly boys well known in the village, where they passed their childhood, and a daughter, the present Mrs. Ellen (Hardin) Walworth, who married her step-brother, and with

her family of children still occupies the family mansion.

The second marriage was, like the first, a very happy one. The new wife brought with her to Pine Grove not only a sweet and loving temper, but a certain Southern style of hospitality which consorted admirably with her husband's own disposition. A cheerful circle of friends soon gathered around her. She loved to keep open house, and many more familiar faces passed in and out than ever thought to ring the bell, or wait in the parlors. She survived her husband nearly ten years, still dwelling at the Grove, although in greater privacy, until her own recent and lamented death in July, 1874.

His legal and political relations with others, his residence at a watering-place so frequented as Saratoga Springs, but still more his social habits and cordial, warm-hearted disposition, had gained for him a very enlarged circle of acquaintances. Few men have been more extensively known throughout the country. Perhaps no man in it ever remembered his friends so well. He seemed never to forget either faces or names. His memory reached beyond the personal knowledge of individuals to their relations and connections in life, their marriages and intermarriages, their family history, genealogies and chronologies. Often it happened that strangers on being introduced to him for the first time would be astonished to find that he knew more of their families and family con-

nections than they did themselves. He may perhaps have acquired the habit of noticing these things in his first chancery practice. Certain it is that, after retiring from office, the study of genealogy became his chief relaxation and enjoyment, his peculiar hobby. His leisure time when in the house was chiefly occupied in writing upon this subject, and he delighted to talk about it with others of similar tastes. The history of the multitudinous begetting and marrying done in his mother's family, entitled *The Hyde Genealogy* is said to be the largest account of a single family ever published. It contains 1,446 pages in two volumes of large octavo. While composing this work he corresponded with every one that he thought could give him the least information. His letters caused great commotion in certain quarters. Some imagined that he must have discovered a great mine of wealth, and wrote to enquire what their share was likely to be. Some claimed descent from Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, thinking that perhaps his estate had gone begging down to our times. Others seemed to fancy that Hyde Park, London, was to be divided, and hoped not to be forgotten in the distribution. Although the Chancellor's expectations were more modest, he was none the less alive on the Hyde question, and hunted up his relatives into remote generations with a zeal that never wearied. A daughter of his once recommended him to put up for a sign over his office-door, "Cash paid for Hydes."

In search of materials for this book he travelled about from time to time, more particularly in New England, visiting those from whom he expected to get information, inspecting parish records, and deciphering the worn-out letters on many a moss-covered tombstone. Any one that knew the keenness of his intelligence and his wondrous memory, and that saw the industry and perseverance with which he pursued this dryest of all the dry sciences, can easily understand the process which long before had made him the glory of the bench and the pride of the bar.

His notions of honesty were high above the prevalent standards of our day. He held in abomination that greedy and reckless traffic in the rise and fall of land, gold, stocks, securities, etc., which is commonly called "speculation," but which he denominated gambling. If not contrary to law, he held it to be contrary to natural morality, and would never take part in it in any way. During that wild fever of speculation which preceded the terrible crash of 1857, he was offered a great price for some land of his. His reply to the feverish applicant was: "It is not worth so much. You can have it for half the price, if you want to keep it. Otherwise, you will do better to leave it alone."

It is difficult for any one who had only seen him in public life and amid the cares of his office and profession, to appreciate his social and domestic character, the kindness and affectionateness of his heart, the

delicacy of his attention to others, the liveliness of his conversation, his exuberant and sometimes boisterous merriment, his fondness for the society of the young, with whom, even in his extreme old age, he loved to romp without the slightest thought of his own dignity. If dignity means a grandeur of soul arising from a high sense of honor, he had his full share of it. If it means to assume the posture of one who expects worship, it is a grace which he never acquired. It was something strange—with all his respectful courtesy to others, and his actual veneration for every great and good man—how little he exacted for himself.

Chancellor Walworth died at Pine Grove on the 28th of November, 1866, of an attack of diabetes, from which disease he had suffered more or less for three or four years previously.

He was attended in his last moments by his brother, Dr. Benjamin Walworth, of Fredonia, and surrounded by the members of his family, to whom he bade farewell a short hour before his death in the most touching manner. His body was interred in the village cemetery, and in the family plot. This plot had long been an object of his especial care and interest. It was his custom for many long years to go there on Sunday morning before service, and when flowers were in season to carry thither bouquets which he had gathered in his garden. Indeed, he loved to walk around through the avenues of this cemetery, and

visit his many friends in their resting-places, as if prompted by that same scrupulous and affectionate courtesy which he manifested to them when living, and which was so strong a characteristic of his nature. His body now lies beside that of the wife of his youth, among the graves that he had so well cherished, and beneath the soil where his affectionate hand had so often scattered roses.

The family mansion is still standing in the old Grove, very little altered in external appearance since the day when the Chancellor first came to the Springs. But henceforth neither stranger nor villager, when passing by, will see him at work in his garden, as in the olden time, or romping with his grandchildren under the pines. No light will twinkle at late hours of the night through the office window. An unwonted stillness and loneliness has settled upon the place. The magnet which drew thither so many feet is no longer there. The joyous and affectionate heart which made the old walls glow with life and hospitality has ceased to beat. The Pine Grove is disenchanted. And soon, perhaps, the busy hand of innovation will demolish the buildings, divide the grounds, and level the stately pines. New residences will spring up, marshalled like soldiers in close line upon the street, and obliterate every mark by which now we recognize the quaint old mansion and lovely grove where dwelt the last of the Chancellors.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Esek Cowen.

"So works the man of just renown
On men when centuries have flown;
For what a good man would attain,
The narrow bounds of life restrain;
And this the balm that genius gives—
Man dies, but after death he lives."

GOETHE.

SARATOGA, aside from the prestige of its mineral waters, is pre-eminent by virtue of being the residence of many distinguished lawyers—men who have adorned the bench by their individual and professional worth. Indeed, during one period of its existence, Saratoga was the centre of a galaxy of legal minds that cast a halo around whatever came within the circle of its influence. The names of Walworth and Willard, Cowen, Warren, and Hill, Rogers and Nash, Beach and Barbour,* will at once occur to the

* Oliver L. Barbour was born in 1811, in Washington County, N. Y. He early removed to Saratoga Springs, and, as the confidential clerk of his relative, Chancellor Walworth, became familiar with those great legal principles, the elucidating of which has given him such an enviable reputation in the profession. Hamilton College acknowledged his worth by conferring on him the honorary degree of LL.D. He yet resides at Saratoga, greatly honored both at home and abroad—his works being highly commended by Chief-Justice Story, the *American Jurist*, and other authorities of high repute. He is the editor of the following legal treatises: I. *Equity Digest, embracing English, Irish, and American Reports*, 4 vols. 8vo; II. *Collyer on Partnerships;* III. *Chitty on Bills;* IV. *A Treatise on Criminal Law;* V. *A Treatise*

reader; while the names of others now living in Saratoga, and also eminent in their profession, show that the mantles of the departed have fallen upon worthy successors. The present chapter will be devoted to a sketch of one of the most brilliant of these legal lights, viz., Esek Cowen.

Esek Cowen, the father of Patrick H. Cowen and the late Sidney J. Cowen, was descended from John Cowen; a native of Scotland, who settled in Scituate, Mass., in 1656. He was born in Rhode Island, February 24, 1787. His father's family removed to New York State in 1790, settling in Greenfield, Saratoga County. About four years afterwards he removed to Hartford, Washington County. At sixteen years of age, he began the study of law in the office of Roger Skinner at Sandy Hill, continuing his studies afterwards with Zebulon Shepherd. He was admitted to the bar in 1810, and began the practice of law with Gardner Stowe, in Northumberland, Saratoga County. In 1811 he married a daughter of Colonel Sidney Berry, and the following year removed to Saratoga Springs.* Immediately after the adoption of the

on the Law of Set-off; VI. *A Treatise on the Court of Chancery*, 2 vols.; VII. *Reports of Cases Decided in the Court of Chancery*, 3 vols.; VIII. *Reports of Cases Decided in the Supreme Court of the State of New York*, 18 vols. His latest works are a revision of his *Chancery Practice* and *Equity Practice*—the last especially designed to adapt the Code of New York to the practice of other States.

* Colonel Sidney Berry, the first Surrogate of Saratoga County, served in the American Revolution; and it was he who was detailed to receive, on the 30th of September, 1776, the messenger sent by Lord Howe to invite Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and Mr. Luttrage to a conference on Staten Island.

Constitution of 1821, and the organization of the judicial system under it, he was made Reporter of the Supreme Court, continuing in that office until 1828, when he was appointed Judge of the Fourth Circuit. On the withdrawal, in 1835, of Judge Savage from the bench of the Supreme Court, he was appointed to fill the vacancy, and continued in that office until his decease.

The high reputation which Judge Cowen enjoyed in his profession, and the high honors which marked the public appreciation of it, were the fruits of his own unaided vigor of intellect. He was peculiarly a self-made man. Six months' attendance at a common school was all the education he received. The care of an intelligent mother and his own ambition and energy supplied the rest. At the age of fifteen he began teaching school, and so continued during the winters in which he studied his profession. A devoted student not only of his profession, but of literature in general, he became, in spite of the limited education of his youth, a well-instructed and even a learned man. He taught himself the ancient languages, and became thoroughly conversant with English literature. But it was as a jurist that Mr. Cowen was distinguished. He was a clear and accurate writer—a prompt, acute, learned, and upright judge. His energy, as will hereafter appear, was indomitable. While Judge of the Circuit he made it his constant practice to hear before adjournment

every cause ready for trial. Yet, at this period he retired from labors which exhausted the bar, unwearied, to those tasks of study and of laborious compilation of which he has left the monuments in his *Treatise* and his *Notes on Evidence*.

The extraordinary endurance with which Judge Cowen was gifted was the result of a splendid constitution, strengthened by vigorous and systematic exercise in the open air. His athletic frame and fine muscular development were often the subjects of remark, and he was wont to say that, when a young man, he could cut his two cords of wood a day without the least undue strain. This physical power was further developed by the singular abstinence of his habits, both in eating and drinking. This abstinence was the result of a rule adopted in his youth; and it may be worthy of note, in this connection, that he was, in 1812, one of the founders, in Northumberland, Saratoga County, of the first temperance society in the United States.

In 1817, he associated with him in partnership Mr. William L. F. Warren, who had previously been a law student in his office—a partnership which continued until Judge Cowen was appointed State Reporter in 1824. Mr. Judiah Ellsworth was also associated with him after his dissolution with Judge Warren, for five or six years. Soon after his removal to Saratoga Springs, he purchased property on Congress Street, and built the Stone House, so long known as his resi-

dence, and also the office where were written *Cowen's Treatise* and the *Notes on Phillipps' Evidence*.* The latter of these works represents a labor of eleven years, in the last three of which he was assisted by Nicholas Hill and William L. F. Warren.† Here were written those learned opinions which illumined the *Reports* in the best days of our jurisprudence, and which have since rendered his name illustrious; and here, also, was written his famous opinion in the celebrated "McLeod case," in which were discussed the question of perfect and imperfect war, and other great national principles, and which by its marked learning and ability attracted the attention of the civilized world. "The Court," says a learned authority of the day, "*in refusing to discharge McLeod*, have nobly maintained the supremacy of the laws, and vindicated the dignity and rights of this State." The law

* The stone house and office are yet standing; the former occupied as a saloon and residence by Michael Grimes, and the latter as a blacksmith-shop by Thomas Flanagan. The office was also at one time the village "lock-up."

† In 1839, Gould, Banks & Co. published the work last named in four volumes. Vol I. is a republication of Mr. Phillipps' first volume; Vols. II. and III. are well known as *Cowen and Hill's Notes* to Vol. I. The second volume of Mr. Phillipps' work is republished in Vol IV., "With Notes." The title-page gives as the author a "Counsellor-at-Law," and very few are aware that these notes to Vol. II. of Phillipps' were prepared by William L. F. Warren, who states in his preface: "The notes to this volume were undertaken at the suggestion of Judge Cowen, and with the expectation of being supervised by him. The official avocations of the Judge, however, were such that this expectation was early abandoned, and the work was continued on the sole responsibility of the present editor. The author, therefore, is no otherwise indebted to the Judge than for the use of his office and valuable library." These volumes, together with *Cowen's Treatise*, were, during one generation at least, more extensively consulted than any other law books then extant.

there laid down by Cowen was, in fact, conceded by all eminent jurists, both in this country and abroad, to be sound doctrine, and the true exposition of international law—none being more ready to admit the full force of those governing principles than the learned Judges of England. Judge Cowen was also fully sustained in his opinion by his associates on the bench—Chief-Justice Nelson and Justice Bronson.

Of Judge Cowen's opinions, which so eminently distinguished him as a jurist, it has been said, that "in their depth and breadth of research, and their strength and reason of bearing, they are not excelled by those of any judge in England or America." "His opulent mind, his love of research, caused him to trace every legal opinion to its fountain-head—to discover every variation between apparently analogous precedents; for him, all authority, whether English, French, or American, was as familiar as the simplest elemental principle. Like Lord Mansfield, to whom he has frequently been compared, he was accustomed, in the preparation of his opinions, to a liberal expenditure of mental capital—an excess of intellectual labor which renders them the triumphs of a great genius, impelled by an unprecedented industry."

The predominant characteristics of Judge Cowen's mind were penetration, quickness of perception, force and originality of thought. He was a man of untiring zeal in intellectual labors—with fixed habits

of intense application—and while yet young he became a ripe and varied student, earning the reputation of being one of the most finished scholars as well as one of the most erudite judges of the nation. He devoted never less than fourteen hours a day to study—often protracting his labors far into the night. An amusing anecdote illustrating this is in point. At such times he never consulted his watch, but used wax-candles—starting with fresh ones every evening; when they had burned to the socket, it forced him to bring his labors to a close. On one occasion he thought he would substitute for them a lamp, as requiring less attention in snuffing. The hours wore on, and the oil being unexhausted, daylight found him still at his labors. He made the trial a second night, but with no better success, and was obliged to return to his candles.

Such, moreover, was the rapidity of his mental operations, the quickness of his perceptions, that he could almost intuitively understand and grasp the argument of counsel, and follow them through the chaos of precedent with unerring accuracy while engaged in studying the details of the case in the papers before him. Frequently, during the argument of a cause, he would become so devoted to the papers, now marking some important sentence, and now making some memoranda on the margin, that he apparently gave no attention to the reasoning of counsel. This seeming indifference and in-

attention was often very embarrassing, and once gave rise to the following anecdote. On one occasion when the late Samuel Stevens was engaged in the argument of an important case, Judge Cowen became so absorbed in reading the case as to give Stevens the impression that he was not giving his argument the least attention. As it was a suit involving many intricate legal questions, Stevens was particularly anxious that Cowen should thoroughly understand him, and his seeming want of attention to his argument gave that eminent and usually self-possessed lawyer so great uneasiness that he proceeded with considerable hesitation and embarrassment. While the latter was devising in his mind some means by which he could gain the undivided attention of the court, Judge Cowen, suddenly raising his eyes from the papers before him, said: "Mr. Stevens, you have several times in your argument referred to the eighth section of the act to prevent usury, as providing that all and every person sued for the same, shall be compelled to answer on oath to any bill preferred for discovering the money taken usuriously. I do not understand the eighth section that way. Does the learned counsel so understand it?" "Certainly I do," was the reply. "Are you not mistaken?" "I do not think I am, your Honor, but I will see," said Stevens, opening the statutes which lay before him, and turning to the section. "Well, your Honor, I am mistaken; it is the fourth

section that contains the provision I allude to, and I am most happy to be corrected by your Honor." "Proceed, Mr. Stevens, I do not desire to interrupt you," said the judge, making a note with his pen at the bottom of the written page before him. "I was delighted with Judge Cowen's interruption," whispered Stevens to Benjamin F. Butler, after concluding his argument, "for I thought he was not listening to me at all, he seemed so much engaged with those papers; but I see he understood the case better than I did, for I was getting confoundedly nervous at his apparent indifference to my argument."

Among his other characteristics Judge Cowen possessed, as before hinted, indomitable energy and remarkable powers of endurance. Several anecdotes illustrating these traits are worthy of mention. It is related of him that on one occasion, while he was Circuit judge—for the purpose of closing up the business of the term—he sent the Sheriff to the hotel at midnight to arouse the District Attorney to try the last case on the criminal calendar. *The case was tried* then and there, and the business of *that* circuit, at least, was closed up. Major James R. Craig, of Schenectady, tells also the following incident of his boyhood, when, for the first time, he was examined as a witness. The plaintiff, who resided in Saratoga County, had sued Craig's father, and the cause was tried at Ballston, before Judge Cowen. About midnight

Craig was called as a witness for the defence, and had been examined at length, when, a discussion arising between the counsel as to the admissibility of evidence, he fell asleep. How long the "sparring" continued he does not remember, but he was suddenly awakened by Judge Cowen saying, "You can answer the question." Rousing up and rubbing his eyes he replied, "What question do you mean, judge? I have been asleep." His examination continued until two o'clock in the morning, and his recollection is, to this day, most vivid of the long, dark walk afterward down the hill from the Court-House and through the streets to the Sans Souci Hotel. Again, on another occasion, the Circuit term of the Court in Essex County, while Cowen was Circuit judge, began on Tuesday and ended on Saturday. At one of these terms in January, late on Saturday night, there still remained an important case untried. Judge Hand was counsel on one side, and the late General Ross on the other. Witnesses upon both sides had been subpœnaed and were in attendance. The parties and counsel being equally desirous of trying the case, Judge Cowen said that he had to be at the Clinton Circuit on Tuesday morning, but would detain the jury till Monday and try the case on that day, provided the principals in the suit, with their counsel and witnesses, would be at the Court-House promptly at seven o'clock in the morning. All agreeing to this, the Court was accordingly adjourned to that time

On Sunday afternoon there began one of those snow-storms peculiar to that region, which continued unabated throughout the entire night and during the following day. Nevertheless, precisely at seven o'clock Monday morning, Judge Cowen stood on the steps of the Court-House, in the midst of the driving storm, with the snow up to his knees—but neither the clerk, the jury, the parties, the counsel, the witnesses, nor the spectators were there! After looking about for a few minutes, and finding the door of the Court-House locked, he made formal proclamation that the Circuit Court, and Court of Oyer and Terminer, in and for the County of Essex, was adjourned *sine die*, and departed.

In social life Judge Cowen was invariably cheerful —at times almost jocose. He drew all hearts to him, and disarmed the criticism of those superficial observers who called him cold; for, although intensely practical and of great independence of character, yet in him there was no lack of fine sensibility, as all felt who had mingled sympathies with him in the hours of social relaxation. In one point, especially, he greatly resembled his connection by marriage, Mr. Miles Beach. No one who needed aid ever appealed to him in vain; and many are they whom by material means and kindly advice he has started on the road to fame and fortune. The late Gideon M. Davison, in his remarks on the occasion of Judge Cowen's death, says: "He was my early friend and benefactor—the

one who, when I needed aid, kindly took me by the hand and led me through various trials—the one, in fact, who laid the foundation of all I have of earthly possessions." And doubtless there are others to-day who, if they were disposed to be as noble and generous as Mr. Davison, could come forward and offer a similar tribute on the altar of his memory.

Nor was his liberality confined to acts of private kindness. In 1832 he united with Dr. Clarke and Judge Walton in building an Episcopal Chapel on the corner of East Congress and Putnam Streets—Cowen furnishing the money, Clarke the land, and Walton the timber. It was called Bethesda Chapel, and in it the Episcopal Society worshipped until the completion of their present church on Washington Street.

Judge Cowen's house was frequently the scene of kindly hospitality, where those politically and intellectually eminent were made welcome and entertained with that quiet courtesy which distinguished his personal demeanor. His genial sympathies, rare poetic taste, humor, and love of music, united to a voice of great sweetness in singing, made him a delightful companion—one of his favorite pastimes being to accompany Mrs. Miles Beach in singing those plaintive Scotch ballads, such as "Highland Mary," "Bonnie Doon," and "Mary in Heaven." His house was also the home of the oppressed. The Canadian patriots, L. J. Papineau, Doctors O'Callaghan, Nelson, and D'Avignon, found here a hearty welcome and a safe

asylum. Under his roof Mr. Papineau, under an assumed name, passed the first night of his sojourn in Saratoga, starting the following morning, accompanied by the late Sidney J. Cowen, for "the lines," in search of his son, who had also just made his escape from Canada.

In person Judge Cowen was tall, being over six feet in height, and possessed of great dignity of presence united to the most simple and unassuming manners. A correspondent of one of the leading papers of the State thus describes his personal appearance when on the bench of the Supreme Court the year before his death: "Justice Cowen has his seat on the left of the Chief-Justice, where he sits solitary and alone, watching with care and attention the advancements made by the counsel. Justice Cowen has the highest order of a reflective mind. The marks of deep thought rest upon his brow—his locks are silvery white, and the blood has so much forsaken his veins, that when he closes his eyes, which he frequently does, he seems as unearthly as the ghost of the Venetian maiden who appeared to her lover before the walls of Corinth. His hands are bloodless—

> "And were so transparent of hue
> You might have seen the moonshine through."

Judge Cowen died in the city of Albany on the night of the 11th of February, 1844. Many still re-

member the gloom that pervaded that city when his death was announced the following morning, and the obituary honors which were paid to his memory.* The funeral in Albany took place on the 13th. The coffin was borne to the great hall of the Capitol followed by the clergy of the city, the Governor and State officers, both Houses of the Legislature, the judges and members of the bar, the corporation of the city and a large body of citizens. Religious ceremonies having been held, the procession again formed, and accompanied the remains as far as the Patroon's, on the route to Saratoga Springs, where, on the 15th, the last obsequies were performed, Rev. Dr. Babcock, of Ballston, reading the burial service, and Rev. Edward Davis delivering an impressive discourse.

The bells of the different churches were tolled, and all the stores and shops closed while the procession was in motion and during the ceremonies at the grave.

> " Ye need not hang that candle by the desk ;
> Ye may remove his chair, and take away his book ;
> He will not come to-night."

* Among other resolutions passed by the Legislature was the following: "*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect for his great learning, varied acquirements, simplicity of manners, unostentatious deportment and integrity of character, the members of the Legislature will wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

John Willard.

"An honest lawyer is the life-guard of our fortunes, the best collateral security for an estate; a true priest of justice, that neither sacrifices to fraud nor covetousness; and in this outdoes those of a higher function, that he can make people honest that are *sermon-proof*—one that practices law so as not to forget the Gospel, but always wears a conscience as well as a gown." ROGER L'ESTRANGE, 1676.

JOHN WILLARD, the nephew of the late Mrs. Emma Willard, and the uncle of Hon. Charles S. Lester and Mrs. Alembert Pond, was born on the 20th day of May, 1792, and graduated at Middlebury College in 1813. He was a relative, on his mother's side, of the British Admiral, Lord Thomas Graves, well known in connection with his engagement, during the Revolutionary War, with Count De Grasse. Born at Guildford, Conn., Willard was directly descended, on the paternal side, from two of the Puritan band of colonists who, in 1639, planted that town. Never was there a settlement formed of more rigid Puritans than that of Guildford, and there is no town in New England where the peculiarities of that noble race of men have been more faithfully transmitted from father to son. While attending college he was associated with the late Silas Wright and Hon. Samuel Nelson, and evinced at that time the same

patriotic solicitude for the success of his country in a foreign war that he afterwards exhibited for it in an internal one. His college course completed, with the advice of his friends he left Vermont to study law and seek its honors in a broader field. He bade farewell to his *Alma Mater* with no outward property but his books of study. On leaving, his aunt said: "John, we have high expectations for you; and nothing will satisfy us short of your going upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the State of New York." Who shall say how much these parting words may have influenced his after life? Immediately upon being admitted to the bar as an attorney of the Supreme Court in 1817, under the Chief-Justiceship of Smith Thompson, he entered upon the practice of the law in Salem, Washington County, N. Y. Bringing to the profession of his choice a well stored and disciplined mind, he soon attained, by his untiring industry, and without any adventitious aid, an enviable eminence in his calling. For many years he was first Judge of the Common Pleas, and Surrogate of Washington County, until, in 1836, on the elevation of Esek Cowen to the bench of the Supreme Court, he received the appointment of Circuit Judge and Vice-Chancellor of the Fourth Judicial District—filling that office until the new organization of the Judiciary under the constitution of 1846, when he was elected one of the Justices of the Supreme Court. This latter office he held until

1854; and, under the regulations of our judicial system, was a member of the Court of Appeals during the last year of his term of service. The rapidity and ability with which he discharged his judicial duties; his uniform courtesy and kindness to the profession; and, above all, the pureness and integrity of his character as a judge and as a man, commanded universal respect and esteem, winning for him many flattering testimonials of regard from the bar in the different counties of his district. After his retirement from the bench he was engaged for some years in the preparation of his *Equity Jurisprudence* (1855), a *Treatise on Executors, Administrators, and Guardians* (1859), a *Treatise on Real Estate and Conveyancing* (1861)—works which form valuable contributions to our jurisprudence, and are not less distinguished for their felicity and perspicuity of style than accurate and legal learning.* They are everywhere cited with confidence and received as authority, and have conferred upon their author an enduring fame. In 1856 he was appointed by President Pierce, under Attorney-General Cushing, one of the commissioners to examine into the validity of

* The progress of his authorship was remarkable, considering the important nature of his works, which were to be used as authorities in co irts of justice, and thus constantly exposed to the most astute criticism. He had no copyist. He seldom (and in this respect he very much resembled George Sand) interlined or re-wrote. It was his own manuscript, with few corrections, that went to his printer. His habit (like Humboldt) was to begin writing at a certain hour in the morning, and to leave off as regularly, before exhaustion should begin.

the California land titles which were claimed under Spanish and Mexican grants. These titles were obscure and indefinite, many of them being fictitious, and led to much litigation, as, for instance, the "New Almaden Quicksilver Mine" and the Fremont "Mariposa Grant." This, which, as may readily be supposed, was a long, laborious, and highly responsible task, he performed fearlessly, honestly, and satisfactorily to the Government that had selected him for the carrying out of this difficult and important duty. As a politician he was warmly attached to the Democratic party, and was strong and decided in his political opinions; but upon the breaking out of our late civil war he sunk the partisan in the patriot, taking early and strong ground in favor of a united support to our Government in its struggle for self-preservation.* In 1861 he was the candidate of the Union Convention for State Senator, and, subsequently endorsed by all other parties, was elected without opposition. While in the Senate he uniformly acted with the Union Democrats and Republicans; and his opinion, on all questions before that body, was always received with

* The writer well remembers a conversation held with Judge Willard in the office of Judge Lester, just after his return from a visit to Washington—when everything was in confusion on the outbreak of the rebellion, and when the *stunning* effect of the firing on Fort Sumter—so completely unexpected—had paralyzed every one, irrespective of party, at the North. Judge Willard's judicial mind took in the situation, and in the course of a talk he remarked: "Mr. Stone, I have always been a Democrat, but this is a time when *party* must go by the board. The Government *must be sustained* come what will."

great respect. By his efforts the confusion in the laws respecting murder, and the rights of married women, were removed, and simple and sensible statutes passed and substituted in their place

Such, in brief, is a sketch of the life of John Willard. But his character was in many respects so lovely, and presents so many examples worthy of imitation, that the remainder of this chapter will be devoted to the presentation of a few of the salient traits of this truly Christian gentleman and lawyer, in the hope that it will lead to their emulation by those youths of the present generation who desire to attain to a perfect manhood. Especially is such a high example needed in these degenerate days, when the name of a lawyer is in danger of becoming a synonym of low pettifogging and chicanery. The profession of a lawyer—that of assisting Justice to hold the scales with an even hand—is, if conscientiously followed, nearly as sacred a calling as that of the ministry. Let, then, those just starting in life, and particularly those who are intending to follow the legal profession, before whom these lines may come, make Willard their model ; and while sitting at his feet, learn wisdom and courage to reach—what should be the highest ideal of us all—a pure, honorable, and Christian career.

Nor, fortunately, are the means for a correct estimate of his character wanting. Mrs. Emma Willard,

under whose roof a part of her nephew's boyhood was spent, has furnished some reminiscences of his life, which, with some personal recollections of my own, enables the author to speak with greater accuracy than might otherwise be the case.

One of the chief characteristics of Judge Willard, and which, unquestionably, was one of the foundations of his prosperity, was his reliability. His appreciation of the value of time was remarkable. Hence arose his power to attain that extraordinary punctuality which throughout his entire life pre-eminently distinguished him. During his college life, for example, the regularly recurring duties of the week, the day, and the hour were always remembered in their exact order, and from settled principles of action they were never neglected. His impulse was rather to perform them a little in advance of the time. Throughout the four years of his collegiate course (with one exception which will be alluded to hereafter) he never received a single demerit for absence from recitation, or even for tardiness, although he lodged and studied at home—nearly a quarter of a mile from the old college where he recited. Ever, as his lesson was learned, he was wont to descend the stairs from his room to the front hall, and to be there walking backward and forward, ready to step out on the threshold, with the first stroke of the college bell; and he would be at the recitation room exactly in time, neither too early—which has its advantages—

nor by any means too late. This punctuality, moreever, was not only an important element in his success as a college student, but being formed in nature and cultivated into an unfailing habit, it was a material element in the eminent success of his whole career. In social life he never disappointed friends who expected him; nor as a lawyer did his clients ever have to make fruitless journeys to find a man who had forgotten his engagement and wandered from his office. But it was as a judge that the full magnitude of this virtue was seen. How much of the time and the expenses of suitors with their attendant witnesses were saved, and how much the ends of public justice were served in his courts by the inflexible punctuality of the judge, may be learned from the testimony of the lawyers and suitors who attended. All will say, that not only was the judge punctual himself, but that he possessed the resolute intrepidity of character to bring all about him, who were directly or indirectly concerned in the business of his courts, up to his own standard of exactness.

It has been said that Willard received one mark for tardiness while in college. It arose as follows: Having passed through the first two years of his college career without a single fault-mark, one of the professors, to prove that he was not partial, allowed a mark to stand against him for tardiness at prayers, which the whole class knew to be undeserved. The

next morning the class was startled by the unusual appearance of Willard entering the chapel after the preliminary exercise had begun—for which, as he expected, he received a second mark. He made no apology; but having given this quiet intimation that

"He knew his rights, and knowing dare maintain,"

he went through the remaining two years of his career without another mark, either for transgression or delinquency.

An evidence of that reliability of character, which had its foundation in this punctuality, is found in the fact that he was trusted, even in the earliest days of his practice, by all men and all classes. "Indeed," says Chancellor Walworth in his speech on the occasion of Judge Willard's death, "such was my confidence in his capacity and his sound discretion as a county judge, when he was first appointed to that office, and when I was presiding in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, that I requested him to take the whole management of the trial of a capital case. And to those who were afterwards acquainted with him as a judge it is needless to say that at that early day my perfect confidence in his capacity to discharge the most important of all judicial duties, was not misplaced." In truth, it might be said of him, as a lawyer, that he was *semper paratus semper fidelis;* for he was always ready and prepared to argue the cause of his client when the time arrived for him to do so; and

no lawyer ever discharged that duty more honorably and faithfully. In fact, during the long period of thirty years that he occupied a judicial station as County Judge and Vice-Chancellor, Justice of the Supreme Court, Judge of the Court of Appeals, and as a Judge of the Court for the trial of Impeachments, no judicial officer ever discharged his duties more uprightly or more faithfully.

The question might here very naturally be asked by those who are starting in the legal profession: How did Willard, with his high ideal, pass successfully through the early struggles of a young lawyer, without pandering to the wishes of unprincipled clients? In other words, did he ever have any reason to doubt the principle upon which he always insisted, when he was in college, that the cultivation of justice in the heart, and truth in the speech, is the foundation not only of sound morality, but of all effective eloquence? Let him answer in his own words. "I never had—although, in the beginning, as a poor young lawyer getting business slowly, I had strong temptations. I was sometimes assigned by courts to defend bad men, but there my duty only required of me to set forth all the extenuating points in the case. Scoundrels who deserved punishment soon learned to keep clear of me. As for such poor fellows, however, as had been thoughtlessly led into wrong, I would frequently give them advice gratis--after telling them to flee, repent and reform." Thus,

his character once established, the cases he did get he almost invariably gained. He plead them *in earnest*, his conscience being with and not against him. And this course was in keeping with the principle he early adopted, and it deserves to be written in "letters of gold on tablets of silver," that he would never take part in any disputation that required of him to *set his words in variance with his belief*—thus favoring the dangerous fallacy that there is an art by which truth may be manufactured—leading to mental habits which impair morality, and destroy the foundation of true eloquence.

The period of his going to Albany to argue his first cause before the Supreme Court was especially impressed upon his memory. It was at the time when that court was so proudly eminent, having the late Chief-Justice Ambrose Spencer at its head. He observed that nothing escaped the penetration of that judge, and that whenever he had heard a matter explained once, his wrath would kindle when some long-winded pleader attempted to go over it again. So when Willard's own case came up, and the opposing lawyer had made his statement, he began where his adversary left off; and by a concise and clear exposition of his case, he soon had the earnest attention of the judge. He then related concisely what proposal of settlement he had made to his opponent; "and," rejoined Spencer, "what *could*

they say against that?" He bowed and begged the Court's permission to leave it to the opposing counsel. He won the cause, and eventually the friendship of the judges.

After he became himself a judge, Willard's well-balanced mind was never moved by the frenzies of the day; hence he was extensively regarded as a tower of defence against popular excesses. Once, when he had been called down the Hudson to decide an anti-rent suit, the party whose cause, though popular, was illegal, sent him word that he "need not come, as they would settle the matter among themselves."

Judge Willard was also wont to relate an anecdote which dates back to the days of the Maine Liquor Law—how he met the extreme conscientiousness of a grand jury with respect to an innkeeper who had sold a quart of brandy to be carried, contrary to his license, off his premises, although it was ordered by a surgeon to bathe the bruises of a wayfaring man who had been thrown from a wagon. "I told them," said the Judge, "that they would have indicted the good Samaritan for taking care of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves!"

In the popular sense of the term Judge Willard was not an orator. He had not, like Daniel Webster, the natural advantages of a commanding figure and an oratorical voice, which give weight to words. Still, if

to convince the understanding and persuade the will be eloquence, then was he eloquent. The writer well remembers one occasion in particular, when his words fell upon assembled thousands with electrical effect. It was in the summer of 1860, when Stephen H. Douglas, then a candidate for the Presidency, was given a reception on his way through the village to Lake George. The morning opened dark and gloomy. Yet, as soon as it became known that Mr. Douglas was to arrive from Albany in the two o'clock train, many gathered around the depot waiting for the arrival of the cars. Several bands from Fort Edward, Glen's Falls, and other neighboring villages, were there, ready to greet the opponent of "Honest Abe." About five minutes before the train arrived, the rain ceased, and the sun throwing out its genial rays, many of Mr. Douglas's admirers saw therein a prophetic meaning. Mr. Douglas was met at the depot by Mr. Charles S. Lester, and escorted, in a carriage drawn by four horses and decorated with flags, by the bands to the main steps of the United States Hotel. Over the entrance was suspended the national flag, with the word "Welcome" in large letters. Upon his mounting the steps, on the arm of Mr. Lester, the bands struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and the cannon began firing. Quiet being obtained, Judge Willard stepped forward and welcomed the distinguished visitor in one of the neatest, most finished, and graceful speeches it has ever been the lot of the

author to hear. Although Willard's voice was not strong, yet it was so finely modulated, and his enunciation was so clear, that of the three thousand persons present there was not one who did not hear each word as distinctly as if it had been uttered in a drawing-room.*

But description is utterly inadequate to give an idea of the man himself as felt by those with whom he came into immediate contact. There was such a winning sweetness, such an indescribable charm of manner, that even the modest reticence, which was sometimes apparent, served rather to attract than to repel. Especially was this the case in his intercourse with the young. For possessing that faculty which belongs to so few, viz., of appearing to be the party *receiving* information, he made them always feel at ease in his presence. I shall ever cherish, as among the pleasantest memories of my life, those hours when I have listened to his conversation which, sustained by a great fund of general information, made intercourse

* The reply of Mr. Douglas was equally happy. He opened by alluding to Saratoga as being the property of the whole Union—the place where all the lovers of their country could meet and sympathize in common—that here, at these refreshing waters, after the toils and turmoils incident to political life, could best be found the peace and relaxation so much needed. He thus defined his position on the slavery question: The question, he said, must be removed from Congress. Let the citizens of the North carry their property, their merchandise, their horses and cattle, into the territories; let the citizens of the South carry their property, their slaves, into the territory, and there seek protection for their property under the local laws alike. The following morning, Mr. Douglas and his wife, accompanied by Mr. C. S. Lester and others, visited Lake George, whence the former proceeded through Lake Champlain and the St Lawrence to his home in the West.

with him always so delightful and instructive. The same qualities, moreover, which rendered converse with him so fascinating in private were no less conspicuous in public. His manner upon the bench was patient, dignified, and courteous. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the bar, and his decisions commanded great respect, both at home and abroad. "His recorded opinions," as has been justly remarked by O. L. Barbour, "exhibit great learning and logical ability, and are pervaded by a high-toned morality and adorned by a lucid style."

Through life, he never had occasion to solicit office. When he went upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the State, Governor Marcy (who was wont thus to forestall office-seekers) gave him a surprise, by sending him his appointment. But in the manner of his being chosen to the State Senate, there was something not only honorable to him, but nationally encouraging—that, in these later days of American degeneracy, the people of his Senatorial district should have shown a patriotic wisdom worthy of the early dawn of our Republic, when men were chosen not because they wanted the office but because the office wanted them. Judge Willard had never been a member either of the State or National legislature; he was engaged in writing law-books, and his feeble health required the comforts of home; but deeply anxious for the fate of his beloved

country, when he heard her voice, he obeyed. The voters of his district were divided into three parties. He was nominated by each, and voted for by all.

"When in the Legislature," says Mrs. Emma Willard in her Reminiscences, "his gray hairs were seen as punctually moving to his morning seat in the Senate chamber, as were the dark-brown locks of his youth to the recitation hall of Middlebury College. The oldest man in the Legislature—there by an extraordinary event—the unanimous call of his whole district—having for thirty years been looked up to as a judge, courteous, kind, and just—he was now, by his associates, treated with unwonted respect, mingled with filial tenderness. Thus, the Senate, seeking to honor him and avail themselves of his legal ability, placed him on the Judiciary Committee, expecting him to undertake the important work of remodelling the criminal law, yet considerately forbearing to tax him with such minor cares as must fall upon the chairman of the committee. In forming the law to amend the criminal code, he was but carrying out, as a legislator, views concerning criminal jurisprudence which as a judge he had previously matured. The bill reported on the 7th of February, 1862, was every word written by his own hand; and both Houses passed it without debate. After the adjournment of the Senate, he was still laboring in the business of the committee, at his own

house, to form a satisfactory plan for settling the great and difficult question of the chancery fund. The pile of sheets he had written over, he showed me as they lay on his office table the week before he was stricken down. He was pleased with the progress he had made, and confident in the hope that he should have his report completed in season. As the Governor of the State was known to place high value on his judgment, men of his district who were candidates for office, and could show evidence of fitness, resorted to him for recommendations. In giving these, party considerations had no place. Feeble as he then was, it was affecting to see with what cheerfulness and courtesy he listened to their statements, and gave them his advice and assistance. 'I owe it to them,' he said, 'they all voted for me.' Thus was he laboring incessantly in the duties of his high station: and in life's battle he died with his armor on."

Judge Willard was married, in 1829, to Eliza Smith, "the woman," as Mrs. Willard remarks, "of all others best suited to be his wife." Their only child was a lovely daughter, whose understanding it was his delight to cultivate, as it was her mother's to superintend her accomplishments—particularly music. Perfect domestic concord blessed this amiable household; and dark was the sorrow that overshadowed it when the beloved daughter was taken away by death.

"There was an open grave—and many an eye
Looked down upon it. Slow the sable hearse
Moved on—as if reluctantly it bore
The young, unwearied form, to that cold couch
Which age and sorrow render sweet to man."

The mother, not well before, gradually gave way under the shock. She died six years after, in the autumn of 1859.

Judge Willard never recovered from his loss; and although he lived a few years afterward constantly in the harness, and with his mental vigor to the last unabated, yet nature finally gave way; and on Sunday, the 31st day of August, 1862, Judge Willard—whose life had ever been guided by the precepts of the Gospel, and whose last hours were cheered by the hopes of the Christian—expired after a mortal illness of twelve days.

Although his decease occurred in a period of great national excitement, when the loss of an individual, however exalted in position, seemed to attract less attention than in ordinary times, yet the death of one who for more than forty years had filled offices of high honor and public trust with signal ability and integrity, and whose private life was singularly pure and blameless, spread a great sorrow over the hearts of the people of the State. Public and private bodies at once united in paying honors to his memory. The Senate of the State of New York passed appropriate resolutions, and voted to wear

the insignia of mourning for the period of a week. In Saratoga, also, where he had lived honored and beloved for so many years, a meeting of the bar was called at which feeling addresses were made by Wm. L. F. Warren, the late R. H. Walworth, O. L. Barbour, Judiah Ellsworth, Joseph A. Shoudy, and James P. Butler. He was buried from his residence the following Wednesday, and laid by the side of those whom in life he had loved so well, in the beautiful Greenridge Cemetery.

As an advocate, a judge, a legislator, he was alike eminent and accomplished; in his private life, irreproachable and blameless; and seldom has it fallen to the lot of men to acquire and leave behind them such an honorable and unsullied name.

In closing, I would express the hope that days like those when our Judiciary was presided over by such men as Kent and Cowen, and Walworth and Willard, will yet be restored, and the bench of New York be cleansed from all impurity.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

William Hay.

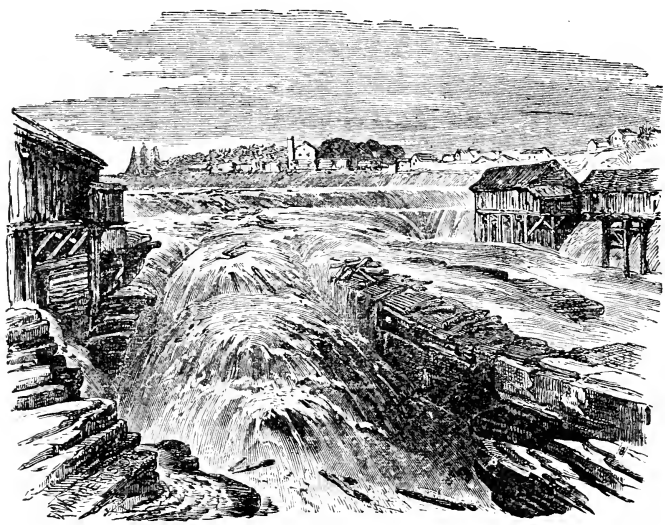
'Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly." —SHAKSPERE.

WILLIAM HAY* — long a loved and revered resident of Saratoga Springs—was of Scotch extraction, his ancestors having been among the earliest of that hardy band of Scotch adventurers who hewed them out a home in the wilderness, on the eastern confines of Charlotte County, about a century ago.† He was a blood relation of the late Henry Hay of Ticonderoga, and of Colonel Udney Hay, who held important relations to the American army of the Revolution. He was born in the year 1790, in Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., and

* For the greater portion of this sketch the author is indebted to the *History of the Town of Queensberry*, by Dr. A. W. Holden of Glen's Falls. This work, which is most exhaustive in reference to the subject of which it treats, should be in the library of every scholar in the United States Too much praise cannot be awarded to it.

† Charlotte County at that time included the present counties of Albany, Saratoga, Washington, and Warren.

his early training was in the straight and narrow ways of Scotch Presbyterianism. About the beginning of the present century, his father, William Hay, came to Glen's Falls, where he embarked in the lumber business, and erected a store—the first build-



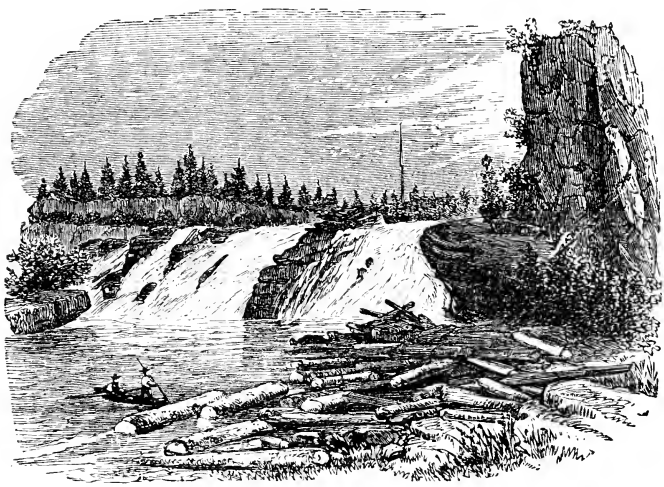
Glen's Falls.

ing put up on the site, now (1875) occupied by Pearsell & Coolidge as a clothing store. For a time he carried on an extensive trade, but he was ultimately unsuccessful, and the property passed into the hands of John A. Ferris and others. Amid these reverses, however, the son struggled nobly on unaided in the acquirement of an education

—his advantages being of the scantiest, both as regards quality and opportunity. In 1808 he was pursuing the study of the law in the office of Henry O. Martindale, near the site of "Vermillia's Block," in Glen's Falls. In 1812 he opened an office for the practice of his profession in Caldwell, at the head of Lake George.

Always intensely patriotic, when the War of 1812 came, he left his office, and, doffing the gown for the sword, he marched, as lieutenant commanding, at the head of a rifle company (raised in a great measure through his efforts) to Plattsburg, but did not reach the place in time to participate in that celebrated action, which contributed so largely to the final success of the American arms in the second great struggle with England. He was also one of the volunteers in the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena, pending which he spent a winter in Philadelphia, where he became practically familiar with and an adept in the printer's art. In 1819, he became the proprietor and publisher of the *Warren Patriot*, the first and only newspaper ever published at Lake George. About the same time, also, he delivered at a Fourth-of-July celebration at Caldwell a poem to the people dwelling in the vicinity of Hadley Falls and in Warren County. This was published, and was remarkable—especially at that early period—for its enunciation of those broad principles of human rights and liberties which, forty years later, became the corner-stone of the Republican

party. In 1822 he removed to Glen's Falls and resumed the practice of law, and in 1827 was elected to the Assembly from Warren County. A doggerel verse, modelled after "Mother Goose," and which



Hadley Falls.

commemorates the spirit of that campaign, runs as follows:

"In Warren County lived a *Fox*,*
And he was wondrous wise;

* Norman Fox, his opponent, who was thrice elected to the Assembly; viz., 1819, 1820, 1830. Afterwards he became a Baptist minister at Ballston, N. Y See note to Chapter XVIII

He ran against a load of *Hay*,
And scratched out both his eyes.

"The Quakermen were marshalled out,
All headed by John A.,*
With long-tailed coats and broad-brimmed hats.
A-fighting Billy Hay."

Soon after his return from the Legislature he issued a thin duodecimo volume of poetry, entitled *Isabel Davolos, the Maid of Seville.* In the spring of 1837 he removed to Ballston, at the same time retaining a branch office in the village of Glen's Falls. In 1840 he transferred his residence to Saratoga Springs, where he remained up to the time of his decease. Of several published works of his, the one which has attained the widest circulation is *A History of Temperance in Saratoga County.*

Of Judge Hay, personally, I am enabled to speak confidently, having been honored by an acquaintance with him of many years. He was a man of singularly temperate habits—so much so, indeed, as to have been accused by his political opponents of fanaticism. He was a person of firm convictions, very decided, if a necessity arose, in his expression of them; possessing also a remarkable love of truth, he was, like Dr. Steel, an intense hater of shams. Indeed, this latter trait was oftentimes the cause of his losing wealthy

* John A. Ferris, the father of Hon. Orange Ferris, and at this time postmaster of the village.

clients, since his plain speaking regarding the justice of their claims was, in many instances, extremely unpalatable. In his treatment, however, of those who won his respect by sterling qualities of character, no one could be more tender and sympathetic. His intercourse with youth, especially, was ever marked by a peculiarly courteous and genial manner. His benevolence and kindness of heart were great; and yet so unobtrusively were his acts of kindness performed that, in this world at least, it will never be known how many people he has assisted both by practical advice and by substantial pecuniary benefits.* Far, moreover, from possessing that narrow professional jealousy which too frequently mars an otherwise excellent character, he was ever willing to give advice to his brothers of the bar, and allow them to gather largely of the rich stores of his experience. He was likewise, as Dr. Holden truly says: "A man of extensive reading and vast erudition; not a little tenacious of his opinions and views, some of which bordered upon eccentricity. But few of the sterner sex ever possessed more delicate sensibilities, keener perceptions, or more rapid intuitions. In the later decades

* I have in my mind now two instances: one, who having been elected lieutenant in the late war, and having nothing wherewith to purchase a sword or an outfit, was enabled to go with his company to the seat of war by the private liberality of Judge Hay, who supplied, at some inconvenience to himself, the entire outfit; the other, a poor woman, to whom he gave the entire proceeds of one of his works—having, indeed, written it with that specific object.

of his life he became a bold and fearless advocate of temperance. His delight and recreation, however, were drawn through the flowery, though not thornless paths of poetry and romance. His memory was something extraordinary, his industry in research indefatigable, and his mind was stored with the choicest cullings from the wide fields of literature and *belles-lettres*. In American history he was a standard authority, to whom it was safe to refer at a moment's warning, and in the matter of local history his mind was an exhaustless treasury."

His was also, in the true sense of the term, a *green old age*. Although more than eighty years of age at the time of his death, his most intimate associates could not have detected that fact by any failure either in his mental or physical powers. His death, which occurred on the evening of Sunday, the 12th of February, 1870, while attending service at the Baptist church in Saratoga Springs, was sudden. Like a shock of corn fully ripe, but with no signs of decay, he was cut down by the Reaper. Even up to the day of his death, he was engaged upon, and had nearly completed, his historical novel—the incidents of which were founded upon the campaign of General Burgoyne.

While practising law at Caldwell, and early in the winter of 1816–17, Judge Hay was married to a daughter of Stephen Paine of Northumberland, Sara-

toga County, N. Y., by whom he had eight children, five of whom yet survive.*

> "Peace to tne memory of a man of worth,
> A man of letters and of manners too.
> . . . . Was honored, loved, and wept,
> By more than one."

* Of his two daughters, one is the wife of Hon. Judge Bockes, of Saratoga Springs, and the other is the wife of Hon. James B. McKean, late Chief-Justice of Utah Territory.

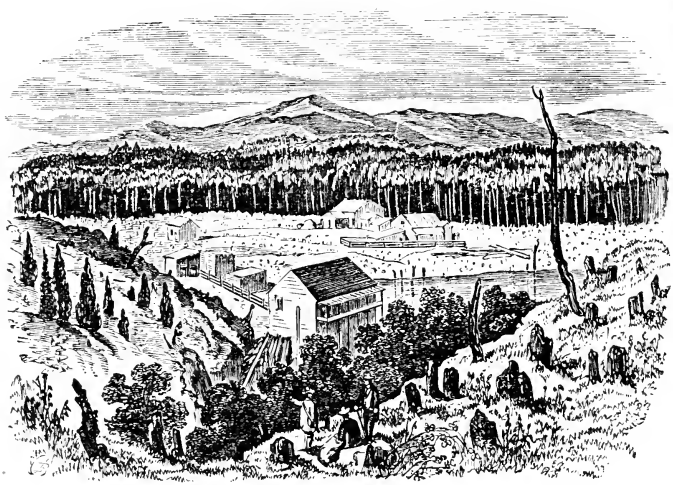
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Early Settlement of Ballston.

"Methinks I hear the sound of time long past
Still murmuring o'er me, and whispering in
The following pages—like the lingering voices
Of those who long within their graves have slept."

THE town of Ballston derives its name from the Rev. Eliphalet Ball, a Presbyterian clergyman, and third cousin of President Washington, who, in 1770, removed from Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., and settled on what has since been the farm of the late Colonel Samuel Young, near the old "Academy Hill." A lot of five hundred acres, embracing this farm, was presented to him, as an inducement to settle by the proprietors of the "Five-Mile Square." This tract, comprising the present town of Ballston (except a small strip at the southern extremity), together with the "Five-Thousand Acre Tract"—now constituting the south part of Charlton—was set apart by Christopher Yates, John Glen, and Thomas Palmer, the Commissioners for making a partition and survey of the "Kayaderosseras Patent," "to defray the expenses thereof." They accordingly selected what, as after events proved, they correctly judged to be the most valuable land in the Patent.

Rev. Mr. Ball was accompanied by several of his congregation from Bedford, and also from Stamford,* the adjoining town into which his parish extended. He brought with him his three sons, Stephen, John, and Flamen, and a daughter Mary, who was after-



First Settlement of Ballston.

wards married to General James Gordon, of Revolutionary fame. John, subsequently known as Colonel Ball, held a commission in Colonel Wynkoop's Regiment in the War of Independence, and, as lieutenant, marched out under General Arnold to the relief of Fort Stanwix. He thus identified himself with the

* It is worthy of note how many of the first settlers of Saratoga and Ballston came from this section of the country.—See *Sketch of Waterbury.*

primary cause of the downfall of British supremacy in America, since the raising of that siege gave to Gates and Arnold the chief troops by which they were enabled to conquer Burgoyne. He was also the first Supervisor of Milton (which was taken from Ballston in 1792), and represented Saratoga County in the Assembly of 1793–4. The first "meeting-house" in Ballston was erected under the auspices of Rev. Mr. Ball. It was afterwards known as the "Academy," and was demolished several years since—though the writer, who in his boyhood attended the school of Rev. Hiram W. Bulkley near by, still has a vivid remembrance of its antique appearance, and the traditions which, to the youthful mind, invested it with something of the supernatural. Rev. Mr. Ball died in 1795.

The only settlement that had been made when Mr. Ball arrived, was upon the "McDonald Farm," on the west bank of "Long Lake." Two brothers, Michael* and Nicholas McDonald, natives of Ireland, were, when boys, enticed on board of a vessel in the Liffey, brought to Philadelphia, and there sold for a term of years to defray the expenses of their passage.† In 1763, they "squatted" on this spot and made a clearing (afterwards, however, obtaining a deed), and were

* It was this same one who, it will be remembered, piloted Sir Wm. Johnson, in 1767, to the High Rock Spring.

† For a fuller exposition of this nefarious custom the reader is referred to Charles Reade's novel, *The Lost Heir*. The title of the McDonald farm is still on file in Albany. Sir William Johnson assisted them in procuring it; hence their aid to him.

the only white residents nearer than those of the Mohawk Valley until the arrival of Rev. Mr. Ball. On the route of the McDonald boys from Schenectady, a point from which they started to penetrate the wilderness, they crossed a tract that had recently been burned over by the Indians for a deer pasture. To it they gave the name of "Burnt Hills," a name which yet designates the southern part of Ballston, and where there is still a post-office of that name. Michael McDonald lived to the hale old age of ninety-three, remaining on the farm until his death, which took place January 29, 1823.

Soon after the arrival of Rev. Mr. Ball and the members of his congregation, other settlers moved in from New England, New Jersey, Scotland, and the north of Ireland. Among those from New England were Beriah Palmer, Epenetus White, Nathan Raymond, Thomas and Jesse Smith, David How, Eliphalet Kellogg, Joseph Morehouse (father of the present Talcot Morehouse), Thaddeus Scribner, McDaniel, Edward A. Watrous, Capt. Stephen White, Paul Pierson, Capt. Tyrannus Collins, Hezekiah Middlebrook, Stephen and Enoch Wood, Thaddeus Betts, Elisha Benedict, John Higby, Edmund Jennings, Samuel Nash, Joseph Bettys, and his son "Joe Bettys," afterwards the notorious partisan and marauder. The McCreas came from Leamington, New Jersey, as also Andrew Mitchell. Robert Speir and his two sons, Archibald and James, and the Frazers came

from Scotland. * Several of the Scotch immigrants settled in the "Scotch Bush" north of the "Burnt Hills," while others located in "Paisley Street" (the road now leading from West Milton to Schenectady) so named in honor of their native town. General James Gordon, † George Scott, Francis Hunter, and the three Kennedy brothers were natives of the north of Ireland.

The Rev. Mr. Ball left a son—the late Colonel

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* Of this list Beriah Palmer was a representative in the Eighth Congress, and a member of the New York Assembly from 1792 to 1796; Epenetus White was a Judge of the County Court; Edward A. Watrous was a member of the Assembly in 1800 and 1802; and Andrew Mitchell also a member of Assembly in 1792. The McCreas were the brothers of Jane McCrea of Revolutionary fame. Thaddeus Scribner saw Burgoyne lay down his arms. He was a mail contractor from 1800 to 1832, carrying the mails from Schenectady to Ballston and Saratoga, and thence to Hadley and Luzerne. He carried the first mail ever taken to Saratoga, carrying it once a week, and daily for three months in a year to Ballston—the remaining months carrying it for four days in a week. He sometimes went with a carriage, taking passengers. "Uncle Thad," as he was called, used the old fashioned "postman's horn," and when he came in hearing, "There is Uncle Thad's horn," was a common expression. He was a Revolutionary soldier, and served under Col. Marinus Willet. Born in Fairfield County, Conn., he died at Ballston in 1845.

† James Gordon had, for several years previously, been an Indian trader at Detroit and Schenectady. (See Stone's *Life of Sir William Johnson, Bart.*) He was born at Killead, County Antrim, Ireland, in 1739. During the American Revolution he held the commission of Colonel of militia and saw much active service. He was also a representative in the Second and Third Congress, a State Senator from 1797-1804, and a County Judge. He was likewise the first Supervisor of Ballston. He died there in 1810. The first death that occurred in Ballston (commemorated by a gravestone) is that of his mother "Martha, relict of Alexander Gordon," who died in 1775. She was the great-grandmother of the present Hon. George G. Scott, of Ballston. A sister of Gen. Gordon was the wife of Wm McCrea, of Ballston, a brother of the unfortunate Jane McCrea. Miss McCrea had also another and older brother—Col. John McCrea—who resided at this time in Albany, and with whom she lived. At the time of her tragical death she was on a visit to Fort Edward.

Ball—who was a remarkably intelligent man, and preserved to the end of his life an exceedingly retentive memory. In 1842, the late Theodore Dwight visited Ballston, and received from him some interesting reminiscences of the early days of the place. "At the time of my father's first coming to Ballston," said Colonel Ball to Mr. Dwight, "the low grounds near the Springs were covered with a forest, and the old Spring—the only one then known—was overflown by the brook when it was much swollen by the rain.* The deer used to come and lick at the Spring, and I have been there in my youth to ambush and shoot them. It was not uncommon, then, to meet deer when looking for stray cattle; and the Indians often came from Oneida to hunt in bodies of two or three hundred. No Indians, however, had their residence in this vicinity. My father, at an interview with Sir William Johnson, heard from him the particulars of the wound which he received at the battle of Lake George in 1755, which was in the front part of the thigh, and remained open until he died. I dined with him in a large marquee pitched on the level border of Ballston Lake. Near the same place was the log-cabin of the McDonalds,

* This Spring (afterwards known as the "Iron Railing Spring," and "The Public Well") was discovered in 1770 by Hon. Beriah Palmer while engaged in surveying the line between the XIVth Allotment and the "Five Mile Square" during the partition of the Kayaderosseras Patent. *French's New York Gazetteer* (1860) puts the date of its discovery a year earlier, viz., 1769. The date 1770, given to the author by Hon. George G. Scott is, however, probably the correct one.

who had settled there about seven years before my father's arrival." *

For a long time after the discovery of the Spring, the accommodations for visitors were of the poorest description. In 1790, Elkanah Watson, writing of

The McDonalds' Cabin.

his visit to Ballston in that year, says: "From Saratoga I proceeded to Tryon's, a low, one-story tavern on a hill in Ballston. At the foot of this hill I found

* Writing still further upon Ballston, Mr. Dwight continues: "A few years ago a small image of a man made, I think, of bone, with garnets for eyes, was found near Ballston Lake, bearing a strong resemblance, in form and appearance, to those that have been taken from some of the Western mounds, and tending to confuse us still more in our conjectures about the origin of the former inhabitants of this part of the country."—*Summer Tours*, by Theodore Dwight.

an old barrel with the staves open, stuck into the mud in the midst of a quagmire, surrounded by trees, stumps, and logs. This was the Ballston Spring.* I observed two or three ladies walking along a fallen tree to reach the fountain, and was disgusted to see as many men washing their loathsome sores near the barrel. There was also a shower-bath, with no protection except a bower of bushes. Tryon's was the only public-house, no buildings having been erected below the hill. The largest number of visitors at one period, the past summer, had been ten or twelve, and these were as many as could be accommodated."† Fifteen years, however, produced a change in the surroundings of Ballston almost as marvellous as any ever wrought by Aladdin's lamp. In 1805 Mr. Watson again visited Ballston, of which visit he writes as follows:

"We left Albany on the 19th of August, and the ensuing day reached the 'Sans Souci,' in Ballston, amid scenes of elegance and gayety. We seated ourselves at a sumptuous table, with about one hundred guests of all classes, but generally, from their appearance and deportment, of the first respectability, assembled here from every part of the Union and from Europe, in

* This agrees with Mrs. Dwight's account.—See Chapter III.

† Compare this statement with the following extract from the *Ballston Spa Gazette* of August 12, 1822: "There are at present in the village, the Spanish minister, Chevalier de Anduaga and suite; the British minister, Mr. Canning and suite; and the ex-king of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte and suite. His excellency Governor Clinton and the other Canal Commissioners had a meeting in this village last week."

the pursuit of health or pleasure, of matrimony or of vice. This is the most splendid watering-place in America, and scarcely surpassed in Europe in its dimensions and the taste and elegance of its arrangement. The building contains almost one hundred apartments, all respectably furnished. The plan upon which it is constructed, the architecture, the style of the outbuildings, and the gravel walks girded with shrubbery—are all on a magnificent scale. What a contrast has the progress of fifteen years, since I was here in 1790, produced! Where the 'Sans Souci'* now stands, was then almost an impenetrable quagmire, enveloped in trees, and deformed by stumps and fallen logs. A single, one-story house, situated upon the hill which overlooked this desolate valley, was the only public accommodation and, although

* The "Sans Souci" was built in 1803 by Andrew Berger, a French refugee, after the design of the palace at Versailles, and opened by him in 1804. In 1849 it passed into the hands of John W. Fowler, who occupied it until 1853 as a "State and National law school." In 1854 it was re-opened as a hotel, and under several managers remained such until 1862, when it was converted into the "Sans Souci Ladies' Seminary." It is now (1875) again kept as a hotel. Its hospitable roof has sheltered John C. Calhoun, Martin Van Buren and his son Prince John, R. Barnwell Rhett the elder, General Wool, Franklin Pierce, J. Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Commodores Hull, Decatur and McDonough, General Dix, Charles O'Conor, Bishop B. T. Onderdonk, Jerome Bonaparte, Louis Napoleon, then an obscure princeling, and many others well known in the world's history. While the law school had an existence, its walls echoed the brilliant rhetoric and burning eloquence of Henry Clay, as he delivered his memorable address to a graduating class, and through them, for the last time, to the young men of America. Here also, in 1857, on the anniversary of the nation's independence, while a guest at the hotel, the veteran statesman William L. Marcy closed his useful life, dying suddenly in his room alone, of heart disease.—E. R. Mann's *Ballston Past and Present.*

at the height of the season, was occupied by six or eight families.

"In the evening we attended a ball in a spacious hall, brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers, and adorned with various other appliances of elegance and luxury. Here was congregated a fine exhibition of the *beau monde*. A large proportion of the assembly was from the Southern States, and distinguished by their elegant and polished manners. In the place of the old-fashioned country dances and four-hand reels of Revolutionary days, I was pleased to notice the advance of refined customs, and the introduction of the graces of Paris in the elegant cotillion and quadrille. At table I was delighted in observing the style and appearance of the company, males and females intermixed in the true French usage of *sans souci*. The board was supplied with the luxuries of more sunny climes. There was a large display of servants, handsomely attired, while the music of a choice band enlivened the festivities. In the afternoon we arrived at Congress Hall, in Saratoga. This is a large hotel, three stories high, with galleries in front but far inferior to the 'Sans Souci' in dimensions and appearance." *

In the matter of baths also, the village soon improved. In 1828, James Stewart, an English traveller,

* My attention was first directed to this Journal of Mr. Watson by Dr. A. W. Holden, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., to whom I am greatly indebted for important suggestions.

who is quoted at length in Chapter XV., visited Ballston and wrote as follows:

"On the 31st of October we changed our quarters from Saratoga Springs to Ballston Spa, in a pleasant situation, in a hollow surrounded on all sides by high grounds. The Kayaderosseras, a small river, runs through the village, which contains 800 or 1000 people.

"There are only two great hotels here, the 'Sans Souci,' which is on the largest scale, and Mr. Aldridge's.* There are several small hotels and boarding-houses. The baths are as good as at Saratoga Springs. We are in the boarding-house of Mrs. Macmaster, one of the most comfortable we have seen in this country. The house is managed by herself, two daughters, and a little girl. Everything good of its kind; poultry, the best that we have met with; dinners well cooked, and coffee as well prepared as by the best restaurateurs in the Palais Royal. The charge, four dollars per week. But this is not the gay season, when the rate is of course greater.

"There is nothing to find fault with, excepting that now, when the nights are becoming cold, the beds are without curtains, and the bed-rooms barely furnished. Mr. Brown, an attorney and counsellor here, and an exceedingly well informed

* This house was built in 1797, and kept for several years by Benijah Douglas, the grandfather of the great Illinois senator.

man, is a permanent boarder in the house.* Law-suits are very cheaply and expeditiously brought to a conclusion in the County Court—so cheaply that legal means of redress are, really and truly, equally open to all. Mr. Brown was a day absent while we were here, attending an inquest of lunacy on a person of some property. The whole expense of the proceedings from beginning to end, in which the lunacy was established, would not, he said, cost above sixty dollars—a sum differing too widely from the £8,000, the amount of taxed costs in the recent proceedings for establishing Lord Portsmouth's mental incapacity, not to furnish matter for serious reflection. There is too much truth in the statement of the ruinous expenses of law proceedings in England which a lady of high rank, in one of her late novels, put into the mouth of a man of wealth, who was seeking for means of revenge against an individual to whom fortune had not been so bountiful. 'Right or wrong, is it not your opinion that I can force him to law with me, and so ruin him? Nothing is easier than that.'

"There is an Episcopal Church here. The clergyman has an establishment for educating young men [Dr. Babcock]. A person belonging to his

* This Mr. Brown afterward married one of these "two daughters." He was Anson Brown, an alumnus of Union College, and was elected to Congress as a Whig, in 1838, over Nicholas Hill, Jr., the Democratic candidate. He died in 1840. His widow and daughter yet (1875) reside at Ballston.

church died while we were here, in consequence of swallowing a poisonous drug, instead of the medicine ordered by the physician, and was buried in the same way as in the case mentioned at Saratoga Springs. The funeral was not on a Sunday; but there was a previous sermon in the church."

The settlement was for some time known as the Ball Town District, and when organized into a town of Albany County in 1775, by the name of Ball's Town, it embraced the towns of Ballston, Milton, Charlton, Galway, Providence, Edinburgh, Day, Hadley, and most of Greenfield and Corinth. The town remained undivided until 1792, when it was subdivided into four towns, viz., Baliston, Milton, Galway, and Charlton—the other towns above mentioned being subsequently taken from Milton and Galway.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Tory Invasion of 1780, *and the Gonzalez Tragedy.*

"O what are these?
Death's ministers, not men; who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
His brother." —MILTON.

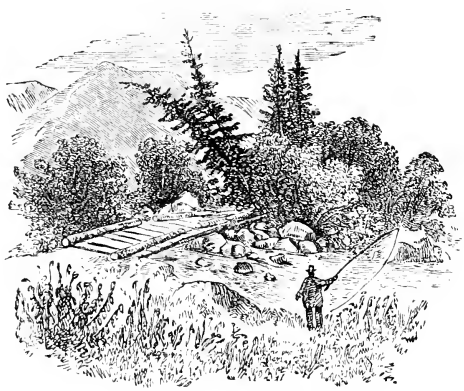
"O war! thou son of hell!
Whom angry heavens do make their minister."

IT would have been strange if the little settlement of Ball's Town, lying directly on the route between Lake George and Schenectady, had escaped the calamities incident to war. Nor did she. During the Revolution two separate tragedies were enacted within her borders, the first of which was

The Tory Invasion of 1780.

On the afternoon of October 6, 1780, a band of two hundred Regulars and Indians from Canada landed on the shore of Bullwagga Bay (Lake Champlain); and, guided through the woods by several young refugees from the Ball-Town district, by way of the head-waters of the Sacandaga, suddenly made their appearance in the settlement on the night of the 16th. They were composed in part of Sir John Johnson's corps of rangers, and commanded by Captain Munro,

a former merchant in Schenectady. The original design of the expedition was an attack upon Schenec-



Headwaters of the Sacandaga.

tady, but on arriving in the neighborhood of Ball's Town it was deemed prudent to abandon the idea.*

* This party was a portion of the force of 1,000 men which, in the fall of 1780, Governor Carleton sent from Canada to attack the frontier settlements, under the command of his nephew, Major Carleton. Two hundred of these, as mentioned in the text, landed at Bulwagga Bay, and then proceeded to Ballston, crossing the Sacandaga River near the mouth of Daly's Creek. The larger portion, under Carleton, sailed up the lake to Skeensborough (Whitehall), and thence to Fort Anne, which was taken and destroyed. A detachment was sent from this point across by the "French Mountain," and by a stratagem took Fort George and burned it, capturing prisoners at both forts, and returned to Bulwagga Bay before the Ballston party returned. The father of Hon. George G. Scott, of Ballston, was told the above facts by Nathaniel Mitchell and James Lighthill, who were both captured at Fort Anne on this occasion. The author has reason to suppose, from his other historical investigations, that the route pursued by the Ballston party was the same as that taken by Sir John Johnson, viz, by the foot of "Crane Mountain," near Warrensburgh, Warren County, N. Y.; and thence across the Sacandaga, and through the woods by Lake Desolation to Ballston.—See *Life of Sir William Johnson, Bart*, Appendix.

At the time there was a fort at what has since been known as the "Academy Hill," situated on the south-west corner of the square, upon the spot where Peter Roe formerly lived. It was constructed of oak logs, surrounded with pickets, and contained loop-holes for musketry.

The enemy lay encamped for several days in the north-west part of the present town of Milton, during which time they made themselves, through their scouts, thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the fort. To their surprise they found that it had recently been garrisoned by two hundred militia, chiefly from Schenectady. This information changed materially their plans; and, accordingly, they directed their first attack upon the house of General Gordon, on the Middle Line road.* At about dusk of the evening preceding their appearance at Gordon's, the party halted at the house of a Scotch Highlander, in Paisley Street, named Angus McDiarmid, father of the late John McDiarmid. The Indians were greatly delighted by turning a spinning-wheel, which Mrs. McDiarmid had just been using. The house was so crowded that the floor gave way, and all were precipitated into the cellar.

At early daybreak the following morning, the party were again in motion. They were piloted from the four corners, west of the old Court House Hill, by a

* This house stood upon the spot where Major Skinner afterwards lived, being the farm lately owned by William Gordon Ver Planck, and now by Henry Wiswell, Jr.

Tory named McDonald, who lived in the vicinity. Gordon was roused from his slumbers by the breaking of the windows of his sleeping-room by bayonets thrust through them. He sprang from his bed, in which lay his wife and child,* and went into the hall, which by this time was filled with the enemy. As he opened the door, a gigantic savage raised his tomahawk, but before the blow could descend upon his head, the arm of the Indian was caught by one of the officers in command. At this moment the brass clock in the hall struck the hour of twelve, whereupon an Indian standing near shattered it in pieces with his tomahawk, exclaiming, as he did so, "You never speak again!" A scene of indiscriminate pillaging now followed, the squaws especially, who accompanied the party, distinguishing themselves in this part of the performance, and retiring heavily loaded with plunder. The Indians then attempted to fire the house and the barn, but were prevented by the whites in the party. Gordon, Jack Calbraith and John Parlow, servants, and Nero, Jacob and Ann, negro slaves, were carried off prisoners. As they were proceeding toward the main road they were met by Stow, Gordon's miller, who, having escaped from his own house, came running toward them, exclaiming, "Colonel Gordon, save yourself! The Indians!" Perceiving

* Mrs. Ver Planck, afterwards Mrs. Waller, who died in Brooklyn, September 4, 1857. She furnished Hon. Judge Scott with the particulars of what took place at her father's, and also with many incidents that occurred during his captivity.

the party moving toward him, he hesitated a moment, then turned to the left and ran. An Indian, however, intercepted him, pierced him with a pike, and despatching him with his tomahawk, took his scalp. He thus lost his own life in generously attempting to save Gordon's. Captain Collins, who lived near by, was also taken.

Proceeding up the Middle Line, they made prisoners of Thomas Barnum (who lived where Dorus Hicks now resides), Captain Elisha Benedict and his two sons—one of whom was Caleb *—Paul Pierson and his son John, Edward A. Watrous, and John Higby and his son Lewis—the latter residing where Pierson Raymond now lives. Moving farther up the road, a detachment of fifty left the main body, and proceeded to the house of George Scott, on the farm where his son, the late James Scott, lived and died. Mr. Scott being awakened by the violent barking of his watch-dog, sprung from his bed, seized his loaded rifle, and opened the outer door. He saw the column advancing in the moonlight, and heard a voice exclaiming, "Scott, throw down your gun, or you are a dead man!" Not instantaneously obeying the command, three Indians threw their tomahawks at his head, each one of which reached its aim, and he fell. They then

* Caleb Benedict came back after the war, but soon returned to Canada. The Indian who had captured him and guarded him during his captivity, heard of his return, and called to see him, manifesting great affection for his former captive. He continued through life to send Caleb valuable presents.

rushed upon him, and would have taken his scalp, had not Captain Frazer, an old neighbor, and Sergeant Staats Springstead, formerly his hired man, interfered, and with their swords kept the savages at bay. The house was then given up to pillage; but Scott was left behind in, as was supposed, a dying condition. Indeed, when this detachment reached the main body, the prisoners were informed that he was mortally wounded. He, however, ultimately recovered.*

After leaving Scott, the party proceeded to George Kennedy's. He was taken, and his house burned. The next house attacked was Jabez Patchin's, where Hiram Wood now (1875) lives. He was taken, but his son, Walter, and son-in-law, Enos Morehouse, jumped out of a back window and escaped. One Hollister, who lived a few rods north of Patchin, was also captured, and his house burned. Where the late Judge Thompson lived was the dwelling of Ebenezer Sprague. It also was fired, and he, with his two sons, were made prisoners. Thomas Kennedy, who lived opposite to Sprague, was also captured. Opposite to the present residence of Nathaniel Mann, his brother, John Kennedy, resided. He was intending to butcher his swine the following day, and had just arisen and

* The late James Scott, then in his seventh year, saw and ever retained a vivid recollection of seeing his father's face covered with blood. He himself escaped in his night-clothes to the woods and remained concealed until the party left. He furnished his son, the present Hon. George G. Scott of Ballston, with most of the particulars of this sketch. He died January 18, 1857.

kindled a fire when he saw the light of Sprague's burning dwelling. Rightly conjecturing the cause, he extinguished his fire, and, with his wife, escaped by the rear door into the woods. Some of the enemy entered the house, but the darkness preventing a search, they carried away but little. The dwelling was not burned.

Enoch and Stephen Wood lived near the site of the late Presbyterian church. Their houses, and a barn containing eight hundred bushels of wheat, were burned; and Enoch and his hired man, named Fillmore, captured. This was the last clearing in that direction with one exception, and that was owned by a Tory. Fillmore, however, managed to escape before the party had proceeded many rods. Elisha Benedict, and his three sons, Caleb, Elias and Felix, were also taken, together with John Davis, living near by. Joseph Morehouse, however, was more fortunate. Being lame, and at some distance from the house, he said: "If I *must* go, I must get my horse." He then took his bridle, and started for his dwelling. When at a safe distance, he threw away his bridle and escaped.*

* Nor was it during this Tory invasion alone that the settlers suffered from fear. When Mr. Warren B. B. Westcott, now of Saratoga Springs, was teaching school opposite the house of Mr. Talcott Morehouse, on the east side of Ballston Lake, he would point out to Mr Westcott the decaying stump of a tree in the ravine a short distance from the school-house, on "Morehouse Creek," and say: "There stood three or four young hemlocks, under whose branches, during the Tory Terror, my mother and Nathan Raymond's wife would hide themselves and their children in the night, expecting hourly to have their house burned to the ground.'

Each prisoner, with his hands tied, barefooted and but partly dressed, was guarded by two men with loaded muskets, one in front and the other in the rear. The weather was bitterly cold. George Kennedy's only covering was a sheet wrapped about him —added to which he suffered greatly from his foot, which he had cut a few days previously. It was daylight when the party crossed the Kayaderosseras at what is now Milton Centre. Upon crossing the spring brook, a few rods north of the former stream, a halt was ordered, that Captain Munro might address his men. He told them that in all probability they would be pursued; and that he expected each man, upon the first intimation of such an event, even the firing of a gun, to kill his prisoner upon the spot. For this inhuman order, it is only just to mention that Munro, upon arriving at Montreal, was summarily dismissed from the service.

The march was then resumed in the same order as before; the prisoners, meanwhile, believing that a rescue would be attempted, looked for death at every moment. They feared that some of the Indians, anticipating a reward for scalps, would fall back and discharge a musket for the purpose of having Munro's order carried into effect. Arriving, at length, at the foot of the Kayaderosseras Mountain, the party halted for breakfast, killing for this purpose the cattle and swine they had driven before them in their retreat.

In the afternoon, having struck a well-beaten Indian trail which crossed the Sacandaga river, near the mouth of Daley's creek, and along which they had passed on their march from Lake Champlain, they began the ascent of the mountain. Before sunset they

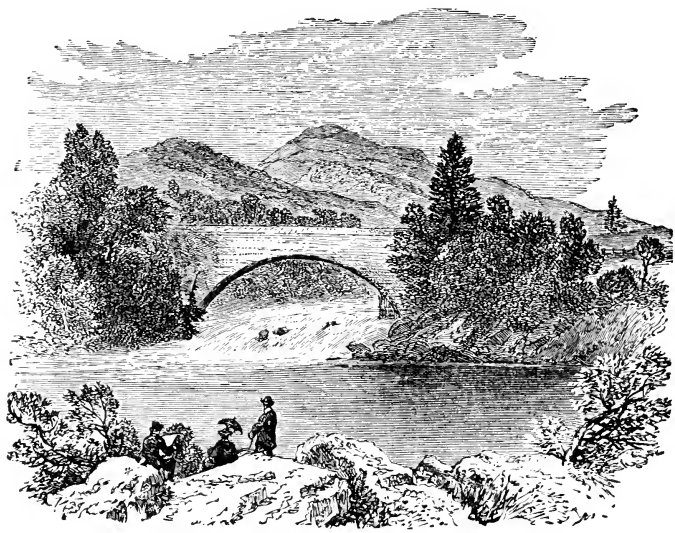
Lake Desolation.

encamped for the night two miles northeast of Lake Desolation. Here Munro exhibited the first kindness toward the prisoners; for—on George Kennedy, whose wounded foot had become greatly inflamed, begging to be killed on the spot—he permitted him, together with Ebenezer Sprague and Paul Pierson (both old men and nearly exhausted), to return. Previous to this incident, however, Gordon had managed to send a message to the troops at the fort, asking them to

abandon all attempts at a rescue. His messenger met them, under command of Capt. Ball, near the site of the late Milton meeting-house, whereupon they returned to the fort. Had it not been for this timely forethought of Gordon, the probability is that a horrid butchery would have occurred. Later in the day, however, a party of volunteers was made up, consisting of Squire Patchin, Kenneth Gordon, and Caleb Holmes, and others from the present town of Charlton. Following on the trail of the retreating enemy they had just begun the ascent of the Kayaderosseras Mountain when Kennedy, Sprague, and Pierson were perceived coming towards them. Not recognizing their old neighbors, but believing them to be the advanced guard of the enemy returning, they quietly filed off on each side of the path into the underbrush, it having been previously understood among themselves that at a given signal they should all fire together. Fortunately, just as the sign was about being made, they discovered their mistake; and, on being informed of Munro's brutal order, they also turned back and escorted the three in safety to their desolated homes. Nor was this the only narrow escape of these three men. Soon after their discharge by Munro, and while they were descending the mountain, six Indians stole away from the encampment for the purpose of taking their scalps. The savages had just caught up with them when, espying the Carlton party ensconced in their ambush, they

turned on their heels and fled. This incident was related by the Indians themselves to their captives during the march.

Finally, on the eighth day after leaving Ball's Town, and seventh after crossing the Sacandaga



The Sacandaga River.

river, the enemy with their captives arrived, after much hardship, at Bullwagga Bay, and proceeded thence in boats to Montreal. The prisoners were at first lodged in the Recollet Convent (a filthy place, abounding in vermin), but were shortly afterward transferred to a prison. Gordon at first was allowed to go out on bail, the latter being fixed at £3,000—

but after a few months he was taken to Quebec and kept in close confinement for two years, when he was again changed and conveyed to the Isle of Orleans.

In the following May, 1781, the notorious Tory spy, Joe Bettys *—who was afterwards hung at Albany—with the aid of thirty refugees, made a raid on the Ball Town settlement and captured Samuel Nash, Consider Chard, Uri Tracey, Ephraim Tracey, and Samuel Patchin. They were all taken to Canada, except Nash, who escaped near Lake Desolation. At about the same time, also, Judge White, Capt. Ramsey, the two brothers Banta, and John Fulmer—all living on the east bank of Ballston Lake—were taken by a Tory officer named Waltermeyer and marched off to Canada.

When Gordon was removed to the Isle of Orleans he found there Judge White, Higby, Enoch Wood, the two Bantas, and other Ball's Town prisoners. They all contrived to escape from the island, and, landing on the right bank of the river, made their way into the wilderness, preferring the companionship of hunger and wild beasts to the less merciful jailers whom they had left. Their stock of provisions soon gave out, and for several days berries and a species of mussel were their only food. Finally, arriving at the

* The skull of Lovelace, another Ballston Tory and renegade, is now in the possession of George Strover, the father-in-law of Dr. C. H. Payn. He was hung on the bluff near the Schuyler mansion overlooking the scene of the "surrender." Mr. Strover's father witnessed the hanging.

head-waters of the St. Johns, they constructed a rude raft with their hatchets and floated down the river a considerable distance to a point whence they struck across to Passamaquoddy Bay. Here learning that peace had been declared, they proceeded to Halifax, whence they were brought by a cartel to Boston.

Nearly three generations have passed away. Not even the child * before whose eyes those deeds of violence was performed of which the early Ballston settlers were the victims, survives to tell the tale.†

The Gonzalez Tragedy.

Although the country now forming the county of Saratoga was discovered as early as 1609, and although in the succeeding century its eastern and southern borders were sparingly settled along the borders of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys—yet the interior of the county remained a comparative wilderness, subject to the domain of the Iroquois and

* Mrs. Elizabeth Watrous McMaster, mother of the late Robert P McMaster, of Ballston Spa, was the last survivor of those who were witnesses of this raid. She was a daughter of Edward A. Watrous. She died in the summer of 1870, in her ninety-first year On the approach of the enemy, her mother escaped with her, then an infant, to the woods east of the house, and avoided capture. For several years she was the last connecting link in her native town with the exciting days of Munro's and Bettys' raids.

† Hon. George Gordon Scott—to whom the writer is indebted for the incidents of this sketch—has in his possession the original diary kept by General Gordon during his captivity. It is to be hoped that Judge Scott will give this valuable document publicity through the pages of the *Historical Magazine*, or some other kindred publication.

the incursions of wild beasts, until after the Revolutionary War. Before that event, however, there were several settlements in old Ballston (south of the present village), and a few daring pioneers had settled in the interior. Such a person was Joseph Gonzalez, who, in 1770, took up his abode in the extreme south-western corner of Saratoga County, in what is now known as the town of Charlton.

Joseph Gonzalez was the son of Emanuel Gonzalez, and in 1775 married Margaret, a daughter of David Dutcher of Dutchess County, who was a direct descendant in the fourth generation from Anneke Jansen. * Emanuel Gonzalez was immediately de-

* Anneke Jansen, the first ancestor of Mrs. General Bullard, came to New Amsterdam about 1612, at the age of seventeen. At that time the Patroon of Rensselaerwyck (now a part of Albany) had a young superintendent of the affairs of the "Colonie," named Roeloff Jansen, who was called to New Amsterdam occasionally on business, finally removing thither. On one of his visits during the administration of Van Twiller, he met Anneke, who, not long after, became his wife. They were both members of the Church in New Amsterdam, presided over by Dominie Everardus Bogardus, the first minister who filled a pulpit in the new Dutch city. He was a faithful, outspoken bachelor of thirty when he came, and baptized the four children of Roeloff and Anneke in regular order. At his death Roeloff left to his young widow, among considerable other property, a small farm running on Broadway, from Warren to Duane Street—sixty-two acres "more or less." The widow had no one to look after her property and assist in training her children, and the dominie had no one to look after his clothes. Mutual sympathy in their destitution begat affection between the dominie and the widow, and they were married. Then the dame bore the honors of the double name of Anneke Jansen Bogardus. Thenceforth her landed property was known as "the Dominie's Bowerie" or farm. They lived happily together until 1647, when Bogardus was lost at sea on his passage home from Holland in September of that year. He left his widow with four more children. The farm had been granted to Jansen by Van Twiller, and it was confirmed to Anneke by Stuyvesant in 1654. After the death of her husband Mrs. Bogardus went to Albany to live, where she died in 1663. Her will is among the public records there, dated January 29, 1663, by which she left her children and

scended from a Spanish Huguenot of that name who came from Holland to New York in his own ship about 1690. The first permanent white inhabitant in Sullivan County, New York, is said to have settled there in the year 1700. His name was Don Manuel Gonzalez, and he is supposed to be the same person.* His grandson Joseph, with his family, then consisting of his wife and four sons, with one hired man, was quietly residing upon his farm when the tragedy now to be related occurred.

Previous to the Revolution, Joseph had lived on the friendliest terms with the Indians. On the breaking out of the war, however, the Gonzalez family—almost the only one in that section that had espoused

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grandchildren all her real estate in equal shares, with a prior charge of one thousand guilders in favor of the children of the first marriage, "out of the proceeds of their father's place, viz., a certain farm on Manhattan Island bounded on the North River." The title to this farm was confirmed to these heirs by Richard Nicolls, the first English governor after New Netherland and New Amsterdam both became New York. This is the property (now worth many millions) concerning which there is so much litigation by Anneke Jansen's heirs. The curious reader will find other interesting particulars in relation to this matter in "Humbert *vs.* Trinity Church," 24 Wendell, page 587. Mrs. Waldo M. Potter (the wife of the late long time-honored editor of the *Saratogian*) is also a descendant of Anneke Jansen.

* See French's *New York Gazetteer*, page 642, ed. 1860. The names of Emanuel Gonzales and his son are found in a list of the freeholders of Ulster County in the year 1728, when they were living in the town of Kingston.—*The Documentary History of New York*, vol. iii., page 970.

About 1763 a proclamation was issued offering a reward for the apprehension of Jacobus Gonzales and six others, all of Dutchess County, charged with high treason (Dunlap's *History of New York*, Appendix cxciii.) This Jacobus was no doubt grandson of the first Don Manuel and a brother of Joseph, and this proclamation may have induced the removal of Joseph from Dutchess County into the wilderness north of the Mohawk.

the cause of the colonies—became objects of special hate to the Tories, and particularly to the Scotch residents of Charlton, who were generally on the side of the Crown. Indeed, the Tories were more hostile to this one family than the savages themselves; and neglected no opportunity of stirring up the jealousy of the latter against it. In addition to this circumstance, one or two incidents had recently occurred which added intensity to this domestic strife. Emanuel Gonzalez, the oldest son of Joseph, was a man of twenty-two years of age, of great stature and strength, and one who could easily master any two Indians in the country. This had been shown on several occasions; but once, in particular, when attacked in a field by a dozen Indians, he defended himself with a rail torn from a fence so vigorously that his assailants were glad to beat a retreat. In the contest he was severely wounded by twisting his neck around nearly to breaking. From this, however, he recovered. This great feat excited still more the hostility of the Indians toward him; and when they appeared the second time, they came with firearms.

Another incident also tended to make the feelings of the Tories still more embittered. A few months previous to the events about to be narrated, Captain Clute, of Schenectady, came up one evening with a few soldiers to arrest one of the Tories, and by the latter was invited to stay all night, under the pretence that Clute had been misinformed, as he was

really a stanch friend of the American cause. As soon as his visitors were asleep upon the floor, the Tory left the house and notified Gonzalez and his sons that a party of Tories were at his residence on some nefarious errand, desiring them, at the same time, to come with him and assist in killing them. Supposing his story to be true, they returned with him; but when Gonzalez, who was a humane man, saw them asleep, he refused to harm the sleepers, and insisted on keeping guard during the night, and arresting them in the morning. The surprise of Gonzalez was great when the dawn revealed to him in the leader of the party the features of his old and tried friend Clute, whose life he had come so near taking. The tables were at once turned, and the treacherous Tory was arrested, taken to Schenectady, tried, and condemned to be hung. At the intercession of Gonzalez, however, he was pardoned.

It was never ascertained whether the Indians, in the dreadful tragedy soon to take place, were prompted by this Tory element or by the remembrance of the rough handling received by them in their contest with the young Gonzalez giant. It was evident, however, that the Indians, who were the St. Regis, after their winter hunting and fishing in the Adirondacks, came nearly one hundred miles south on purpose to capture or destroy the family before their return to Canada.

At the time of the attack, which happened in

April, 1782, the elder Gonzalez, the farm hand, the eldest and two youngest sons were burning a summer fallow in a field, while the mother, with her daughter and second son, David, a lad of eighteen, were at the house. As the party came up, Joseph Gonzalez recognized the leader of the band, and extended his hand in his usual friendly manner. In reply to this kindly salutation the Indian, drawing his tomahawk, struck the old man dead at his feet. At the same time the savages seized the other two sons, Emanuel and John, and the hired man. Emanuel, by main strength broke away from his captors and fled towards a piece of woods near at hand; but as he was in the act of scaling the first fence he was again seized. Turning upon his pursuer, he easily threw him to the ground, notwithstanding he had received a shot through the hand in ascending the fence. Resuming his flight, he had well-nigh effected his escape; but as he leaped the last fence that separated him from the wood, he was instantly killed by a shot fired by his pursuers. Joseph, the youngest child, aged twelve years, was more fortunate; for while the attention of the party was distracted by the pursuit and the necessity of guarding John, one of the Indians, who had received many kindnesses from the Gonzalez, beckoned to him to run to the house. This he succeeded in doing without attracting the attention of the rest, and gave the alarm to the other members of the family. David, the youth of eighteen, fortunately

happened to be at home. At once harnessing a horse which stood near to a wagon, he conveyed his mother, Joseph, and the daughter over a rough road through the wilderness to Crane's Village on the Mohawk, three miles distant.

A few miles east of Crane's Village, Capt. Tunis Swart then resided. On hearing the doleful tale, he lost no time in ordering out his company, but upon their refusing through fear to march, Swart, with young David, returned the same night as far back as the house. This they found undisturbed, but ascertained that the Indians had hastily retreated, bearing with them John and the servant and the scalps of the two victims—the latter being stuck upon two poles and carried in sight of the son. The next morning Swart carried the bodies into the log-house and tenderly covered them with blankets until the rites of sepulture could be properly performed. By this time, the country had been roused, and the settlers and militia, coming up from the Mohawk Valley, followed the retreating Indians as far as the Fish House; but losing the trail at this point, the pursuit was abandoned.*

* This massacre broke up the Gonzalez family. Rebecca, the oldest daughter, had previously, February 25, 1776, married Emanuel De Graff, who lived two miles east of Amsterdam. The mother and the surviving children removed to Schenectady, and left the farm in the wilderness temporarily abandoned. The younger children continued to reside in Schenectady for many years, but the mother died soon after, broken-hearted on account of the uncertain fate of her son John. The granddaughter of David is now the wife of Commander Constable of the United States Navy, and yet resides at Schenectady. A granddaughter of Rebecca is the wife of Hon P. R. Toll of Glenville, Schenectady County, N. Y.

The trip to Canada was made on foot and by forced marches. Fearful of pursuit, the Indians hurried along so fast that they could not tarry either to eat or to kill game. Their youthful prisoner, John, was two days without a morsel of food; and when he lagged behind from exhaustion, his life was threatened and the manner in which his scalp would be taken was *kindly* explained to him. The first sustenance offered to the captives was the entrails of a cooked squirrel, which they must eat or starve; nor was it until their arrival in Canada that they obtained anything at all palatable. This consisted of a piece of corn bread spread with lard that was given them by a friendly squaw at St. John's. When they laid down for the night, the captives were secured by a long strap placed on their prostrate bodies; several Indians lying upon each end of the strap ready to awake and tomahawk them upon the least movement looking toward an escape. Frequently, also, his hair would be frozen to the ground when he awoke. Once John secured one of the guns of his captors, and would have attempted an escape had he not been dissuaded from it by his companion. On arriving at the Indian town—the capital of the St. Regis nation—his head was shaved and his face painted. He was forced, likewise, to submit to the terrible ordeals which the Indians inflict upon their prisoners, among other things being compelled to carry the scalps of his father and brother upon a pole through the camp. On reaching the

British army, although but fifteen years old, he was forced into that. During his stay in the English camp he was an unwilling witness to many cruelties practised upon American prisoners, one of which was the "running of the gauntlet" between two rows of Indians, who were allowed to beat them at every step. Of those who were subjected to this terrible ordeal every one died from its effects, with the exception of one spry Yankee boy, who adroitly dodged most of the blows. Although thus forced into the service, young Gonzalez was not allowed to participate actively in any campaign, from the fear that he would seize the opportunity to escape. He was accordingly confined in the garrison and employed in the manufacture of cartridges, doing, perhaps, in this way more for the American cause than if he had been fighting actively on their side; for he took good care to make them all simply of powdered charcoal. "I was resolved," he said, "that none made by me should ever harm my countrymen." Brave words and worthy of one whose every act was characterized by great and heroic daring!

Although peace was declared about a year after his capture, he was forced to remain two years longer in the service of those he detested, obtaining his release in the spring of 1785. Being a youth of great courage, and unusual intelligence and energy of character, he became a favorite with his officers. With a view to encourage settlers, and perhaps also to make

a partial atonement for the sufferings which he had undergone, the British authorities offered land to each soldier who chose to remain under the English rule. The land thus offered to young Gonzalez was upon the site of the present city of Kingston. But although only eighteen years of age, he had seen too much of the Tories to cast in his lot with them. He accordingly rejected their offer with contempt, saying: "All I want of your land is enough to walk on until I get off from it!" and, as good as his word, he straightway returned, yet a mere boy, to the Mohawk valley.* The first relative he found was his sister, Mrs. De Graff, whose descendants yet reside on the same farm near Amsterdam.

His father, who met with so tragical an end, had previously contracted for about fifteen hundred acres of the best land in the county of Saratoga, but not having, at the time of his death, made sufficient payment to secure the title, the estate was lost. John, however, on arriving at his majority, bought a portion of the land, where he and his descendants have since resided. He built the first frame building in the south-west portion of the county. In 1791, he married Dorcas Hogan of Albany, by whom he had twelve children, and died October 7, 1823. He was succeeded in the homestead—near the scene of the tragedy—by his son Emanuel, who died January 31, 1872.†

* His name was entered on the rolls of the British army as *Consalus;* and it has been so spelled by his descendants ever since.

† Mrs. E. F. Bullard, of Saratoga Springs, is a daughter of this Emanuel.

CHAPTER XL.

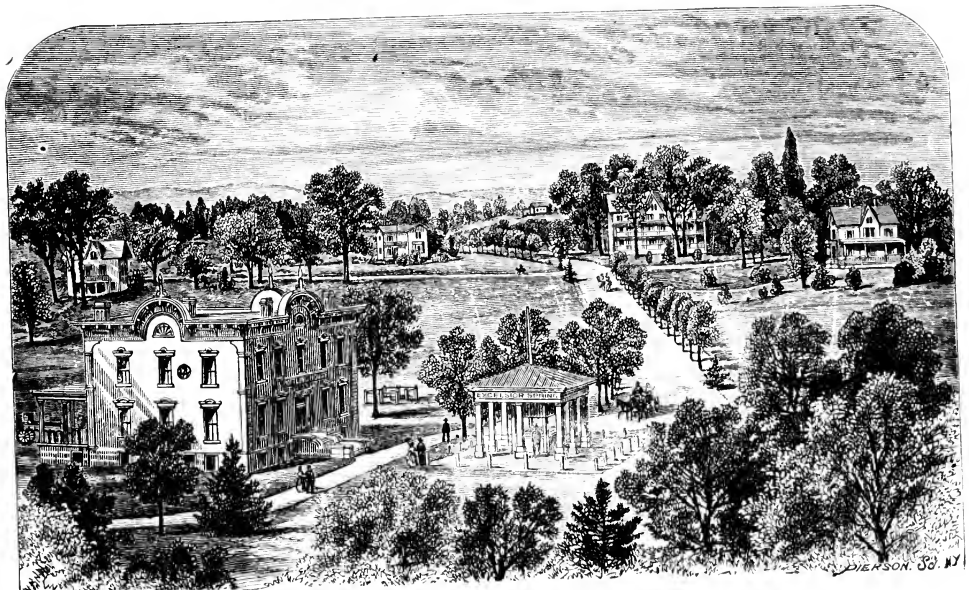
Retrospective—The Mineral Fountains of Saratoga.

"If but one leper cured made Jordan's stream
In sacred writ a venerable theme;
What honors to thy sovereign waters due,
Where sick by thousands do their health renew."
—"*Congress Water*," 1815.

"O comfortable streams! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you." —ARMSTRONG.

WHAT a beautiful town Saratoga has grown to be! What a change since Sir William Johnson was first brought hither through the primeval forest from Johnstown upon a litter borne upon the shoulders of his faithful Indians! Compare its sand-heaps, and the few houses scattered along the broad avenue running between the "Upper" and "Lower" villages,* through which, fifty years ago, one was compelled literally to wade half-leg deep in heated, pulverized silex, with its present well-graded and macadamized Broadway, handsomely built for nearly two

* As late as 1816, the present village of Saratoga Springs consisted of two villages. The Southern portion was then called "Congress Spring Village," in contradistinction to "Saratoga Springs" or the "Upper Village" Spafford's *Gazetteer of New York* for 1813, speaking of Saratoga, says: "There are handsome villages of twenty to thirty houses at Rock Spring and at Congress Spring, where is also a post-office."



VIEW OF EXCELSIOR SPRINGS.

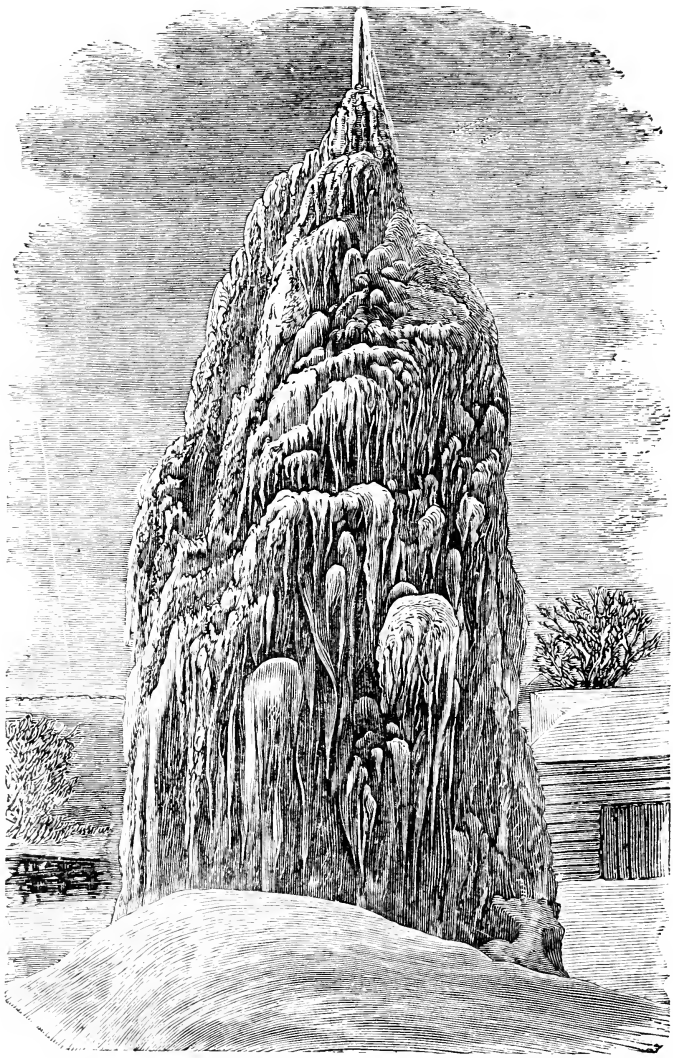
miles upon both sides—to say nothing of numerous other streets, parallel and at right angles—likewise well built—and all adorned with spreading elms and the yet more beautiful maple. Nay, what a change within the last fifteen years, when the inhabitants set seriously to work in mending their *ways*, and planting therein trees! The grounds, too, of the hotels have been improved until they appear like the Elysian Fields, while the additions to the buildings are grand and imposing beyond parallel in this country. Nor are the improvements less striking in the country adjacent. It is only a few years since the pine plains, by which the village was environed, were considered nearly worthless. But an increase of knowledge in the department of husbandry has wrought a wonderful change; and those waste lands have been transformed into well-cultivated and productive farms.

> "The garden blooms with vegetable gold,
> And all Pomona in the orchard glows."

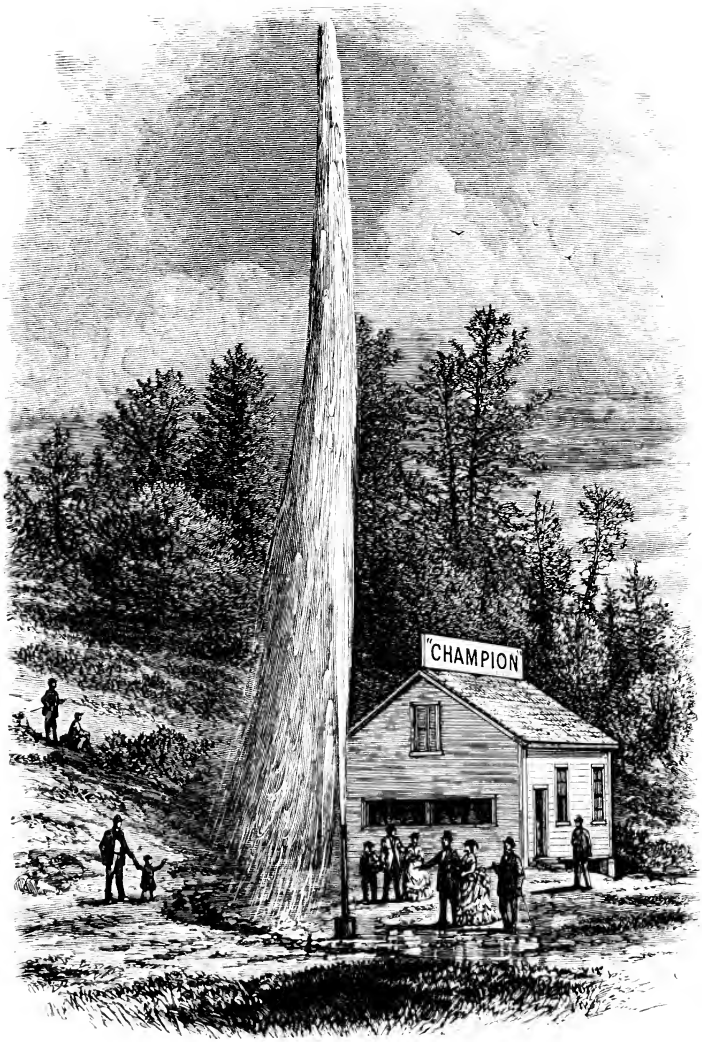
I have watched the growth of this place with great interest for many years—convinced, as I have ever been, from the variety and excellence of its mineral waters, that it is destined to be a very large and beautiful town, and that at no very distant day. Almost every year some new fountain, differing in its properties from those previously discovered, is obtained, while those before known are improved in their fixtures so as to bring up the waters in greater purity,

and render them more easy and agreeable of access. It was a rare good fortune that attended honest Gideon Putnam in the early days of Saratoga (1804) in his efforts to recover Congress Spring from the creek that—now itself at this point lost to sight—then overflowed and concealed it. When the spring was first discovered, its point of discharge was a fissure in the rocky bank of the creek; but impatient hands had sought to enlarge the opening with the result of a temporary loss of the fountain itself. Putnam discovered bubbles of gas rising in the stream, and sought for and secured the spring at its source in the underlying rocks. Ever since, it has continued to effect invaluable medical purposes, and has a character of its own for its peculiar properties the world over, high above all other mineral waters in the known world.

But what shall be said of the new fountains in the village and in the "Ellis Neighborhood" the "Hathorn and the Champion?" They are indeed beautiful, and as wonderful as beautiful. Physicians, I believe, are passing favorably upon both; and from my own practical, rather than scientific, experiments, I am inclined to think that they will be found as reliable in a medicinal point of view as any other spring in this remarkable place. Indeed, no one can look on the "Champion Spouting Spring"—throwing a column an inch in diameter to the height of eighty feet, and boiling up every moment in millions



THE CHAMPION SPOUTING SPRING IN WINTER.



THE CHAMPION SPOUTING SPRING.

of silver globules which sparkle as though rejoicing at their liberation from the dark caverns of the Gnomes—without being struck by the wonderful powers of nature.

Had these and other medicinal fountains in the little valley whence they spring been placed in Greece or Rome, instead of Saratoga, they would have been invested with all that was beautiful in the mythology of the heroic and classic ages. Hygeia would herself have assigned to every spring a nymph, or a minor deity, and the chisels of Phidias and Praxiteles would have been put in requisition to ornament the beautiful temples that would have been reared over them. The Goddess of Health might herself have been chosen to preside over the "Congress," while Ægle, the fairest of the Naiades, would have been assigned to the "Excelsior." But, perhaps, after all, the ancients were in error as to the local habitations of their divinities. May they not, even now, be sporting and dancing among the pine groves of Saratoga? These groves are prolific of flowers; and I have more than once seen beautiful forms gliding among the trees, as lovely, at least, as ever were seen in the Isles of Greece.

Nor does it seem probable that these wonderful fountains will ever fail. The famous spring at Wiesbaden, Nassau, Germany, has remained unchanged, both as regards its flow and medicinal properties, for more than fifteen hundred years. Why, then, should

not a like permanence be safely predicted for our own medicinal fountains, many of which are doubtless as old as our rivers, though not so long known to history or tradition? "Had the High Rock Spring," says Dr. Seaman, "stood on the borders of the Lago d'Agnans, the noted Grotto del Cani, which, since the peculiar properties of carbonic acid have been known, burdens almost every book that treats upon the gas, would never have been heard of beyond the environs of Naples; while this fountain, in its place, would have been deservedly celebrated in story and spread upon canvas, to the admiration of the world, as one of the greatest of curiosities!"

APPENDIX No. I.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SARATOGA SPRINGS AND BALLSTON.

BY MR. C. C. DAWSON.

NEW YORK CITY, May 1, 1875.

WM. L. STONE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: I believe Dr. Valentine Seaman, of New York, was the first writer who made the mineral waters of Saratoga and Ballston the subject of a special treatise. The first edition of his work was published in 1793, since which time the books and pamphlets which have been published relating to our mineral waters in general, or to particular springs, are almost "too numerous to mention." I presume you can largely supplement the list of titles which I give you below.

An account of Dr. Vandervoort's experiments with the waters of Ballston was published, according to Seaman, second edition, in 1795. I have never seen Dr. Vandervoort's paper. Analyses of the Ballston waters were published in 1808, in the *Medical Repository*, of New York, and *Monthly Anthology*, of Boston. The *Medical Repository* for 1804 also contained an account of the springs, furnished by D. B. Warden (author of a Statistical, Political, and Historical Account of the United States, 1819). Dr. Constable, of Schenectady, is said to have visited Saratoga and Ballston about 1770, and pronounced the waters highly medicinal. I do not know where his account of them appeared. In 1783, Dr. Samuel Tenny visited the springs and communicated the result of his observations in a letter to Dr. Joshua Fisher, of Boston, which letter was subsequently published in the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Vol. II., part 1, 1793. Samuel L. Mitchill, LL.D., of New York, visited Saratoga in 1787, and published an account of the springs in the *American Magazine*. Extracts from his journal, accounts of a variety of "curious experiments" made at the springs, may be found in Dr. Jedediah Morse's *American Geography* (second edition, London, 1792).

For the past seventy-five years Saratoga and Ballston have been noticed in encyclopædias, gazetteers, general treatises upon mineral waters, guide-books,

and books of travel without number, and much that is interesting to the local historian may be gathered from these sources. In your sketches you have quoted from Theodore Dwight's *Summer Tours* an interesting account of Saratoga in 1791, and of Ballston's early history. Of these places, as they appeared thirty-five years ago, one of the most entertaining accounts is to be found in Buckingham's *Travels in America* (Vol. II., pp. 95–118). It seems odd at this day to read that "the Congress Hall is frequented by the most fashionable classes; those who pride themselves on their birth, connection, and breeding, rather than their wealth; and this is consequently the aristocratic or whig house, in which conservative doctrines in politics and religion are most current and acceptable. The United States Hotel is more frequented by the rich mercantile classes, whose wealth makes their importance equal in degree, though differing in its source, to that of the more ancient families; and this is the democratic house. The Union Hall is frequented chiefly by the clergy and religious families, by judges, professors, and grave and elderly people generally; and this is called the religious house"; and that the largest of these "will accommodate three hundred persons"!

Among the curiosities of our local literature should, perhaps, be mentioned your "Chronicles of Saratoga," published in *The Onward* in 1869, a partly fictitious but no less life-like "Picture of Society at the Springs forty years ago." Have you ever seen *The Literary Picture Gallery?* It was issued in numbers of eight pages each, 12mo, under the title of *The Literary Picture Gallery and Admonitory Epistles to the Visitors of Ballston Spa, by Simeon Senex, Esquire* (Ballston Spa, printed by Miller & Riggs for I. Cook, 1808). The editor was an inveterate punster—a sort of ancient John Paul. Apropos of your recent description of the old sign-board of the "Union Tavern" is the following: (No. IV.) "The celebrated painting of Putnam and the Wolf, of Saratoga, has of late been a subject of animated discussion between an American artist of high celebrity, and a travelled gentleman of New York, well known for his exquisite taste in the fine arts. The *connoisseur* contends that this admirable piece, exhibiting all the terrible graces of Salvator Rosa, must be the production of some Italian artist of the seventeenth century, and consequently can have no allusion to any adventure of the American hero whose name is inscribed on the picture. Col. T——, on the contrary, maintains that it is evident from internal marks that the artist can be no other than the illustrious Vander Daub, who came over to this country in the suite of the Dutch Ambassador soon after the peace. Who shall decide where doctors disagree?"

Here is another paragraph from the same number: "The postponement of the ball which was to have been given at Sans Souci on Saturday evening having caused great speculations, we are requested to inform our readers that it was occasioned by the circumstance of *Mons. Parissot de Vestris* having paid a visit to Congress Spring at Saratoga in the morning!"

Herewith is the promised list. Please notice that it is not intended to be a Bibliography of Saratoga as connected with our Revolutionary history. Local directories, village charters, and many other publications of a local nature, official and otherwise, are omitted.

C. C. DAWSON.

A LIST OF BOOKS

Relating to or somewhat prominently noticing Saratoga Springs and Ballston.

ALLEN, R. L.—A Historical, Chemical, and Therapeutical Analysis of the principal Mineral Fountains at Saratoga Springs, together with general directions for their use. By R. L. Allen, M D., resident and consulting physician. Third edition, revised. Saratoga Springs: B. Huling, 1853. 16mo, pp. 72. The first edition was published in 1844; second, 1848.

ALLEN —An Analysis of the Principal Mineral Fountains of Saratoga Springs, embracing an account of their history; their chemical and curative properties; together with general directions for their use; also, some remarks upon the natural history and objects of general interest in the County of Saratoga. By R. L. Allen, M.D. New York: Ross & Tousey, 1858. 16mo, pp. 114.

ALLEN.—Hand-Book of Saratoga, and Stranger's Guide. By R. L. Allen, M.D. New York: W. H. Arthur & Co., 1859. 8vo, pp. 131. The same. Albany: J. Munsell, 1866. 8vo, pp. 147. The same. New York: William L. Stone & Jordan, 1860. 8vo, pp. 141.

An Illustrated Guide to the principal Summer Resorts of the United States, including careful descriptions of the Hudson River, Saratoga Springs, Lakes George and Champlain, the Adirondack Region, Niagara Falls, the St. Lawrence, Long Branch, Cape May, and others. With routes, cost of travel, best hotels, prices, etc., etc. New York: The American and Foreign Publishing Company, 1875. 16mo.

Appleton's Hand-Book of American Travel. Northern and Eastern Tour. . . . . Being a Guide to Niagara, the White Mountains, the Alleghanies, the Catskills, the Adirondacks, the Berkshire Hills, the St Lawrence, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Lake Memphremagog, Saratoga, Newport, Cape May, the Hudson, and other famous localities. . . With Maps and various Skeleton Tours. Revised for summer of 1873, with appendix. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1873. 12mo, pp. 294. See Richards, T. A.—The above is a revision of Mr. Richards' work, but without his name.

BACHELDER, J. B.—Popular Resorts and How to Reach Them Containing a brief description of the principal Summer Retreats in the United States and the routes of travel leading to them. By John B. Bachelder. Second edition. Boston: John B. Bachelder, 1874. 8vo, pp. 192.

Ballston Springs. [A Poem.] New York: S. Gould, 1806. 12mo, pp. 46. A copy in the Library of Congress.—*Sabin.*

BARBER, J. W. and HOWE, H.—Historical Collections of the State of New York,

containing a general collection of the most interesting Facts, Traditions, Biographical Sketches, Anecdotes, etc., relating to its History and Antiquities, with Geographical Descriptions of every Township in the State. By John W. Barber and Henry Howe. New York: S. Tuttle, 1841. 8vo, pp. 608. Engravings.

BARBER and HOWE.—Pictorial History of the State of New York Cooperstown, 1846. 8vo. "This is a new title to the Historical Collections."—*Sabin.*

BATES, G. H.—The Uses and Value of Congress, Empire, and Columbian Waters of Saratoga Springs, in the treatment of various diseases, and as a refreshing beverage, embracing facts and information for the benefit of invalids generally, and visitors at the Springs. New York: Hotchkiss' Sons. Copyrighted 1866. 32 pp., 3 by 4½. Written by G. H. Bates, whose initials are signed to the preface.

BATES.—Uso y Eficacia de las Aguas de los Manantiales de Saratoga llamados Congress, Empire y Columbian, en el Tratamiento de varios Enfermedades, y como bebeda refrescante; tambien hechos e informes en beneficio de los enfermos en general y de los que visiten los manantiales. New York: B. B. Hotchkiss & Co Copyrighted 1868. 32 pp., 3 by 4½. A translation of the above.

BEDORTHA, N.—Practical Medication, or the Invalid's Guide, with Directions for the Treatment of Disease. By N. Bedortha, M.D., of the Saratoga Water Cure, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Albany: Munsell & Rowland, 1860. 12mo, pp. 281.

BELL, J.—On Baths and Mineral Waters. In two parts. . . . . By John Bell, M.D., etc. Philadelphia: Henry H. Porter, 1831. 12mo, pp. 532.

BELL.—The Mineral and Thermal Springs of the United States and Canada. By John Bell, M D., author of "Baths and Mineral Waters," "Baths and the Watery Regimen," etc. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan, 1855. 18mo, pp. 394.

BUCKINGHAM, J. S.—America: Historical. Statistic, and Descriptive. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1841. 2 vols., pp. 514, 516, plates. See Chapters IX. and X., Vol. II.

BULKELEY, J. S.—Leading Men and Leading Pursuits of Ballston and Vicinity. With a Sketch of Ballston, Past and Present, by E. R. Maan. By J. S. Bulkeley Ballston Spa, N. Y.: W. S. Waterbury, printer, 1874. 12mo, pp. 48.

BUTLER, B. C.—From New York to Montreal. By B. C. Butler, author of "Lake George and Lake Champlain." New York: American News Company, 1873. 12mo, pp. 155.

CHANDLER, C. F.—Saratoga Seltzer Spring Company. Report on the Saratoga Seltzer Spring, by C. F. Chandler, Ph D, Professor of Analytical and Applied Chemistry, etc. New York: Wynkoop & Hallenbeck, printers, 1867. 8vo, pp. 12.

CHANDLER.—Lecture on Water, delivered before the American Institute of the City of New York, in the Academy of Music, January 20, 1871. By C. F. Chandler, Ph.D., Professor of Analytical and Applied Chemistry, School of Mines, Columbia College, etc. [Extract from the Transactions of the American Institute for 1870-71.] Albany: The Argus Company, printers, 1871. 8vo, pp. 49.

COLT, S. S.—New York State Illustrated; or, The Tourist's Guide through the Empire State, from New York by old and new paths to Niagara, embracing all Cities, Towns, and Watering Places, by Hudson River and New York Central Route. Describing all Routes of Travel, and Places of Popular Interest and Resort along the Hudson River, Susquehanna Road, Cooperstown, Sharon, Richfield Springs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, the Adirondacks, Trenton Falls, Saratoga, Niagara Falls, etc. Edited and published by Mrs. S. S. Colt, Albany, N. Y., 1872. 8vo, pp. 196.

CURTIS, G. W.—Lotus-Eating: A Summer Book. By George William Curtis, author of "Nile Notes," "Howadji in Syria," etc. Illustrated by Kensett. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1852. 12mo. pp. 206. Contains a chapter on Saratoga.

DAVISON, G. M.—The Fashionable Tour in 1825. An Excursion to the Springs, Niagara, Quebec, and Boston Saratoga Springs: G. M. Davison, 1825. 18mo, pp. 169.

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DAWSON, C. C.—Saratoga: Its Mineral Waters, and their Use in Preventing and Eradicating Disease, and as a Refreshing Beverage. By C. C. Dawson. New York: Russell Bros., 1868. 16mo. pp. 64. Reprinted 1871, 1873.

DEARBORN, R F.—Saratoga and How to See It. Containing a full account of its Mineral Springs and attractions, with numerous illustrations. Saratoga: R. F. Dearborn, 1871. Square 16mo, pp. 70. The same, revised, 1871, pp. 72.

DEARBORN.—Saratoga and How to See It. A complete description of the American Watering Place, by R F. Dearborn, with steel engravings, photo-plates, and woodcuts. Troy: The Northern News Company, 1872. Square 16mo, pp. 126.

DEARBORN.—Saratoga and How to See It Containing a description of the Watering Place, with a Treatise on its Mineral Springs. By Dr. R. F. Dearborn. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co., printers, 1873. Square 16mo, pp. 181, with many engravings.

DEARBORN —Saratoga and What is to be Seen There: an Annual Guide, with a Treatise on the Mineral Waters. New York, 1874. 12mo, pp. 72. Copyrighted by R. F. Dearborn.

DEVEAUX, S.—The Traveller's Own Book to Saratoga Springs, Niagara Falls, and Canada, containing routes, distances, conveyances, expenses, use of mineral waters, baths, description of scenery, etc. A complete guide for the valetudinarian and for the tourist, seeking for pleasure and amusement. With maps and engravings. By S. DeVeaux. Buffalo: Faxon & Read, 1841. 18mo, pp. 258.

DISTURNELL, J.—A Gazetteer of the State of New York: comprising its Topography, Geology, Mineralogical Resources Civil Divisions, Canals, Railroads, and Public Institutions. . . . . Albany: J. Disturnell, 1842. 8vo, pp 475, with a township map.

DISTURNELL —The Northern Traveller; containing the Hudson River Guide and Tour to the Springs, Lake George, and Canada, passing through Lake Champlain. By J. Disturnell. New York, 1844. Two maps.

DISTURNELL.—Disturnell's Guide through the Middle, Northern, and Eastern States. New York: J Disturnell, June, 1847. July, 1847, 18mo, pp. 80, map; January, 1848, 18mo, pp. 79.

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DWIGHT, THEODORE.—The Northern Traveller; containing the routes to Niagara, Quebec, and the Springs; with descriptions of the principal scenes, and useful hints to strangers. With maps and copperplates. New York: Wilder & Campbell, 1825. 18mo, pp. 222. Third edition, New York: G. & C. Carvill, 1828. Sixth edition. New York: J. P. Haven, 1841. 18mo, pp. 250, 17 maps. This work devotes more than usual space to Saratoga and Ballston.

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HOLLEY, O. L.—A Gazetteer of the State of New York. Albany: J. Disturnell, 1842. 12mo, pp. 475, map.

HOLLEY.—The Picturesque Tourist; being a Guide through the Northern and Eastern States and Canada; giving an accurate description of cities and villages, celebrated places of resort, etc, with maps and illustrations. Edited by O. L. Holley. New York: J. Disturnell, 1844.

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LATROBE, C. J.—The Rambler in North America, 1832–1833. By Charles Joseph Latrobe New York: Harper & Brothers, 1835. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. 243, 242. See Letter IV.

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McQUILL, THURSTY (*pseudon.*)—The Hudson River by Daylight. New York to Albany, Saratoga Springs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Plattsburg the Adirondacks, Montreal, The Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls, Watkins' Glen, Richfield Springs, Cooperstown, Sharon, Howe's Cave, the Green Mountains, Manchester, Middleton, and Lebanon Springs By "Thursty McQuill." New York: John Featherstone, 1874. Square 12mo, pp. 168.

The author of this valuable guide is Mr. Wallace Bruce, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MEADE, W.—An Experimental Enquiry into the Chemical Properties and Medicinal Qualities of the principal Mineral Waters of Ballston and Saratoga, in the State

of New York, with Directions for the use of those Waters in the Various Diseases to which they are applicable and observations on Diet and Regimen. To which is added an appendix, containing a chemical analysis of the Lebanon Spring, in the State of New York. By William Meade, M.D., member, etc. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall, 1817. 8vo, pp. xv., 195, with views on steel of Ballston Springs and Congress Spring

MEEKER, J.—An Inaugural Dissertation on the Principal Mineral Waters of the States of New York and New Jersey, submitted to the Rev. John H. Livingston, SS. T.P. President, and the Trustee of Queen's College, in New Jersey; and to the Professors of the Medical Institution of the State of New York, constituting the Medical Faculty of the same for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine. By John Meeker, Licentiate in Physic, and Vice-President of the Hygeian Society of New York. On the 26th of September, 1815. New York: 1815. 8vo, pp. 37. The mineral waters of Ballston and Saratoga, and especially of Congress Spring, are principally treated of in this Dissertation.

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MURRAY, C. A.—Travels in North America during the years 1834, 1835, and 1836. . . . . By the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1839. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 324, 247. See Chap. V.

NICHOLS, T. L.—Forty Years of American Life. By Dr. Thomas L. Nichols. London: John Maxwell & Company, 1864. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. xii., 408; xi., 368. See Chap. XXXI., on "American Recreations and Amusements."

NORTH, M. L.—Saratoga Waters; or, the Invalid at Saratoga. By M. L. North, M.D., a resident physician. Second edition, with the analyses of various mineral springs. New York: Saxton & Miles, 1843. 16mo, pp. 72. The first edition of this work was published in 1841.

NORTH.—North's Guide for Invalids. Analysis of Saratoga Waters; also of Sharon, Avon, Virginia and other mineral waters of the United States, with directions for invalids. By M. L. North, a resident physician at Saratoga. Fourth edition. New York: Saxton & Miles, 1846. 16mo, pp. 72.

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of Travels, Tales, Poetry and like Fabrications. By John Paul, author of "Liffith Lank," "St. Twel'mo," and other works too humorous to mention With several portraits of the author, and other spirited engravings. Hartford, Conn., and Chicago, Ill.: Columbian Book Company, 1874. 8vo, pp. 621. The New York *Tribune* has been noted as a scientific and educational newspaper ever since it gave to the world the remarkable series of Saratoga letters from "John Paul" (Mr. Charles H. Webb), now forming a part of this volume.

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SEAMAN, V.—A Dissertation on the Mineral Waters of Saratoga; containing a topographical description of the country, and the situation of the several Springs; an analysis of the waters, as made upon the spot, together with remarks on their use in medicine, and a conjecture respecting their natural mode of formation; also a method of making an artificial mineral water resembling that of Saratoga both in sensible qualities and in medicinal virtue. By Valentine Seaman, M.D., Physician in the City of New York. New York: Printed by Samuel Campbell, No. 37 Hanover Square, 1793. 8vo pamphlet, pp. 40. The Dedication of this work to Chancellor Livingston is dated 1st mo, 1st, 1793. The Dissertation was probably written in 1792 or earlier, and it is said to have been first read as a Thesis at Columbia College.

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SEARS, R.—A Poem on the Mineral Waters of Ballston and Saratoga. with Notes illustrating the history of the Springs and adjacent country. By Reuben Sears, A.M. Ballston Spa: Published by the Author. J. Comstock, Printer. 1819. 16mo, pp. 103.

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SMITH, J. C.—The Illustrated Hand-Book, a new Guide for Travellers through the United States of America; containing a description of the states, cities, towns, villages, watering-places colleges, etc. etc. . . . Embellished with one hundred and twenty-five highly-finished engravings. Accompanied by a large and accurate map by J. Calvin Smith. New York: Sherman & Smith, 1846. 18mo, pp. —.

SOMBRE, SAMUEL (*pseudon.*)—Saquarelles; or, Summer Sketches. By Samuel Sombre. New York: Stanford & Delisser, 1858. 12mo, pp. 95. Contains a lengthy poem entitled Saratoga.

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STANSBURY, P.—A Pedestrian Tour of Two Thousand Three Hundred Miles in North America. . . . . Performed by the author in the autumn of 1821. Embellished with views. By P. Stansbury. New York: J. D. Myers & W. Smith, 1822. 12mo, pp. 274. See Chap. II. for a very good description of Saratoga and Ballston.

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STEEL.—An Analysis of the Congress Spring, with practical remarks on its Medical Properties. By John H. Steel, M D. Revised and corrected by John L. Perry, M.D. Saratoga Springs: G. M. Davison, 1847. 16mo, pp. iv., 34. The same, New York: Wm. W. Rose, 1856, pp. iv., 34. The same, New York, 1860.

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STONE.—Saratoga Springs: being a complete Guide to the Mineral Springs, Hotels, Drives, and all points of interest around and in the immediate vicinity of this celebrated watering place. By William L. Stone, author of the "Life and Times of Sir W. Johnson, Bart." Views taken on the spot by William Gellatly. New York: T. Nelson & Sons, 1866. 12mo, pp. 32.

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The Tourist, or Pocket Manual for Travellers on the Hudson River, the Western Canal and Stage Road to Niagara Falls, down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec; comprising also the routes to Lebanon, Ballston, and

Saratoga Springs. Fourth edition, enlarged and improved. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1835. 16mo, pp. 106, with map.

The Tourist, or Pocket Manual for Travellers on the Hudson River, the Western and Northern Canals and Railroads; the Stage Routes to Niagara Falls, and down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec. Comprising also the routes to Lebanon, Ballston and Saratoga Springs, with many new and interesting details. Sixth edition. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1839. 16mo, pp. 108.

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WALWORTH, R. W.—The Use of Congress Water in Cholera. Letter of the late Chancellor Walworth, of New York, containing much valuable information, derived from his experience during the ravages of this disease in 1832, and all its subsequent visits to this country. Addressed to and published in the Albany *Argus* of April 23, 1866. Second pamphleted. New York: Russell Bros., 1872. 24mo, pp. 24.

WATSON, W. C.—Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, including Journals of Travels in Europe and America from 1777 to 1842 with his Correspondence with Public Men, and Reminiscences and Incidents of the Revolution. Edited by his son, Winslow C. Watson New York: Dana & Company, 1856. 8vo, pp. 460. Contains accounts of the visits of Elkanah Watson to Saratoga and Ballston in 1790 and 1805.

WATSON, J. F.—Historic Tales of Olden Time, concerning the early settlement and advancement of New York City and State. By John F. Watson. New York: Collins & Hanney, 1822. 12mo, pp. 214 plates.

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WELD, I.—Travels through the States of North America and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, during the years 1795, 1796, and 1797. By Isaac Weld, Jr. Fourth edition. London: Printed for John Stockdale, 1800. 8vo, pp. 552, plates. Gives some account of the "Singular Mineral Springs near Saratoga," Letter XX.

WILLIS, N. P.—American Scenery; or, Land, Lake, and River. Illustrations of Transatlantic Nature. From Drawings by W. H. Bartlett. The Literary Department by N. P. Willis. London and New York: George Virtue. 4to, 2 vols., pp. 140 146. Contains four steel views of Saratoga and Ballston scenery, with descriptions by Willis. The work was first published in 1838–40.

WILLIS.—The Prose Works of N. P. Willis. New edition, in one volume. Philadelphia: Henry C. Baird, 1855. Royal 8vo, pp. 708. Contains the "Ghost Ball at Congress Hall" (Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil), and various letters from or notices of Saratoga (Ephemera).

APPENDIX NO. II.

A CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OVER THROWN. — DANIEL CADY'S LAST EJECTMENT SUIT.

In August, 1846, the late Daniel Cady commenced a large number of ejectment suits to recover various farms in Saratoga County, in favor of the heirs of Sarah Broughton, who married a Seabury.

The plaintiffs were Nathaniel Seabury, Daniel Swartfeger and his wife, and others. One suit was against Elisha Howland, to recover one of the most valuable farms in Halfmoon, which was defended by Edward F. Bullard, then residing in Waterford. Another suit against Truman Mabbet, of Halfmoon, was defended by John K. Porter, then residing in Waterford. Various suits in favor of the same plaintiffs for farms in the north part of the county were defended by Judiah Ellsworth, Judge Warren, and other lawyers.

The plaintiffs were direct descendants from Samson S. Broughton, one of the thir teen original patentees to whom the Kayaderosseras Patent was granted in 1708.

Although some of the farms had been occupied adversely over fifty years, yet the twenty-years' statute had not barred the plaintiffs' claims by reason of infancy and coverture. Judge Cady had examined the cases before they were commenced, and pronounced the plaintiffs' title perfect. The suits were noticed for trial several times for the Saratoga Circuit, but as often put off by the defendants, as they had not yet found any chance to sustain their title.

Finally, the suits went against the plaintiffs, May 25, 1847.

About twenty years after, a discussion arose among various lawyers in Saratoga County, in which the great ability and integrity of Judge Cady was spoken of and conceded by all present except one, who stated that he had formerly considered Judge Cady the soul of integrity, but he had lately heard things against him which were to the contrary, and they had shaken his faith in him. The lawyer was asked to explain, and then stated in substance, in reference to the above suit, that many of the defendants were rich, and the plaintiffs were poor; that one suit was against George W. Wilcox, who then kept the American Hotel in Saratoga Springs. That Mr. Cady, just before the trial was to take place at Ballston Spa, came to Saratoga Springs and remained some days; that from there he went to Ballston, where the plaintiffs and all of their witnesses were ready for trial; that after arriving at Ballston and staying a

day or so waiting for the trial, Mr. Cady went home and abandoned the cases, and the same afternoon Judge Willard dismissed one of the suits in court; that the plaintiffs never understood why they lost their cases, and firmly believed that Mr. Cady had been bribed by the defendants, while at the American Hotel, to abandon the suits. The lawyer said the circumstances certainly looked very dark against Daniel Cady.

Fortunately Gen. Bullard was a listener to the above chain of circumstantial evidence, and could at once explain and defend the character of his friend, Judge Cady, by stating the exact truth, which was as follows:

In searching back, Mr. Bullard found two deeds recorded in Albany, one from Sarah Broughton and her husband to a third party, and a second deed from such third party conveying the title to the whole of the property back to Seabury, the husband. Such conveyances placed the absolute title in the husband, and cut off all the wife's rights. The occupants had deeds from Seabury, the husband, but the two deeds conveying the title from the wife had been overlooked. Those deeds gave the occupants a perfect title, and defeated any claim by the plaintiffs.

With certified copies of such two deeds, Bullard, then quite young in the profession, attended the court prepared for trial of the Howland case, while the attorneys for the other defendants had put over their cases, as usual.

The fact that so young a man appeared alone to defend so important a case, upon which the title to over $100,000 worth of land would depend, excited the alarm of the distinguished ejectment lawyer, and he asked if he was going to beat him. Bullard replied, "Certainly." Mr. Cady then said, "You and I can try the case as well in my room at the hotel as to appear before the court. If you are right, I don't want to be beat in open court, as it is the last case I expect to try as counsel." The proposition was accepted, and the venerable lawyer, seventy-five years of age, and the stripling met in Mr. Cady's private room of Medbury's Hotel, in Ballston, May 25, 1847. Mr. Cady first produced his chain of title, presenting the Kayaderosseras Patent and traced it down to the plaintiffs, showing an apparent title in them.

The defence conceded he had made a *prima facie* case, and then began to offer his deeds, beginning with the deed from Seabury to E. Howland, given early in this century.

Mr. Cady answered: "Your grantor had only a life-estate as the husband of Sarah Broughton, and the coverture and infancy of the plaintiffs and their ancestors prevent your occupation becoming adverse."

Bullard next presented the deed conveying the property by Sarah Broughton and husband to the third party as a trustee, with power to sell and convey, but further providing that, in case of neglect to convey all of the lands, the residue should be reconveyed to the grantor and her heirs.

Mr. Cady answered: "Such deed does not impair our title, because the trustee is now dead, and, having failed to convey in his lifetime, the statute of uses revests the title in the heirs of the grantor without any conveyance."

Bullard next presented the deed from the trustee conveying all of the real estate back to Seabury, the husband, executed before 1800.

At a glance the eagle eye of the great lawyer saw his case was gone, and he said, "I give it up. That deed cuts off our whole title; you can go up and tell Judge Willard to enter a non-suit, and I will go home." And he did so.

The records in the clerk's office at Ballston Spa show that on the 25th day of May, 1847, a non-suit was granted.

Duncan McMartin, the son-in-law of Mr. Cady, was the attorney for the plaintiffs, and was present at the court, but not at the trial in the private room of Mr. Cady. He can verify the main facts above stated. No doubt Mr. Cady and Mr. McMartin at the time fully explained the matter to their clients, but as the matter was intricate they did not fully understand it, and would soon forget the explanation.*

The very next month after this trial, Daniel Cady was elected Judge of the Supreme Court, and went into office the first Monday of July, 1847, so that we now have a full history of his last case as counsel, tried when he was about seventy-five years of age. He drew the short term of two years, and was re-elected November, 1849, for eight years longer. He continued to hold the office until December 31, 1854, when he resigned at the age of about eighty-two years, with his faculties as bright as ever. He lived nearly five years later, and died October, 1859, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, one of the greatest and purest men that ever adorned the bar and bench.

The history of the above case shows how easily an innocent transaction may create a suspicion against one of the best characters the world has known.

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*Mrs. Jewell, of Saratoga, now ninety-six years old, being one of the parties referred to, her first husband having married a Seabury, one of the children and heirs of Sarah Broughton. See Chap. VIII. on The Jewell Family.

STAR

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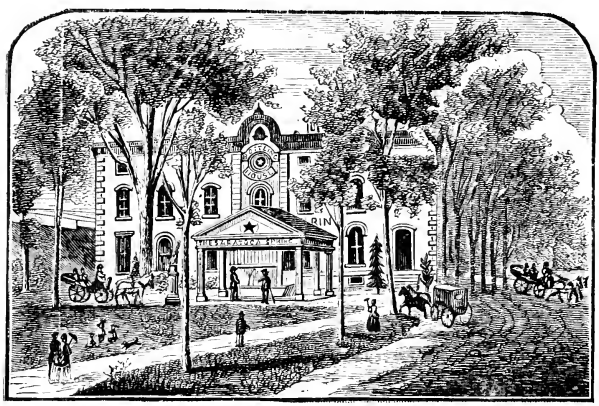

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